TRAGICALL *Tales tranſlated by* TVRBERVILE

In time of his troubles out of ſundrie Italians, with *the Argument and* Lenuoye to eche Tale

Nocet empta dolare voluptus

Imprinted at Lon- don by Abell Ieffs, dwelling *in the Foreſtreete without* Crepelgate at the *ſigne of the Bell*

Anno Dom. 1587.

LORDE • WITH • HARPE •
AND SONGE • PRASE • THE
A
I

TO THE WORSHIP-full his louing Brother Nicholas Turberuille Esquire.

Albeit your many and great curtesies bestowed on me, deserue sundry, and no slender thankes from me: Neuertheleſſe mine insufficiencie pleading for mine excuse, and disabilitie dealing in my behalfe, doe hope to receiue from you no lesse good liking for a small requitall, than he that yeelds you a treble recompence. Let it suffise that I liue no vnmindfull man of your goodnes, nor will be found vngratefull for your gentlenes,

neſs, if euer fortune fauour my deſires or allow me mean to make leuell with your good deſarts. Till when, I preſent you this little boke, as well the vndoubted badge of my good remẽbrãce, as the greteſt par. of my ſlender ſubſtance. Following herein ſeabeaten ſoldiers, and miſerable mariners, who in auncient age after their happy ariuals, accuſtomed to hang vp in the temple before their ſacred Goddes, their brokẽ oares, & ragged ſayles, with ſuch like reliks, the aſsured monuments of their lametable fortunes and perſit pledges of late eſcaped dangers. Which cõmendable cuſtome

ſtome of thoſe thankefull Ethnicks I both alow for good, and follow at this inſtant as fully apperteyning to my preſent ſtate, in dedicating to you theſe few Poeticall parers, and penſine Pamphlets, the ruſul records of my former trauel, in the ſorowful ſea of my late miſa duex-tures: which hauing the more ſpe-dily by your carefull and brotherly endeuour, ouerpaſsed & eſcaped could not but offer you this treatiſe in lieu of a more large liberalitie, & in ſteed of a greater gift, preſu-ming of good acceptance at your hãdes, who haue alwayes been my moſt aſsurẽd ſhielde, and ſtrongeſt

ſtay

ſlay in all my life. Wherefore take theſe (I pray you) in no worſe part than meane them, and at leaſure for your pleaſure peruſe them, excuſing my lacke of learning, and brooking my want of cunning, both which defaults and imperfections, might haue bene ſufficient to haue ſtaied my haſtie hande: but that I euer choſe rather to be reputed of ſtraungers vnskilfull, than to be condemned of my beſt friendes for vngratefull: for the one proceedes for lacke of induſtrie, but that other growes for want of humanitie. I leaue to trouble you further, recomending you to the Tragi-

call

call tales, wherein if aught delight you, I pray you peruse it: if aught offend you, eftsoone refuse it: if any history deserue reading, of curtesie respect it: if any seeme vnworthy, doe boldly reiect it. If fauour not the best so well, as I will wish your trouble in surneying the euill, whose indeuour was onely to this ende, to doe you pleasure and seruice, for your auncient goodnesse towardes me, that am your bounden brother, and wholy to read yours during life.

George Turberuile

To his verie friend Ro. Baynes.

MY worde thy wish, my det, and thy desire,
I mean my booke (my Baynes) lo here I send
To the at last, as friendship doth require,
The reason willes it rather left vnpend,
For that the same the Authour should not shend:
But blush who lust, so thou do like the worke,
I am content it shall no longer lurke.

Peruse ech page as leysure giues thee leaue,
Reade ore each verse thus ragged as they lie,
Let nothing slip whereby I may receiue
The hatefull checke of curious readers eie:
For well I know how haut thy muse doth flie:
Wherefore I yeeld this foule mishapen Beare,
Vnto thy choise, to tender or to teare.

Wherein if aught vnworth the prese thou finde,
Vnsauorie or, that seemes vnto thy taste,
Inpute it to the troubles of my minde,
Whose late mishap made this be hatcht in haste,
By clowdes of care best beauties be defaste:
Likewise be wittes and freshest heads to seeke,
Which way to write, when fortune list to streke.

Who knowes my cares, who wist my wailefull woe,
(As thou my friend art priuie to the same)

Or vnderstoode how griefe did ouergrow
The pleasaunt plot which I for myrth did frame
Would beare with this, and quite me clean of blame
For in my life I neuer felt such fittes,
As whilst I wrote this worke did daunt my wittes

For as the Pilot in the wrathfull waue,
Beset with stormes, still beaten too and fro
With boysteous bellowes, knowes not howe to saume
His sielie barke, but lets the rudder goe.
And yeeldes himselfe whither tempest list to blowe
So I amidde my cares had slender skill,
To write in verse, but bowde to fortunes will.

The more thy paine, thy trouble and thy toile,
That must amend amisse eache faulte of mine,
Yet grudge not (Baynes) with share to turne the soile
In sorte as though the same were wholie thine,
The charge whereof, loe here I do resine
For want of health, my friend at large to thee,
Since that my limmes with greef surcharged be.

Apollos lore I quite haue layde aside,
And am enforst his Phisicke to peruse:
I hate the Harpe, wherein was all my pride,
I hunte for hearbes, I lothe Mineruas muse,
My want of health, makes me my booke refuse:

The blowing rage that erſt inſpirde my braine,
Saturnus chilling humour doth reſtraine.

Wherefore ſith I confeſſe my want of skill,
And am to ſeeke to better this my booke,
So (Baines) thou runne vnto Parnaſsus hill,
At Helicon, or elſe that learned brooke,
Which Pegaſe made, when he the ſoile-foſooke:
For well thou knowſt, where Clio and the reſt,
Do tune their Lutes, and pipe with pleaſant breſt.

I can no more, but for thy mickle paine,
Yeeld thouſand thankes vpon my naked knee,
And if thou neede the like ſupply againe,
Aſſure thy ſelfe then I will pleaſure thee:
So friends vnto each other bounden be.
(Wy Baynes) Adew, this little booke of mine,
When thou haſt done, may beſt be termed thine.

Thy friend, George Turberuile.

Ro. Baynes to the Reader, *in the due commendation* of the Author.

WHat waight of graue aduice, what reson left vnsaught,
What more, of Pallas braine hath taught, than Poets pens haue taught.
Whose powdred saaes are mixt, with pleasure, and delight:
Aduising this, forewarning that, directing still the right.
Which vaine though Grecians first, & Romaines after found:
Yet now the same in English phrase, doth gorgeously abound.
A vertue lately wonne, to this our natiue toile:
By such as seeke, their countrey praise, though to their greater toile.
Among the rest, who hath, employed therein more paine?
Or who than Turberuill hath found, in verse a sweeter vaine?
Whose quill, though yet it tread, the path of greene delight:
The same who vewes, shall find his lines, with learned reason dight.
And as to elder age, his stayed braine shall grow:
So falling from, his riper penne, more graue conceits may flow.
The while, let each man reape, the pleasure that he lends.
The cost is free, his charge but small, an others wealth that spends.
The subiect here, is such, as differs farre from pelfe:
I deeme thee wise, thy iudgement good, the thing will praise it selfe.

Qui nihil sperat nihil disperat.

¶ The Authour here declareth *the cause why hee wrote these Histories*, and forewent the translation of the learned Poet *Lucan*.

I Undertooke Dan Lucans verse,
and raught hys horne in hand,
To sound out Cæsars bloudy broiles
and Pompeis puisant bande:
I meant to paint the haughtie hate
of those two marshall men,
And had in purpose ciuill swords
of rufull Rome to pen:
Of rufull Rome to penne the plagues
when Cæsar sought to raigne,
And Pompey pitying Countries spoyle,
would doe him downe againe.
I had begonne that hard attempt,
to turne that fertile soyle.
My bullocks were alreadie pokte,
and flatly fell to toyle.
We thought they laboured meetlie well,
Tyll on a certaine night:
I gazde so long vpon my booke
in bed by candle light.
Till heauy sleep full stilie came
and muffled so mine eye,

That

That I was foyst with quill in hand
in slumber downe to lie.
To whom within awhile appeard
Melpomene, the Muse,
That to intreat of warlike wights,
and dreadfull armes doth vse.
Who me beheld with graue regard,
and countnance fraught with feare:
And thus the gastly Goddesse spake,
her woydes in minde I beare.
And art thou woxe so wilfull, as
thou seemest to outward eye:
Darste thou presume with ympeo quilles
so prowde a pitch to flie:
Remember how fonde Phæton farde,
that vndertooke to guide:
Apollos charge, by meane of which
that wilfull wanton dide.
Care thou doe wade so farre, revoke
to minde to bedlam boy,
That in his forged wings of waxe
reposed too great a ioy:
And soard so neare the scorching blaze
of burning Phœbus brande,
As feathers fatide, and he fell shoyt
of what he tooke in hand.
In this thy hauty heart thou shewst,
too playne thy pryde appeares,

How

How durst thou deale in field affaires?
leaue off, vnpoke thy Steeres.
Let loftie Lucans verse alone,
a deed of deepe deuise:
A stately stile, a peereleſſe pen,
a worke of weightie prise.
More meete for noble Buckhurst braine,
where Pallas built her bowre,
Of purpose there to lodge her selfe,
and shew her princely powre.
His swelling vaine would better blase,
those Royall Romane peeres:
Than any one in Brutus land,
that liude these many yeeres.
And yet within that little Ile
of golden wittes is store,
Great change and choise of learned ymps
as euer was of yore.
I none dislike, I fancie some,
but yet of all the rest.
Sance enuie, let my verdite passe,
Lord Buckurst is the best.
Wee all that Ladie Muses are,
Who be in nuber nine:
With one accord did blesse this babe,
each said, This ympe is mine.
Each one of vs, at time of birth,
with Iuno were in place:

And each vpon this tender childe,
beſtowd her giſt of grace.
My ſelfe amonge the moe alowde
him Poets praiſed ſkill,
And to commend his gallant verſe.
I gaue him woꝛdes at will.
Minerua luld him on her lappe,
and let him many a kiſſe:
As who would ſay when all is done,
they all ſhall yæld to this:
This matter were more mæt foꝛ him,
and farre vnfit foꝛ thæ:
My ſiſter *Clio*, with thy kinde,
doth beſt of all agree.
Shæ deals in caſe of liking loue.
her lute is ſet but lowe.
And thou werte wonte in ſuch deuiſe,
thine humour to beſtow,
1. As when thou toldeſt the Shepheards tale,
that *Mantuan* erſt had pend:
2. And turndſt thoſe letters into verſe,
that louing Dames did ſend
Vnto their liugring mates that fought
at ſacke and ſiege of Troy:
3 And as thou didſt in the writing of
thy ſongs of ſugred ioy.
4 Mancynus vertues fitteroꝛe,
foꝛ thæ to take in hande,

Thau

Than glitering gleaues, and weakfull warres,
that all on slaughter stand
The *Giants* proud, aspiring pompe
when they so fondly strove,
And hopde with helpe of heaped hills
to conquere mightie *Ioue*.
Is not for euery witto wield,
the weight too heauy weare.
For euery Poet that hath wrote
in auncient age to beare:
Unless that *Lucan Virgill*, or
the great renowmed *Greeke*
Would vndertake, those boysteous broiles,
the rest are all to seeke,
Each slender ship that beares a saile,
and flittes in quiet flood:
Is not to brooke the byllowe, when
the roryng seas be wood.
Alcydes slippers are too wide
for euery wretch to weare
Not euery childe can *Atlas* charge,
vpon hys shoulders beare.
Not euery dick that dares to drawe
a swoorde, is *Hectors* peere,
Not euery woodman that doth shoote
hath skill to chose his Deere
No beast can match the lions might
his force is ouer fell:

Though

Though euery little ſtarre doe ſhine,
yet doth the Sunne excell.
Not euery bryer, or tender twigge,
is equall to the Pyne,
Nor euery Prelate that can preache,
is thought a deepe deuine.
Not euery fiſh that flittes amyd
the floud with feeble finne,
Is fellowe to the Delphine ſwifte,
when he doth once beginne.
The peeuiſhe puttocke may not preace
in place where Eagles are:
For why their kingly might excedes,
their puiſſance palleth farre.
All which I ſpeake to let thee wyte,
that though thou haue ſome ſkill,
Yet haſt thou not ſufficient ſtuffe
this Authors loome to fill.
Too ſlender is thy feeble twiſte,
thy webbe is all too weake:
Before thy worke be halfe diſpatchte,
no doubte thy warpe will breake.
Wherefore renounce thy raſh deuice,
thy yelding force I knowe:
And none ſo well as I can iudge,
the bente of *Lucans* bowe.
Thinke of the toade in *Æſops* tale,
that ſought to matche the Bull,

For highneſſe, and did burſt at length,
his bowels were ſo full.
So thou, vnleſſe thou take good hæde,
tranſlating *Lucans* warre,
Shalt ſpoyle thy Lute, & ſtrop thy ſtrings,
in ſtraining them too farre.
I hære aduiſe and eke commaunde
that thou no farther goe:
Laye dawne thy Lute obey my will,
for ſure it ſhall be ſo.
With that my drouſie ſlumber fledde,
my ſenſes came againe:
And I that earſt was drowmde in dreames,
beheld the *Goade* playne;
Whoſe frouning phaſe & ſpitefull ſpeach
had daunted ſo my wittes,
As for my life I wiſte not howe,
to ſhape an anſwere fitte.
Each worde (me thought) did wound me ſo,
eache looke did lurche my harte:
Eache ſentence hredde my ſorrowes ſuch,
eache lyne was like a darte.
But yet at laſte with manly minde,
and mouth vnfraught of feare,
Vnto this loftie learned *Muſe*,
theſe wordes I vttred there:
O noble Impe, and daughter deare
to mighte Ioue his grace:

It much relieues my weakened wittes
to sée thy heauenly face.
For which ten thousand thanks I yeilde
thée heere with bended knée:
And counte my selfe the blessedst man
aliue, thine eyes to sée.
Thy presence makes me to presume,
thou holdst me verie deare:
But (out alas) thy wordes were such
as I was lothe to heare.
Controlements came frō haughtie breast,
for that I vndertooke
With English quill to turne the verse
of learned *Lucans* booke:
And shall I (Lady) be misliked
to take in hande a déed,
By which vnto my natiue soyle
aduantage may succéede?
By which the ciuill swordes of *Rome*
and mischiefes done thereby,
May be a mirrour vnto vs,
the like mishappes to flie?
I yéelde my brayne too barraine farre,
my verses all too vyle,
My pen too playne, with metre méete
to furnish *Lucans* style:
Whose déepe deuise, whose filed phrase,
and Poets péerelesse pen,

Would clope the cunningſt head in court,
and tyre the luſtieſt men.
But yet ſith none of greater ſkill,
and ryper witte would write
Of *Ceſar* and *Pompeius* warres,
a worke of rare delight:
I thought it good as well to paſſe
the idle time away,
As to the worlde to ſet to vewe
howe diſcorde brædes decay:
To turne this princely Poets verſe,
that ſimple men might læ
Of Ciuill broyles and bleach at home,
how great the miſcheiues bæ.
But ſith it ſtandes not with your wills
who lady Muſes are,
That one ſo dull as I, ſhould deale
in caſe concerning warre:
I am content to plie vnto
your pleaſures out of hande,
It bootes me not againſt the will
of heauenly ſtates to ſtande.
Yet being that my preſent plight
is ſtufte with all anoye,
And late miſhaps haue me bereft
my rimes of roiſting ioye:
Syth churliſh fortune clouded hath
my glæ, with mantell blacke,

Of foule mischaunce, wher by my barke
was like to bide the wracke:
(God ladie) giue me leaue to write
some heauy sounding verse,
That by the dewe thereof, my harmes
the readers heart may perse.
With that the Goddesse gaue a becke,
and pælded my request,
And vanisht streight without offence,
and licenste me to reste.
Then I to reading *Boccas* fell,
and sundrie other moe
Italian Authours, where I found
great stoare of states in woe,
And sundrie sortes of wretched wights:
some slayne by cruell foes,
And other some that through desire
and Loue their lynes did lose:
Some Tyrant thirsting after bloud,
themselues were fowly slayne:
And some did sterue in endlesse woes,
and pynde with bitter payne.
Which gaue me matter fitte to write:
and herevpon it grewe
That I this Tragicall deuise,
haue sette to open vievve.
Accept my paynes, allow me thankes,
if I deserue the same,

If not, yet lette not meaning well
be payde with checke and blame.
For I am he that buylde the bowre,
I hewe the hardened stone,
And thou art owner of the house,
the paine is mine alone.
I burne the bœ, I holde the hyue,
the Sommer toyle is myne:
And all bicause when winter commes,
the honie may be thine.
I frame the foyle, I graue the golde,
I fashion vp the ring,
And thou the iewell shalt enioye,
which I to shape doe bring.
Adieu (good Reader) gaze thy fill,
if aught thine eyes delight:
For thee I toke the woorke in hande,
this booke is thine of right.

The argument to the first Historie.

THrough wilful loue, and liking ouermuch,
Nastagios state did melt, and without returne
Of like good will: Euphymias mind was such
She felt no flame, when he good man, did burne
But made his griefe her glee, his bitter smarte
Might nothing rize or pierce her marble harte.

2 By friendes aduise at last he parted thence,
Though greatly greeued, remouing racke him sore,
To quit the cause of all his fond expence,
And purchase ease which he had lost before:
A death (no doubt) it was to put away,
And yet no life with her in place to stay.

3 Beholde the happ, as he ful pensiue stoode
Amyd a groue adioyning to his tent,
Recounting former toyes: athwart the wood
With cruell curres an armed knight there went,
That had in chace a frotion fresh of hewe,
Whom he by force of sword and mastiues slewe.

4 And after death this lady linde againe
Vp start away the ran before the Knight,
For thus the Goddes alotted had her paine,
Bycause she slewe by scorne that louing wight:
In death he was her plague, whome she in life
Enforst to slay himselfe with mutthering knife.

5 Nastagio pondering in his restlesse thought
As wel the sequele, as the cause of all,
Seing that scorne the ladies penance wrought.

For dealing earſt ſo hardely with hir thrall:
Bethought him howe to make a myrrour right
Both of the mayde, and eke the curſed knight.

6 His plat was thus: he byd in friendly ſort
Vnto his tente, to feaſt and banket there
His auncient loue, that made his payne hir ſporte,
Whoſe mother came and diuers friendes I feare,
Amyds the feaſt the knight purſude the mayde,
And ſlewe hir there, as I before haue ſayde.

7 Which ſight amazde the route, but moſt of all
That virgin coye, ſo careleſſe of the man
Begonne to quake, it toucht her to the gall,
And therevpon hir liking firſt began.
For after that ſhe woxe his wife at laſt,
Dreading the gods reuenge for rigour paſt.

IN *Italie* there is a Citie, hight
Rauenna, by repoꝛt as bꝛaue a place
As may be found, both fresh & fair to sight
Wherein of yoꝛe there was a noble race
Of gallant wights, great choise of men of fame,
But one in chief, *Nastagio* by name.

The father of this foꝛward ympe did dye,
Foꝛespent with yéres, and load with silueꝛ locks,
Whose land and fee descended oꝛderly
Unto the Sonne, with stoꝛe of other stocks:
Few fathers of this aged mans degrée,
In so good case did leaue their sonnes as hée.

This might suffice to make *Nastagio* rich,
But, *where wealth is, there lightlie followes more*,
Foꝛ hée an vncle had, who gaue as mych
At time of death, as father left befoꝛe:
The wealth of these two rych renowmed wights,
In little space vpon *Nastagio* lights.

Not one in all *Rauenna* might compare
With him foꝛ wealth, oꝛ matcht him foꝛ his muck:
He liude at full, not tasting any care,
But toke his time, and vse his golden luck:
Not wanting ought that fitted foꝛ his state,
By meane of flowing wealth full warme he sate.

This youth his wanton pꝛime without a wife,
Retchlesse consumde, and liude in single soꝛt,
Estéming that to be the blessed life,
Because he found it stuft with glée and spoꝛte:

As rankers that at random vse to range,
Refuse to wed, because they loue to change.

Vntill at length his roauing eies hee kest
Vpon a wench, and tooke so perfect view
Of *Graces* that did harbour in her brest,
As streight to liking of this maid he grew:
His fansie fed vpon hir featurde lookes,
In sort as none saue her this gallant brookes.

Who doubtlesse was a neate and noble Dame,
Trauersar cleaped was her worthie Sire,
And she herselfe *Euphymia* cald by name,
As fresh of hewe as men might well desire:
With her I say, *Nastagio* fell in loue,
Whose setled choyse no reason might remoue.

Her christall eyes had lurcht his peeling heart,
And razde his bending breast by often glaunce,
Her glittering locks so queyntly coucht by art,
Had brought this youth to such a louing traunce,
As all his care was how to compasse grace,
From her whom he so dercly did imbrace.

(Then as it is the trade of *Cupids* knights)
He fell to feast, where lackt no daintie fare,
To come be forraine cates that brede delights,
For no expence this courtly wight would spare.
Hard by the tilt on Tenate trapt with gold,
To please his *Donnas* eyes with courage bold.

For if she be a noble Dame in deede,
Hir pleasure takes to view a manlie knight

In

In armour clad, bestriding of his steed:
And doth detest the base and cowards wight,
For that the valiant will defend her fame,
When carpet squires will hide their heads with shame.
Thus wasted he the day in Loue deuice,
And spent the nights with costly musikes sound,
In hope at length this virgin to entice
To salue his sore, and cure his couert wounde:
Nothing was left in any point vndone,
Whereby the loue of Ladies might be wonne:
By letters he vnfolded all his fittes,
By message eke imparted all his paine,
His mournfull lines bewaid his mazed wits,
His songs of loue declarde his passions plaine:
The rockiest heart aliue it would haue moude,
To see how well this noble man had loude,
Yet cruell shee, when he had done and saide
The most he might to moue her stonie heart,
To like of him might not at all be waide,
For shee was struck with Cupids Leaden dart,
Whose chilling cold had bound her bowels so,
As in no wise she could abridge his wo.
But how much more the louer made his mone,
Suing for ruth and well deserued grace,
The more shee sate vnmoued, like the stone,
Whom waues do beat, but wag not from his place:
Either beauties pride or stately flocke did force
This haughtie dame from pitie and remorce.

She

Shée rigorouslie refuſde, and toke diſdaine,
So much as once to yéld him friendlie cheare,
Who for her ſake had bid ſuch bitter paine,
As any tender heart would bléd to heare:
And in reward of all his friendſhip paſt,
Shæ gaue him leaue to ſpoile himſelfe at laſt.
Wherto through déep diſpaire his mind was bét
In hope thereby to end his wretched woe,
Becauſe he ſaw her malice not relent,
Who for good will became his deadlie foe:
For in ſuch cuſe aye death is counted light,
Where men may not enioy their ſweete delight.
His wilfull hand was armde with naked knife,
And euen at point to giue the fatall ſtroke,
By ſhort diſpatch of loathed lingring life,
To ridde his wearie neck of heauie yoke:
But life was ſwéte, and he to liue, would leaue
The Dame, from whom he might no ruth receiue.
When Fanſie ſaw his raging humour ceaſe,
And Reaſon challenge rule, and charge againe,
Whereby his fond affection woulde deceaſe,
And hæ be quit of all his former paine:
To kæpe him in, and hold his louer faſt,
She gaue him Hope, to come by loue at laſt.
Thus diuers thoughts did ſoiourne in his breſt,
Sometimes he meant himſelfe with ſword to ſlay,
An other time to leaue to loue was beſt:
Some other while affection bare the ſway.

Was

Alas neuer man belowe the starrie skie,
So loth to liue, and yet so woe to die.
For why? in life he found himself a thrall,
Unable aye to compasse his delight:
And yet by death there was no hope at all,
For then he was assurde to lose her quight:
So neither life nor death might ease his minde,
That by the Gods was thus to loue assignde.
Whilst thus *Nastagio* sought his owne decay,
By liquorous lust, his friendes and neareſt kinne
Perceiuing how his wealth did waſt away,
And that his bodie pinde and waxed thinne:
Did diuers times their friendly counsell giue,
That from *Rauenna* he abroade should liue.
For change of place perhaps wold purchase helth
And absence cause his foolish fancies weare:
They did not leaue to tell him how his wealth
And all things els consumde, and melted there:
But scornefull he did scoffe their good aduise,
And had their graueſt wordes in slender price.
As louers wont, who fancie nothing leſse
Than speeches tending all to their auaile:
Not much vnlike the lame, for whoſe redreſſe.
When counſell commes, they lightlie turne their taile,
Loathing to lend an eare to holſome lore,
Of ſuch as ſeeke to ſalue their lingring ſore.
Yet they like friends would neuer blin or stint,
To shew him meanes to better his estate:

Wherby

Whereby, *As often drops do pearce the flint,*
So they at length by many speeches, gate
His free consent to trauell for a space,
To trie what chaunce would hap by change of place.
Iudge you that loue, and can discerne aright,
How great annoy departure breedt in minde
To him that loude a passing proper wight:
(Though not beloude) & now must leaue behinde
The idoll that was shrinde within his brest:
Whose rare remembrance lowde him little rest.
But yet away for promise sake he would,
All needfull things were ready for the same,
Both cakes and coyne, with plate of beaten gold:
And for his better comfort, kinsmen came,
Who ioyed to see him part away from thence,
Where she abode that caused his lewde expence.
To sea raunt coast *Nastagio* now was bent,
But not resolude what speciall place to see,
Eyther *Flaunders*, *France*, or *Spaine*, I think he ment:
For that those seates of ciuile nature be:
To make it short, hée tooke his horse in poast,
And so departs the soyle he fansied most.
They had not trauailde farre, before they came
Unto a place, that from *Rauenna* stood
Three miles or thereabout. the village name
Was *Classye*, there *Nastagio* thought it good
To make abode, for ease and solace sake,
Wherefore he pight his tent, and thus bespoke.

I thank you (friends quoth hée) with all my hart,
I hold my selfe indebted for your paine,
Now here you may (if so you list) depart,
And to *Rauenna* shape returne againe:
For I and mine will respite here a space,
I like the seate, and fancie well the place.
Here doe I meane to make assured stay,
Until the ruthfull Gods doe ease my woe,
And *Cupide* chase my sorowes cleane away,
I purpose not a foote from hence to goe:
Lo here I pledge my faith to come no more
Vnto the soyle where I receiude my sore.
Which promise if I hold, you haue your willes,
Who gaue aduise and counsell to the same:
There restes no more, your pensiue friend fulfils
A beauie charge, to flie so faire a Daine,
As to my doome, there are not many moe,
To match with her, whose beautie breedes my woe.
But well, content I am, at your request,
To liue exilde, in manner as you see,
I will no more procure mine owne vnrest,
By louing her that leaues to pitie me:
And hauing thus at full declarde his minde,
They tooke their leaues; he pausde and staid binde.
Thus he at plasure lodgde, did banket more,
And led his life at greater libertie,
Than in *Rauenna* he had done of yore;
Hé did excéde for courtly iolitie,

There

There wanted no delight that youth doth craue,
Which he for coyne or any cost might haue.
And whylom, as his auncient custome was,
For diuers of his friendes he vsde to send,
In gladsome ioyes the wearie day to passe:
Whereby no loue care might his ease offend:
Alas neuer wight that liude in greater gle,
Nor spent his time in brauer sort than he.
When May, with motly robes began his raigne,
(A lustie time for euery louing lad)
Nastagio pondering in his busie braine,
The slender hyre that he receiued had,
And foule repulse for all his good desart,
Gan walke abrode, and wild his groomes to part.
Whereby he might the better call to thought,
The causelesse rigour of the cruell Dame:
Whose smal regard his former spoil had wrought
And turnde his torments into pleasaunt game:
Along he paced into a gladsome groue,
Whilst in his head ten thousand fancies stroue.
There stalkte he on, as soft as foote could tread,
In deepe discourse of beautie and disdaine,
Untill himselfe a mile or more he lead
Into the Coppyse, not hauing any traine:
So long he staide, as dinner time drew neare,
Which he forgot, not minding bellye cheare.
Loe see the hap, that him did there betide,
Within a while he heard a dolefull noyse,

Of

Of one that in the groue full shrilly cryde,
Who sæmde to be a virgin by her voyce:
The sodayne feare so much amazde the man,
As streight to leaue his pleasant thoughtes he gan,
Uplifted he his head, and glewde aboute
To sæ what wofull wight it was and why
She so exclamde, and made such sodaine shoute:
And as alongst the lawnde he kest his eye,
A naked *Nymphe* well shapte in euery lym,
With spædie pace, he sawe come towards him,
Reycheleſſe she ran through thick & thin amayn,
Bebrusht with bryers her brosed body bled,
The brambles skirmishte had with euery vayne,
Untrust her haire hoong rounde about her head:
And euer as she ranne athwarte the wood,
Mercy she cryde with open mouth a good.
Two monstrous mastyues eke he sawe that ran
Close by her syde, two vgly curres they were,
Who euer as they ouertooke her, gan
Her haunches with their grædie tæth to teare:
To view (alas) it was a wofull sight,
Such hungrie houndes on naked flesh to light.
He lookte a little more asrance, and bewde
One riding faste, as Jenats legges could goe,
A hydeous knight, to sæming swarthie hewde,
And (as appearde) he was the maydens foe:
For in his hande a naked sword he had,
Whose face was grimme, and he in blacke yclad.

Who gallopt on, and glewde with fell regarde,
Pronouncing threates and termes of hye disdaine,
With cruell toles for murther well preparde:
And cryde so loude *Nastagio* heard it plaine,
That he reuenge of her by death would take,
With other thundring words which thoe he spake.

Thus for a houre space, or thereaboute,
In one selfe brake *Nastagio* mazed stoode
Perplexed sore, and greatly in a doubte,
Beholding howe the dogges athwarte the wood,
Did chace the wench, and how the wrathful knight
With gastly looke pursewde this sillie wight.

So long he gazde, that pitie grew in fine,
And swelling pyte incenst his manly brest,
Pricking him on, and making him repine,
To see a sillie dame so sore distreste:
So as vnlesse he rescued her from foes,
She was assurde eftsoone her life to lose.

But bootlesse twas to meane to help the mayde,
Not hauing weapons fit, nor swoorde, nor launce,
Yet yet, bicause the case required ayde,
He raught a truncheon from a Pyne by chaunce,
And therewithall against the armed knight
And both his curres he made with all his might.

The horseman when he sawe *Nastagio* bent
For her supplie, whom he would reaue of life:
Exclamde alowde, withstande not mine intent
Nastagio, stinte and breede no further stryfe,

For:

Forgoe thy force, let mastiues haue their will,
Sith they and I this monster meane to kill.
He scarsly spake the worde, but by and by
The egre curres vnto her flankes they slewe,
And with her bloud that ran abundantly,
Their monstrous mouths they hasted to imbrewe:
Withall the knight dismounted from his stéede,
And in he ranne his hungrie dogges to féede.
Nastagio séeing this, approcht the knight,
I muse (quoth he) how thou shouldst know my name
Who neuer earst, ethe ether sawe with sight,
But this assure thy selfe, it is a shame,
A man at armes his honour to distaine,
With conquest of a mayde so fowly slaine.
A blouddie facte, a simple wenche to kill
With cruell sworde, whose force consistes in flight,
A beastly parte, such mastiues mawes to fill,
With giltlesse bloud, a villaines nature right.
Thou dealst with her, as though she were a beaste
In forest bredde, not tasting womens breast.
Assure thy selfe as much as lyeth in me,
I meane to garde her, maugre all thy might,
I compte her cleare without offence to be,
She is vnlike to be a guiltie wight:
I may not broke such wrong in any wise,
Against my kinde and honour sore it lies.
Vnto the knight to this effect replyed
Nastagio would thou wist and knewst it well,

That I to thée am verie néere allyde,
Both borne and bred where thou & thyne do dwell:
My first descent I tooke of noble race,
Thou knowst my stocke. Now listen to my case.
I lyued, when thou wert but of tender age,
A mortall man, and hight sir *Guye* by name,
My lucke was such as fansie made me rage,
And fall in liking with this stately dame,
Whom here thou séest, my loue was nothing lesse
Than that which doth thy yéelding heart possesse.
I likte her well, I helde her verie deare:
But cruell she, so tygrelyke requites
My great good will with such a skornfull cheare,
As lacke of ruthe berefte me my delightes:
Despaire so grewe within my haplesse brest,
As on a time to compasse greater rest,
This fauchion fell, in dæpe despite I drewe,
To stinte my woes which neuer would aslake,
And with the same my sefe I fowly slewe,
In hope thereby an ende of bale to make:
Which wicked dœde the Gods detested so,
As I was iudgde to hollow hell to go.
And there assignde by rightfull doome diuine,
For shortning of my life to liue in payne,
Where lingring griefes should make my ghost to (pine,
For life mispent, the fittest hire & gayne:
With *Plato* thus it was my lot to stay,
Woe worth the time that I my selfe did staye.

But

But listen on within a little space,
This haughtie dame that hastned on my death,
For yelding me such slender hire and grace,
Who thought it none offence to stoppe my breath,
Likewise did dye, whome mightie *Ioue* and iuste,
For her desarte, among the furies thrust.
To quit her shame, in hell she had a share,
With diuelish impes, that whilom wanted grace:
And after that she had remayned thare,
And plungde her limmes in frozen pittes a space,
She was aduaunste vp to the earth againe,
And I with her to bréde eche others payne.
Loe thus the Gods did will it for to bée,
Whose sentence may at no time be vndone.
That she in poaste (as thou thy selfe doest sée)
All bare of roabes before these dogs should ronne,
And I on horsebacke after her should goe,
Not as a friende, but like a mortall foe.
And looke howe ofte I reachte her on the way,
So oft I should dismember all her corse,
With selfe same swoorde that did his maister slay,
She giuing cause, though I did vse the force:
And butcherlike to rippe her downe the rayes,
Who for good will, allowde me bitter paines.
And hauing cut her carkasse quite in twayne,
That I should crushe the heart as colde as stone,
Not sparing to dispoyle eche little vayne,
Eche tender corde and string that grewe theron:

And take those other inwarde partes, to fede
My hungrie dogs, to serue their present nede.
This heaute dome was by the Gods assignde
The cruell dame, for wanting dewe regarde:
She is assurde no greater case to finde,
This torment is for her outrage prepardet
These curres and I in order as you se,
Appoynted are her daily scourge to be.
And in this selfe same groue where now we goe,
Eache Friday neere about this tyme of day,
This wicked wenche bewayles her wretched woe,
And I with helpe of curres my part do play.
The mastiues they doe chace her thwarte the wood,
And I imbrewe my weapon with her blood.
Ech place where she hath wroth my wo erst this,
And yelded griefe in guerdon of good will,
Vnto her plague that place appointed is,
There must I her with bloudie weapon kill:
And marke how many monthes I spent in loue,
So many yeres must she this penance proue.
Wherefore doe let me put the same in vre,
Which she deserues, and Ioue did giue in charge,
Let her for former pride such paines endure,
As she may smarte, and I my selfe discharge:
In any wise take not her cause in hande.
In vaine it were for man with God to stande.

Nastagio hauing heard the tale he tolde,
And waying well the earnest wordes he spake,

Al-

Although he were a ventrous wight and bolde,
Yet gan his trembling limmes with fear to quake:
He had not tho a haire but stoode vpright,
Wherwith he starte abacke, as one affright.
And gazde vpon the girle in woful case,
Marking the rigour that the knight would vse
And practise thereupon the wench in place,
Who was to bide his force, and might not chuse:
His harte it bled within his breast, to vewe,
Howe tho the knight to diuelish choler grewe.
For when he had his tedious processe donne,
Full like a bedlam beast in forrest bred,
He gan vpon the silly wretche to renne,
Who to escape, before the mastiues fled:
With naked swoorde he preast to do the dæd,
And came behinde, full cowardlyke to spæde.
Bootlesse it was for her away to flye:
The Jenate was too good for her of foote,
And more than that, the tyrant was so nye,
As to appeale for pitie was no boote:
Wherfore with faine, forfæbled as she was,
With bowing knee she fell vpon the grasse.
The grædie houndes eftsoone began to bite,
Seazing vpon her carkas with their tawes:
With that comes in the gastly sweating knight,
Who thrust her through, & made no longer pawse:
Streight down she went, w bloudy brest to ground
Unable to sustayne so great a wounde.

Then backe he put his hand behinde his hippes,
And drewe a shoulder knife of purpose made,
Wherwith the beast the brisket bone unrippes,
As is the bluddie butchers common trade:
And out he hewde the lively leaping heart,
Whereof eche wayting mastiue had a parte.
They quickly chopte it vp, and made dispatche,
As carrion curres and rauening whelpes do vse,
That euery filthy morsell lightly snatche,
And being nipt with famine, nought refuse:
As soone as this was donne, the virgin rose,
And was on foote, and to the seawarde goes.
As though there had bene no such matter past,
And by her side the mastiues raune a mayne,
The knight he mounted on his horse in haste,
Not sparing spurres, and out he drew agayne
The dreadfull sworde, as he had done of yore:
Within a while *Nast ago* sawe no more.
They vanisht soone as those that went apace,
On neither side was slackenesse to be founde,
The mayde she mounted, being had in chace,
Life made her leape, euen as the Hare doth bound:
The hungry dogs, that hunger starued weare,
Layde on as fast her fleshye flankes to teare.
The ruthie knight he gaue his horse the rayne,
And followde harde, as men for wager ronne,
Vpon desire to plague the wenche againe,
Who earst to him so great a wrong had donne:

Thus famine, feare, and fell reuenging minde,
Made mastiues, maid, & knight their legs to finde.
Nastagio hauing seene this pageant plaide,
Stoode still in part to pittie movd withall,
In part with strangenesse of the sight dismaide,
Began to ponder with himselfe, and call
To minde afresh, how that the knight had told,
Ech fryday that he might the like behold.
Which fetred well he thought for his intent.
It might perhaps turne him in time to good:
Wherefore he markt the place, and home he went,
Leaning a signe undoubted where he stood,
Till time he were disposde to put in vre,
That newe deuise, his quiet to procure.
Retirde vnto his tent, his man he sends
Vnto *Rauenna*, out of hand to will
His nearest kin, and best beloued friends
To visite him in proofe of their good will:
Who being bid, came posting streight away,
To whom *Nastagio* thus began to say:
Mine auncient friends, you counseld me of yore
To shun the shamefull loue, that whylom I
Bestowde on her, that me tormented sore,
And plagude me so as I was like to die:
You warned mée to flie my pleasant foe,
within whose brest no tender ruth might grow.
And more than that, you friendly did aduise
That I should part my countrey, to auoide

My monstrous charge, that dailie did arise
And mount so hie as I was much anoyde,
Now friendes, the wished time is come, for I
Am readie here vnto your best to plie.
I yæld you heartie thanks in humble sort,
In great good part your holsome reade I take:
I craue no more, but that you will resort
Vnto my lodge on Friday next, to make
Good chære, bring *Paule Tranersar* then along,
And eke his wife, or els you do me wrong.
In any wise let not the Matron leaue
That daintie peate her daughter deare behind,
I meane in friendly manner to receiue
My friendes as then: such fare as you shall find,
Accept in græ, faile not to come, I pray,
And bring with you these parties at the day.
So many as were present there in view,
Both gaue him thankes, and promist not to faile.
Themselues to come, and bid the residue,
Which they performde, the sute did some preuaile
With all the guestes, saue with that rockie maide,
Who scorn'd his feast, and gladly would haue staid.
But yet at length with much ado she went,
The presence of her parents led her on,
Who being come vnto *Nastagios* tent,
With courtly grace he greeted euerie one,
Reioycing there to sæ so braue a traine,
But her chiefe, that bred him all his paine.

Iust

Iust vnderneath a very statelie Pine,
That shadowed all the troupe in compasse rounde,
The table stood, where all these states should dine:
To tell you truth, it was the selfe same grounde,
Where earst the knight had had the maid in chace:
The feaster prayde ethe ene to take his place.
And so they did, regarding their estate
That worthie were the highest roome to holde:
The fourme was fraught, vpon the bench there sat
Euphymia, so as shee must needes beholde
From first to last all thinges that forrunde tho,
There was no thilt, *Nastagio* meant it so.
I leaue to descant of their daintie fare,
(*Set bankets made by Courtiers lacke no cates.*)
We may presume the seruice there was rare,
Because the boarde was virond rounde with states:
So much the more because his mistresse came,
Whom hée had found so coy and queint a dame.
When second course was serude in order rowne,
Euen then the bloodie Tragedie began:
The Sewer set the meate no sooner downe,
But by and by was heard of euery man,
A yelling noise that Ethode in the skies,
The wofullst sound that man might well deuise.
Whereat eth one that sate at meate did muze,
Demaunding who that wretched wight should bée,
And asking what should meane that sodain newes,
They heard a voyce, but conlde no creature sée:

They

They vaunst themselues; & stood mee bolt vpright,
Because they would the sooner haue the sight.
Within a while, ech one might plainly viewe
A naked Nymph with mastiues by her side,
And eke an vgly knight that did pursue,
And posting on a Croyden Ienate ride:
It was not long before they proched neere
The place, where as was held this royall cheere.
Wherein among the gazing guests she flewe,
Exclaiming there for ruth with open armes:
with that regrete and tender pitie grew
within their breastes, to rescue her from harmes:
To whom the knight cryde, let alone the maid,
Reciting that which he before had said.
He shewde at large, both who the partie was,
And did vnfold the cause of all her woe,
And why the sentence of the Gods did passe
In cruell sort vpon the mayden so:
which pocesse made them muze and marueile much,
So as none durst the knight or curres to touch.
Then he behavde him as he did of yore,
Slashing the Lady with his fauchion fell.
The dogs receivde their pittance as before:
who fed vpon the heart, and likte it well:
As many men and women as did view
This wofull sight, and both the parties knew.
And eke the houses whence they did descende,
And wist the cause of all this cursed case,

Both

But now sir *Guye* for faithfull loue was shend,
And how the cruell maiden wanted grace:
with one consenting minde lamented so,
As out brast teares in witnesse of their woe.
When that the knight had vsde the matter thus
In bloodie sort, as you haue heard it told:
Amongst themselues the feasters gan discusse,
And diuersly debate from young to old,
From first to last, what lately hapned there,
Toucht all with dread, but most that dame did fear
Whom good *Nastagio* lovde, and tendred much
Because she thought within her guiltie minde,
That her in chiefe this tragedie did touch,
For foule disdaine and being so vnkinde
To him who for good will deserued ruth,
And could atchieue but scorne for all his truth.
Then first of all resorted to her thought,
what rockie heart and brasen brest she bare
The courteous knight, her loue that dearly bought,
And who for her had langusht long in care:
And hereupon as there shé sate in place,
Shé thought herself the wench that was in chase.
Full sore she feard her flanks, & thought shé sawe
Her friende pursue her on his fretting steed,
And how he did his wrathful weapon draw
To take reuenge of that her cursed deed:
And meant besides his hungrie hounds to fill
With flesh of her, for want of due good will,

So

So passing was her dread, as then there grewe
A deepe desire within her mellow breast,
Her louing friend in gentle wise to rewe:
Whereby her selfe might purchace quiet rest,
And scape the scourge and penance for her pride
Bestowde on him, who deepe in fansie fride.

When finisht was this feast and royall cheare,
And euery guest returned backe again
Vnto her home, *Euphymia* did appeare
Tormented sore, and vext with monstrous paine,
The sodaine feare of what shee saw of late,
Had planted in Loue, in place of former hate.

The silent time that others doe bestowe
From heauie cares and troubles of the day
To quiet sleepe did breed this Ladies woe,
Whereby might not chase those deepe conceites away:
No wished winke could enter in her eye,
Vnto her pillow fansie sate so nie.

When day drew on, and *Phœbus* with his waine
Had cleard the pole, and darknesse put to flight,
She felt a fresh supply of pleasant paine,
And wept the dayes as shee had watcht the night:
Nastagio stacke so firmely in her breast,
As for her life shee could not compasse rest.

Wherefore shee calles a chamber maid of trust,
(A wittie wench, and one that knew her good)
And told her that in all the hast she must
Vnto *Nastagios* tent in *Classy* wood:

To

To let him wit, that if he would vouchsaue
Her honest loue, he might his purpose haue,
For shee was fully bent without delay
To stoupe vnto his will, if so it were
His pleasure, then with speed to come away.
The maid departs, and being entred where
Nastagio was, shee told her mistresse minde
From point to point, as dutie did her binde.
All haile (good sir) quoth shee, in luckie houre
And blessed time I viewe thy louely face:
Mine vnexpected comming to thy boure,
And prealling here thus ouerbold in place,
Is by my ioyfull newes to wight thy case,
Whose noble minde in loue hath melted long,
As to thy pains, so to thy open wrong.
Sufficeth now thy sad and solemne cheare,
Discharge those cankred cares that fret thy mynde,
Lay sorrow quite aside, which thou too deare
Hast bought, by means my Mistresse was vnkinde.
Pluckt vp thy spirites, henceforth be sure to finde,
As great good liking at my Ladies hand,
As thou wouldst wish, she means thy frend to stand.
And for a proofe of what I vtter now,
Loe the lines that flatly do vnfolde
Her yelding necke, that to thy yoke doth bowe,
With such good will as may not well be tolde,
So faire a frend is worth her weight in golde.
Thus much by mouth my mistresse wild me say,
The rest (I iudge) this paper will bewray.

The Ladies Letter of pittie

to her afflicted friend, to whom she had been cruell

AS thou wilt muze to reade,
so I might blush to write
These lines of loue, who for good will
haue fed thee with despite
And from the day when thou
becamst a thrall in loue,
Could neuer spare one sparke of grace
that was for thy behoue:
Till now, both cleane against
mine honour and mine vse,
A Ladie, and a mayden both,
I sende thee termes of truce.
But listen well vnto
the tale that I shall tell.
Ere rashly thou my kindnesse deeme,
and thinke I vse thee well.
For Lions seldome sewe
vnto the sillie sheepe,
No porter to their captiues crouch,
whom they in chaines doe keepe
Few Ladies of estate,
few Dames of hie degree,
Doe bow vnto their vassals willes,
as I doe now to thee.

But

But knowe that though I write
the wordes of great good will:
Yet I regarde mine honour aye,
and kéepe my countnance still.
No lust procurde my lynes,
my credite to impaire:
No fleshie fitte my fancie forst
to speake *Nastagio* faire.
But seeing how in seas
of sorow and distresse,
Thy body bathde for loue of me:
I could not doe no lesse,
But sæke to salue thy harmes
by pitying thine anoy,
Who, to possesse my liked limmes,
bereft thy selfe ik ioy.
I saw howe for my sake
thou wasted hadst thy welth,
And planting battrie to my fore,
wert retchlesse of thy health:
Deuising how to raze
the bulwarke of my brest,
And scale the walles of my good will,
whom thou didst fancie best,
I plainly did perceiue
(*as Louers soone will see,*)
Howe thou forsookest thy native soyle,
and all for loue of me:

Quite careleſſe of thy coyne,
thy friendes and pærely rents,
Not foꝛcing ſtately builded bowꝛes,
noꝛ gallant gariſh tentes:
Which when I flatly found,
from fanſie to pꝛocæde,
(Although thou thoughtſt me ouerpꝛoud)
I pitied thæ in dæde.
Yea *Ioue* ſhall be my iudge,
when thou beganſte to ſewe,
And in *Rauenna* wert inragde,
and firſt to liking grewe:
Thy courtly grace was ſuch,
ſo comly was thy coꝛſe,
And all thy partes ſo pleaſde mine eyes,
as I had had remoꝛſe,
And bended to thy bowe,
ſaue that I dꝛeaded guiles:
My feareſull youth bid me beware,
of mens miſtruſtfull wiles.
Who faine to frie in loue,
and melt with fanſies flames:
When their deuiſe is only how
by craft to compaſſe dames.
I reade in auncient bookes,
how *Iaſon* playde the Iew,
And to the Quæne that ſaude his life,
in fine was found vntrue:

Not

Not forcing her a figge,
who for his sake forwent
Both aged syre, and tender babes,
and crowne by due descent.
Againe I calde to minde
how false *Æneas* fled,
And left the curteous *Carthage* dame
fast slæping in her bed:
Whose bountie earst had bounde
by det and due desart,
When weatherbeaten he arrvide,
this trayterous Troyans hart.
Then *Theseus* came to thought,
and pranking *Paris* cake:
Who like vnfaithfull fickle men,
their sworne vowes did breake.
Fayre *Oenons* wofull writ
can witnesse of the tone:
Thother from *Ariadna* fled
and left her post alone.
With sundrie suters mo,
who being bound to loue,
Saunce quarell good, or matter why,
their likings did remoue:
Renouncing to their shames,
those Ladies, who did rewe
Their base estates, and did relieue
the men they neuer knewe.

These partes procurde my pawse,
And wilde me to beware,
Least I by giuing rash consent
to loue, were trapt in snare.
My loue was like to thine,
I fryde with egall fire:
But nature helpes vs to conceale
the sparkes of our desire.
Kinde aydes vs to conuey
our fittes in finer wise:
For honours sake, than men, who shew
their fancies by their eyes,
Which if we Ladies did,
Defame would ring her bell,
And blaze out armes in colours base
although we meant but well.
You men like Marchants are
that set their wares to showe,
Whereby to lure the lokers eyes
that by your wyndowes goe,
And sundrie times in steade
of right and costly clothes,
You vtter trash, and trifling stuffe,
which euery chapman lothes.
But we like Goldsmithes deale,
that forge their plate within:
Whose hammers plie the Anuil aye,
and yet no working seen.

No smoke nor smother flies,
for any to beholde,
Untill the rude vnperfite masse
be brought to burnisht golde.
We worke, but all within,
our hammers are not heard:
We hotly loue, but kæpe it close,
for feare our match be marde,
For who esteemes the mayde,
or holdes the virgin pure:
That standes a stale for euerie gueſt,
and stoupes to euerie lure:
Yea, be she maide or wife,
if once her lookes be light,
And that in sundrie suters tales
she place her deepe delight:
Downe is her credite cut
with hatchet of mishap,
Her hooour hewde in peeces straight,
by meane of open lap.
O Goddes, what griefe were this
vnto a noble minde?
How would it vexe an honest Nymph,
whose credite clearely shynde?
For offer of good will,
with meaning not amisse:
To beate the badge of *Helen*, or
of *Creside*, for a kisse?

Then ought not we (I pray)
that noble maydens are,
So guide our tender steppes of state,
as vertue may prefarre,
And place vs in the ranke,
that is for Ladies dewe:
Should we lende light beliefe to loue:
or euery suter rewe?
So might we reape the crop
of care, and foule defame:
Where earst we neuer meant to sowe
the sinfull sædes of shame.
I write not this of all
that louing suters bee,
Or in such sort, as though I thought
the like deceit in thée,
As earst in *Iason* was,
or in the wandring *Prince*,
And sundrie other Lordings mo,
that haue bene louers since.
One Swallow is no signe
that Sommer time is come,
No more must all Cupidos knightes
be cast because of some,
Birdes are not plumde alike,
yet all birdes in kinde:
So men are men: but yet in some
more fickle partes we finde.

I counte thée no such one
as lightly will remoue:
Thy lingring sute, my long delayes
confirme thy faith in loue.
Whom sith I finde so firme
and stedfast in desire,
As neither lowring lookes, nor lacke
can make thée once retyre,
Or falter in thy fayth,
which thou hast vowde to me:
Procæde in loue, but hast thée home,
that I thy face may sée.
Plucke vp thy manly minde,
and spyrites forspent with woe:
Drie vp the deaw that from thine eyes
and drearie chækes do flow:
Doe barbe that boysterous beard:
that ouergrowes thy face:
Either cut, or kembe thy feltred lockes
to mende thy manly grace.
Put on thy golden gyte,
and former fresh aray:
Bestride thine auncient stately stæde
and quickly come away.
Backe to *Rauenna* ride,
euen there to purchase ioy,
Where thou ere this (the more my blame)
hast liude in great anoy.

Forgo thy solemne walkes,
bandon *Classie* wood:
Leaue off to leade thy life in lawndes,
imbrace thy townish good.
Thou art no vowed Monke
in Cloyster close to dwell:
No Aucker thou enioynde with Beads,
to hyde in simple Cell.
But thou a comelie knight,
in field a Martial man:
And eke in time of peace, a wight
that rule *Rauenna* can.
Wherfore as I enforst
thy bale and causeleſſe care:
And was the onely the that made
thee mourne, and languish thare:
So (good *Nastagio*) nowe
let me reuoke thée thence:
That hande that did the harme ere this
nowe vse in thy defence.
I shot, I must confesse,
the dart that gaue the dynt,
For which, lo here the blesseful balme,
thy deadly griefes to stint.
Surceasse thy wofull plaintes,
discharge thy darke dispaire:
The golden beames of my remorse,
shall cleare thy cloudy ayre.

When

When angry frowning foes
encounter in the fildes,
With murdering mindes, the stronger slaies.
when once the weaker yéeldes.
Up goes the wrathfull sworde
into his sheath againe:
The yéelding of the tone, doth cause
that neuer a man is slaine.
If weakest thus may winne
by stouping to the strong,
In combate fell for life and death:
thou doest mee double wrong,
That hold in virgins hand,
thy bale and eke thy blisse,
And am thy Quéene, and only ioy,
and frankly offer this:
If thou my kindnesse scorne,
and rather makste the choyce
To spill thy gallaunt prime in plants,
than with thy friendes reioyce.
Thou seest how I do sue,
to whom thou for suedst grace.
Sith I doe pitie thy distresse,
to hight thy dolefull case:
Dispatch without delay,
treade torments vnder foote,
That mirth within thy mourning minde
may take the deeper root.

The banquet latelie made,
where I beheld my chære,
And marckte thy mode from point to point,
in whome did plaine appeare
A kinde and constant heart,
not bolstred vp with gyle:
Enflamde my liuer so with loue,
as I was forst to smyle.
And had by outward shewes,
bewraied thé my good will,
Saue that my mother present was
who markt my countenance still.
I sawe, when we approcht,
the tent amid the wood:
How all thy guests retoyst thé, but
twas I that did thæ good,
Thy presence bred delight,
with thy blooming brest:
And to dissemble liking thou,
didst welcome all the rest.
I markt at table how.
thou shlie cast thine eie,
On me askance, and caruedst to
my mother by and by:
As who would say, behold
the meate I meant to thé,
I am enforst to giue it here
least they my fansie sæ.

And

And when I raught the wine,
and dranke my thyrst to quell,
In self same pæce how thou would pledge
I yet remember well.
I saw, when after meat
wæ parted home againe,
How all thy former frolicke fit,
was quickly changde to paine,
My comming brought thee blisse,
my parture made thæ pine.
My beatie for the time enflamde
and heat that heart of thine.
I saw (what wilt thou more)
my presence was thy life,
And how mine absence set thy wits
at cruell warre and strife.
Then sith thine eyes are bent
to fæd vppon my face,
And that the want of my good will
hath made thæ runne this race:
I rew thæ now at last,
I pitie thy distresse,
I yæld that thou the castle of
thy comfort now possesse.
I am no Lions whelpe,
I suckt no Tigers teat,
In spoyle of such as sewde for loue,
delight I neuer set.

I neuer pleasure tooke,
in forcing foe to death.
Much lesse my tender heart will breake
to stoppe *Nastagios* breath.
Time giues assurance good
of thine vnfained trust:
Thou bearst no treason in thy brest,
thou hast no lechers lust.
Whom sithence I haue tride
in loue so perfect trne:
To quit thy faith, I am thy friend,
reseruing honour due.
If marriage loue thou meane,
then franke consent I giue,
To yeeld thée vp *Dianas* bowe.
and loue thee whilst I liue.
In *Iunos* ioyfull yoke,
to ioyne and draw with thee:
It likes me well, there rests no more
but that my frends agree.
Small sute shal serue the turne,
for if they doe not yéld:
Then I my selfe enright thee with
the conquest of the fielde,
My selfe do kéepe the key,
where lies the iewell, which
Is thy delight, and onely ioy
whom thou desirst so much.

But

But no mistrust I haue,
thy motions are so good:
Thy flocke, and state, so noble, as
thou shalt not be withstood.
Wherefore (O makelesse man)
set all delayes aside,
Thy Ladie loues, and is content
to be thy bounden bride,
Retire, thou restlesse wight,
whose lingring woundeth twaine:
Two noble hearts shall thinke them blest,
when thou returne againe,
These words I wrote in bed,
where oft I wisht for thee:
Mine honour bids me pawse at that,
as yet it must not be.
Farewell, with *Nestors* yeres,
God sende thee happie daies:
Remember, thou that louing mindes
can broke no long delaies.
Alas, for thee I die
ten thousand times a day:
My fits be fierce, my griefe is great,
wherefore dispatch away.
I wish thee *Dædals* wings,
or *Perseus* praunsing steed,
Or els the Cart that *Phæton* rulde,
but better farre to speed.

In

In heart I am thy wife,
if that content thy will,
Once more adeu, thy lingring long,
thy faithfull friend will spill,

Thy long beloued in
RAVENNA.
EVPHYMIA.

Guerra ei mio stato, dira, e di duol piena.
Vegghio, penso, ardo, piango.

EFtsoone replyde the knight, with friendly face,
With gladsome heart, & trembling tong for ioy:
Faire Nymph (quoth he) thy comming to this place
Delights me much, and quits my great annoy.
The thing, whereto thou saist I shall aspire,
Is that which long *Nastagio* did desire.
Thy message likes my minde exceeding well,
And such thy Ladie deales so friendly now
With me her thrall, forget not thou to tell,
That by the Gods I make a solemne vow,
Not to abuse her honour or defile
Her noble name by any wanton wile.
My purpose is, in good and godly sort,
To take her to my lawfull wedded wife,
And so vnto the Lady make report,
I sweare my selfe her husband during life:

Doe giue my Loue this Amathiste from mée,
As pledge that I ere long with her will bee:
And for thy paines, lee here a slender summe,
But better this, than no reward at all:
I meane to friende thée more in time to come,
Farewell (faire swéete) accept my guerdon small:
The maid had money, thanks, and leaue to part,
Whose answere made her Ladie light of heart.
And thereupon withouten longer stay,
Unto her friendes shée brake her whole intent,
As touching marriage, and withall did pray
With willing mindes that they would giue consent,
Unfolding her effection to the man,
And how in heart that onely course she ran.
The aged parents of this willing wight,
Perceiuing how their daughters minde was set,
And knowing eke the fansie of the knight,
Triumpht for ioy, and thought it sinne to let
Such honest loue, or hinder marriage bande,
The short is this, they wedded out of hand,
A marriage day no sooner gone and passe,
There were not in *Rauenna* man wife,
If you had fitted all from first to last,
In greater glée that wasted all their life:
She shewde her selfe not halfe so hard before,
But being matcht, she loude him ten times more.
And not alone this one good turne befell
Nastagio, through this sodaine forced feare,

But

But diuers moe, that there about did dwell,
Bepitied those that louing hearts did beare:
And such as for good will had rigour shewen,
No more for foes, but louers would be knowen.

The Lenuoy.

THrice happie those I deeme aboue the rest,
That ground good will, and fixe affection so,
As in the end it fall out for the best,
Not broken off by fortune, nor by foe:
Seedes wisely sowen will prosper well and growe.
But where aduise and wholsome counsel wants,
Trees may not proue, they perish in the plants

Who makes his choice to loue in tender age.
And scornes the skill of such as time hath taught,
And headlong runnes at riot in his rage,
Is like the birde in net by fowler caught,
Bringing himselfe and all his wealth to naught:
It cannot be but such as counsel scorne,
Must needes at length be vtterly forlorne.

The sicke that loathes to listen to his cure,
And seekes no meane his maladie to cease,
To die the death, for lacke of helpe is sure.
The careleſſe man is full of wretchednesse:
So raging loue brings balefull end, vnlesse
The patient plie, and lend a bending eare,
Vnto his friend, that willes to forbeare.

VVhich seldome when in frantike youth is found,
In case of loue where pleasure strikes the stroke,
They hate the plaister that should heale the wound,
And like the beast runne willing to the yoke,
That with his straightnesse sundrie times doth choke.

The

The least anoy that fraile desires bestow,
Is wracke of wealth, if quite the carcasse goe:

Yea diuers times goodes, life, and al decayes,
Through foolish luste, and wantou witlesse wil:
So many be the driftes and double waies:
That craftie dames doe put in practise still,
As some they sotte, and other some thay kill.
They little force, how raging louers rewe,
So they themselues in peace the pageant vewe:

Not much vnlike the wilie witted boy
That tiles his trappe to take the subtile foxe,
Who clappes his handes, and makes the greatest ioy,
When he pecceiues fale Raynard in the stockes,
And for his labour giues ten thousand mockes:
So craftie Dames contented are to lute
Men on to loue, but scorne them being sure.

Their pranking beauties pricke them on to pride,
Their feitured limmes bedeckt with natures die:
Makes them followe rigour for their guide,
And ouerlookes their friendes with haughtie eye,
Who for their loues are euen at point to die:
Without regarde of spoyle, or of expence,
Deeming them selues quite cleare of all offence.

As in this processe plaine is set to viewe,
Wherein a heauie mistresse playde her parte,
Right weil content to let Nastagio rewe,
And for good will to reape disdaine and smarte,
That loude her from the bottome of his hearte:
Who though were ritche, and noble by descent,
Yet might not make her marble minde relent,

By lingring loue she made his monie mealte,
As waxe doth weare against the flaming fire:
Through her disdaiue outragiously he dealt,

Wasting his wealth to compasse fond desire,
A great deale more than reason did require:
She was the cause, for had not fancie bene:
He would more neere vnto his profite seene.

But womens beauties bleare the cleereſt eyes,
Their feeble force makes weake the wiſeſt wittes,
Their limber chaines the ſturdie Champion ties,
The graueſt ſage is thrall to louing fitts,
The rockieſt breſt with bolt Cupido hittes:
And who ſo thinkes to ſcape moſt cleare away,
Is ſooneſt caught, and makes the longeſt ſtay.

I could accompte Cupido for a God,
When I reſpect his puiſſance and his might,
If in his ſhaftes he were not found ſo odde,
But would in caſe of liking deale aright,
And force faire dames their louers to requite.
But commonly when time in fancie burne.
Then womens hartes are moſt vnapt to turne.

When man doth rage, his Ladie lies at reſt,
When he laments, ſhe liues at quiet eaſe,
She coldely loues, when he doth fancie beſt,
And when ſhe powtes, yet he muſt ſeeke to pleaſe,
And make faire wether in the roughеſt ſeas:
Yea, and perhaps, at laſt when all is done,
As farre to ſeeke as when he firſt begonne,

As proues this noble man who hauing ſpente
No ſlender ſummes in ſeruice of his loue,
And barde himſelfe, by racking of his rent:
Yet could by no deſert good lyking moue,
In ruthleſſe breſt no pitties plantes might proue.
Till feare of harmes her late repentance wrought,
She could to clothe by no deuiſe be brought:

But when in fine this bloody broile ſhe ſawe,

And

And plainely bewde, amid the open groue
The Ladies plagues: then was she pincht with awe
Of like successe then little Cupide strooe
Within her bulke, because that she had woue
The web that wrought Nastagio all his woe:
And thereupon she lette to be his foe.

Then fell she flatte to fansie out of hande,
Than sent she messege to bewray her mynde,
Then did she let Nastagio vnderstande,
How that she meant no more to be vnkinde,
But willing was her selfe in matche to binde:
Whereby we see that sundry things are done,
By force of feare, which wit had neuer wonne.

But sure good will of feare that takes his grounde,
But badly proues, a fansie forst in harte
Full lightly fades, and seldome when is sounde,
With euery heate tis ready to departe,
It doth resemble colours made by arte.
The franke consent in loue tis euer best,
Whom meere affection breedes in yeelding brest.

Faire Ladies, beare with what I vtter here,
Concerning women, and their deepe disgrace,
I gyde the cope, I leaue the curteous cleare.
And this I say: who fawnes vpon the face
Of any dame, and reapes a scornefull grace:
Were she as braue as Paris Ladie was,
For louing so he proues himselfe an Asse.

Who serues a sot, and bowes at euery becke,
Without the guerdon that to loue is dewe,
And playes his game at chesse to gayne a checke,
Deserues the mate that doth the checke ensewe,
Because he scornes his mischiefe to eschewe:
And she that hath a perfite friend to trust,
Deserues a plague, if she be found vniust.

You ſtately Dames, that peacockiyke do pace,
Through pride abuſing ſuch as are your thralls,
Enforcing them for lacke of better grace,
Unto their bane, which ſundrie times befalles.
Not finding ſalue to cure their griefull galles:
Euphymias plagues imprinte in hædefull mynde,
And looke for like, if you be found vnkynde.

Ama chi tama.

Miner pana Tantall ne linferno
Pate, che chi di domma ſta al gouerno.

The Arguuent to the ſecond Hyſtorie.

Nicocrates a cruell tyrant, ſlewe
Sir *Fedimus*, who had vnto his wife
One *Aretaſila*, of gallant hewe,
And after, (hauing reft the husbãds life) (queene
Did wedde this dame who though were made a
Might not forget the murther ſhe had ſeene.
No loue deuiſe, no iewels fet from farre,
Could ſo reclaime this noble Ladies minde,
But that ſhe would aduenture him to marre,
Who ſlevv her knight, whereat ſhe ſo repinde:
By poiſoned drinke ſhe meant to do the deede,
But that was found, it might not vvel ſucceede.
The tyrants mother *Caluia*, tygreleeke,
Procurde her plagues, and torments diuerſly,
For that the Queene to ſlay her ſonne did ſeeke,
But vviſely ſhe did ſlacke this crueltie:
And made him thinke her ſirupe vvas to proue,
Where ſhe might force in him a greater loue.
Which ſhift allovved, ſhe more in credit grevv,
The king forgaue, but ſhe could not forget,
But once againe deuiſde a driſte anevve,
VVhich as ſhe thought, might lightly haue no let
The king a brother had, a vvilfull vvight,
Bente all to loue, and he *Leander* hight.
This Ladie bare by *Fedimus* of yore,
A daughter faire, vvhom ſhe by practiſe ſought,

To couple with *Leander* euermore,
Which matche at legth with much ado was wroght
Then all the mothers skil, and daughters drifte,
Was by this youth, the king fro crown to lifte.
By day the Queen the daughter did perſwade,
The wife by night did play her part ſo well,
As in a while theſe two *Leander* made
To vndertake to rid this tyrant fell:
No dew regard of bloud, no care of kinde,
Could ſtay the fact, this Princoxe was ſo blinde.
The king was ſlaine by cruell brothers hande.
The realme releaſt of ſuch bloudie foe,
Leander then did gouerne all the lande,
The hopē was great that matters wel ſhould gee:
But whē this youth had once atchiude the ſtate,
He ſcornde the Queene, & al her friends forgate.
Puſt vp with princely pride, he wore the crown,
And lawleſſe liude, ſo neare his brothers trade,
As needefull was to ſeeke to put him downe:
And thereupon the Queene this practiſe made,
She hirde for coyne, a noble man at armes,
To ſlay her ſonne, to ſalue her countries harmes.
This warlike Captaine came from Libie lande,
Who tooke by force this tyrant coward king,
And gaue him vp into his mothers hande:
A Noble dame that compaſt twice to bring
Her realme to reſte, and rigour to ſubdewe.
Lo here the ſumme, the proceſſe doth enſewe.

Within

VVIthin *Cyrene* earſt
there dwelling was a Dame
Namde *Arretaſila*, of birthe
and noble bloud ſhe came.
Elator was her Syre,
a man of great renowme:
Sir *Fadimus* her huſband highte,
the chiefe in all the towne
For noble minde and wealth:
this Ladie was ſo well
With bewtie dighte, as ſhe the reſte
not onely did excell
For feature of her face,
that was full fayre to looke,
But eke for graue *Minervas* giftes,
and cunning in her booke:
Her ſacred giftes were great,
her wiſdome was as rare,
As was her face, for fewe with her
in learning might compare.
What time this Ladie liude,
a tyrant fierce and fell,
Nicocrates, poſſeſt the lande
where did this matron dwell.
Who many of the men
that in the Citie were,
Did do to fowle and ſhamefull death,
he kept them all in feare.

They wist not what to doe:
Apollos priest he slewe,
His handes he nothing stucke with bloud
of prophets to imbrue,
Whom shame, and sinne it was
with rigour to entreate,
Respecting what their office was,
and why they kept the seate.
At length this cruell king
thus hauing sundrie slaine.
To trap Sir *Fadimus* in snare
did beate his wilie brayne,
And neuer gaue it off,
till he had wrought his will:
He thirsted for his bloud, whom he
without offence did kill.
And after husbands death,
this noble dame did wedde:
Who had as leuer lost her life,
as layne in tyrants bedde.
But force did take effect,
to striue it booted nought,
(For tyrant lust doth stande for lawe)
to yelde it best she thought.
So monstrously his minde
to bloudie dædes was bent,
As sauing death without deserte
might nothing him content.

And

And looke as many as
  he forced so to die,
He caused to be carried out,
  without the walles to lie,
Amid the open fieldes,
  that they might neuer haue,
The reuerence to corses due,
  nor honour of the graue.
His Subiects when they sawe
  him bath him so in blood,
And that to slay the giltlesse wight
  it did this monster good,
Some, to auoide his handes,
  did make in wise they were
Quite voide of life, to the ende they might
  be borne on the beare,
And carried to the fielde,
  where dead did vse to lie,
They thought them blest that by this wile
  could bleare the Princes eie.
At length this subtile shift,
  the cruell king perceiude,
And saw how to escape his scourge,
  they had him long deceyude:
To worke a surer way,
  at euery gate there was
Appointed one, with charge to looke
  that no man there might passe,

In colour of the dead,
who cause he did not trust
The bearers with his naked sworde
the bodies vse to thrust
Through coffin where they lay,
to make the matter sure:
This great outrage of his, the Queene
no longer coulde endure.
But verie much misliste
these Tyrants trickes, and had
Compassion of her native soyle,
and woulde bén very glad
With hazard of her life
to rid this monster quight,
For hatred which shée bare to him
that murthred so the knight
Whom shée full dearely loude:
and albeit the king
Made very great account of her,
yet did shée minde the thing
Which shée conceiude before
and purposde in her breast,
And till shée had atchieude the same,
could neuer liue at rest.
And though the Prince his power
this dayly greater grewe,
Had hyred the Subiects to dispayre
their fredome to renewe,

Or euer safe to liue
within their natiue land,
Where such a cruell king did holde
the scepter in his hand:
Yet did this noble dame
conceiue a greater truste,
To finde a time to worke her feate,
which eyther doe shée muste
And so at frédome set
her countrie men againe,
And venge her louing husbands death,
or let them all be slaine,
As hé, good knight, had béne.
To pricke her on the more,
Shé cald to minde the practise of
a *Theban* dame before,
That wise *Farea* hight:
for doing of the which,
The valiant women wan renowme,
and was commended much.
Whom shé had great desire
to follow in this déede;
But when shé saw for lack of aide
and helping hands at neede,
(Which ths the *Theban* had,)
shée could not doe the léke:
Shé meant to doe it with a thing
that was not farre to séeke.

Deuising

Deuising by a dziuke,
to rid the Tyzants life,
Who slue her husband by deceite
and foyst her to his wife.
A poyson she pzeparde,
whereby as I shall tell,
In pzesent perill of her life
this ventrous Ladie fell.
Foz still her purpose failde,
and being in the end
Discouered, and the matter found,
which shée did then pzetende,
Dissembling could not serue
to salue the soze againe.
Foz what good heart she bare the king
did then appeare too plaine.
The Tyzants mother eke,
that Madame *Caluia* hight,
Not louing *Aretasila*,
(a dame of great despight)
Full fit to bzéde a babe
of such a bloodie minde,
(Foz childzen commonly are like
vnto the mothers kinde)
Perswaded, that to death
this Ladie should be done.
As one that did pzetend the spoyle,
and slaughter of her sonne.

But

But what the great good will
to her the Prince did beare,
And answere bold that shée had made
with visage voyde of feare,
Before the mother Queéne,
who there in open place,
Accusde her of her murther ment,
there standing face to face,
Did quit her from the death.
But when the proofe was such,
And euidence so plaine appearde,
so that shæ mought not much
Excuse her of the fact,
but that the poysoned cup,
Was made by her, and meant vnto
the king to drinke it vp:
There *Aretafila*,
before the Iudges face,
In presence of the Prince her spouse,
did thus declare the case.
My Soueraigne Lord and Loue,
I cannot doe no lesse,
But, that this cup I did procure,
before thée now confesse.
My selfe the syrope made,
and meant to giue it thær
But this I will protest againe,
not knowing it to be,

A vermin

A venim rancke and vile,
but verily did thinke
By cunning to deuise this cup,
and make a craftie drinke
To cause a man to loue:
for knowe you this, that I
Am spited at, of sundrie that
my marriage doe enuie.
It grœues a number, that
you beare me such good will,
It is a gall to some to see
that I should haue my fill
Of treasure and attyre
and be a Prince his wife,
And they themselues to liue vnknowne,
and lead a priuate life.
I knowe they cannot well
my haphy state endure,
But that they will at length deuise
your friendship to allure,
And cause you cast me off:
which was the cause that I
Did brewe this drinke to kæpe good wil.
I thought it good to trye
By art to stay a friend,
whom I by fortune wonne:
And if so be I did offend,
you cannot deeme it donne

For

For malice, but good will,
for hatred, but for zeale:
Why should I then condemned be
that neuer meant to deale
But as a loving wife:
And if your pleasure be
I shall bée punisht for my fault,
yet doe account of me
Not as a witch, that would
bereaue you of your life,
But one that by enchauntment thought
to make your Loue your wife,
And match her in good will
that both extrémely loue:
And who, to be belovde alike,
dyd meane this sleight to proue.
When thus the Matron had,
with manly mouth and grace
Ypleaded for her selfe, the Prince
to whom pertaind the case,
Well liking this excuse,
would not in any wise
That shée, who was his wife, should die:
but this he did deuise,
That there shée should be rackt
till time shée would confesse
The truth, and what shée meant thereby
in open place expresse.

When

When torment readie was,
and rack there set in place,
Then cankred *Calsia*, plaide her part,
and laid her on a pace,
Vntill shée wearie woxe:
shæ longed for her blood,
Which made her earnest in the case,
and plague the Quæne a good.
But *Aretafila*,
as one that forced nought
Of all the paines shé had indurde,
discouered not her thought:
She nothing would confesse,
but kept it in her minde,
And hereupon deliuerde was.
Nicocrates could finde,
No due desart of death.
Then grew within his breast
A great remorse for rigour showne
to her he loued best,
Whom he without offence
had put to cruell paine.
Wherefore within a space the king
began to loue againe:
And fansie her as fast,
deuising sundry shiftes,
To winne her olde good will, he gaue
her many goodly gifts.

She could not want the thing
the tyrant had in store,
Who then but *Aretafila*,
whom he had rackt before?
And she that was full wise,
by countnance and by cheare,
Did make as though she did embrace
and helde the tyrant deare:
But still in store she kept
within her wrathfull minde,
Remembrance of reuenge, till she
fit time and place might finde.
And in her head she cut
the patterne of his paine,
How, if occasion serude she mought
auenge her husbande slaine.
By *Fedimus* she bare
whilste he yet lining was,
A daughter that for honest life
and beautie braue did passe.
And so befell it, that
the king a brother had,
Leander namde, a wilfull youth,
and eke a wanton lad,
Much giuen to the loue
of light alluring dames,
To whom, as to a byting fish,
a bayte this mayden frames.

To take him by the lippe,
by sorcerie she wrought,
And cuppes that cause a man to loue:
whereby this youth she brought
Into her subtil net:
thus was *Leander* caught
By loue deuises, that the Quéne
vnto her daughter taught.
This damsel hauing woonne
Leander to her lure,
So traynde him on, as she at last
the Princesse did procure
The tyrant to request,
to yelde him his desire,
As touching mariage of the Mayde,
that set his minde on fire:
Who when *Leanders* loue
and purpose vnderstoode,
To *Aretafila* to breake
the same he thought it good.
She willing was thereto,
as one that wrought the wile:
Nicocrates perceiuing that,
denying it a while,
Yet graunted at the length:
not willing to be sæne
An enemie vnto the mayde,
the daughter of the Quéne,

When

When all good willes were got,
the mariage day drew neare,
Untill *Leander* wedded was,
he thought it twentie yeare.
To make the matter short,
I leaue for you to scan,
Both of the maydens rich attyre,
and iewels of the man.
I leaue the musike out,
I let the banket go:
I speake not of the noble men
that were at wedding tho.
I write not of the wine,
nor of the daintie cates,
Assure your selues there wãted naught
that fitted royal states.
When wedding day was done,
the wife to chamber went,
And after her *Leander* came:
where they in pleasure spent
The night, as custome is,
and maried folkes do vse:
And selfe same pleasure night by night
from that day forth ensues.
The lately wedded wife
behaude her selfe so well,
That still *Leander* tẽ times more
to doting fansie fell.

Which when she vnderstoode,
a wench of wily witte,
To set her purpose then abroch,
she thought it passing fit.
A fyled tale she framde,
and thus begun to speake:
Mine own(quoth she)the great good wil
I beare you,makes me breake
My minde and meaning nowe:
The carke and care I haue,
Is causer that I will you from
your brothers sword to saue
Your life,whilste yet you may:
you sée his monstrous minde,
And how his hatefull tyrants heart
is all to blood inclinde.
You know his cruell déedes,
I shall not nede recite
The sundry men that he hath slaine
vpon a mere despight:
You viewe the gorie ground,
whére yet the bodies lie,
You sée howtyrant like he deales,
you sée with daily eye,
Such vndeserued deathes
as wo it is to tell:
In my conceite,if you should séeke,
his spoyle,you did but well.

It

It were a worthie déde,
and well deseruing prayse,
To murther him, and reaue his realme,
that so his subiects slayes.
To rid your native soyle
of such a monster, may
Not onely gaine immortall fame
that neuer shall decay:
But winne you such good will,
in countrie and in towne,
As by the meanes thereof, you may
attaine the royall crowne,
Which now your brother weares
against the peoples will,
Who would (no doubt) elect you prince,
if you the tyrant kill.
To quit so good a turne,
and noble déede withall.
But if you let him raigne a while,
I feare, at last you shall
Repent your long delay:
your state is neuer sure,
As long as he, the monster liues,
he will your bane procure.
What thraldome like to yours?
howe wretched is your life?
Haue you forgotten how you sude
to him, to take a wife?

Fie, shame, *Leander*, fie,
I greatly disalow,
That you who are his brother, should
vnto your brother bow.
Put case he owe the crowne,
is that a cause that you
May not go marry where you list,
but must be forst to sue
So like a boy, for leaue
to chuse your selfe a make?
Oh that I were a man, I would
enforce the beast to quake.
Leander, if you loue
or make account of me,
Bereaue the monster of his life:
my mother longs to see
The slaughter of her so,
that slue my father earst.
With these her wordes *Leander* felt
his heart so throughly pearst,
As vp from bed he flew,
with minde to murther bent:
To sucke his brothers bloud, ere long
this wilfull marchant went.
Leander had a friend
whom he did loue as life,
Called *Danicles*, to whom he rode
and tolde him what his wife

Had

Had willde him take in hande,
whereín his ayde he muſt
In whom eſpecially he did
repoſe aſſured truſt.
Leander with his friend,
when time and place did ſerue,
Nicocrates the tyrant ſlue,
as he did well deſerue.
And hauing done the deed,
atchieude the kingly Crowne,
He ſtrake the ſtroke, and ruler was,
and gouernde all the towne.
Thus he in office plaſte,
puft vp with princely might,
Not forcing *Aretafila*,
his mother law awhit,
Nor any of hir blood,
once hauing got the raigne,
Did all the worlde to vnderſtande
by that his high diſdaine,
That he his brother ſlue
for rancour and deſpight:
Not for deſire his Countrey ſoyle
from tyrants handes to quight.
So loathſome all his lawes,
ſo ſtraunge his ſtatutes were,
Such folly in his royſting rule,
as made the people feare.

Their former foe to haue
bene rayſde to life againe,
Who was not many dayes before
by this *Leander* ſlaine.
When *Aretafila*
ſawe howe the game did go,
And that *Leander* in his ſway
did vſe the matter ſo,
And proudly rulde the realme,
eſtæming her ſo light,
Who hoped by his brothers death
the countrie had bene quight
Releaſt of tyrants rage:
when ſhe perceiude (I ſay)
Howe haughtily his heart was bent,
ſhe meant her part to play:
In ridding of the realme
of ſuch a cruel king,
That kept his ſubiects ſo in awe,
and vnder yoke did wring:
A freſh repoꝛt was blowne
of one *Anabus*, bred
In *Libie* lande, a Martial man
that all his life hadled
In face of foraine foes:
with him this wily dame
Did practiſe, and ſuch order tooke,
as he with army came

Leander

Leander to subdue:
who being nigh at hand,
With mightie troupe of warlike wights,
to ouercom the land:
The Quéne, his mother lawe,
as one that were dismaide,
To worke her wile, *Leander* cald,
and thus to him she said:
Loe here (good sonne) you see
how nie your mightie foe,
Is come to bid you battaile, and
your Captaines are (you know)
Not to be matcht with his:
behold what men they are:
Well skild in feats that touch the fielde,
and traind in trade of warre.
Your souldiers are but shæpe,
for battaile farre vnfit:
Besides their pollicies are great,
your Captaines haue no wit
To deale in such a case
that toucheth Princes state:
Againe, there commes no honour by
such brawles, and broyling hate:
Consider with your selfe,
you scarsly haue as yet
Good footing gotten in your raigne,
vnstable (sonne) you sit.

And like to take a fall:
whereof if womans braine
May giue good counsaile to the wife,
I would (I tell you plaine,)
Your foe and you were friendes:
I would allow it well,
If you with Captaine *Anabus*
to truce and concord fell.
I doe presume on this,
and dare to vndertake,
That you shall safely come to talke,
by meanes that I will make
With him that is your foe:
the wordes his mother spake,
Leander liked verie well
and in good part did take.
Desirous of a parle,
but ere the pointed day
Of talke betwixt the Captaines came,
she sent a Poast away,
A messenger of trust,
Anabus to entreate,
That when *Leander* issued out,
then he should worke his feate,
And either slay him there,
by force in open fielde,
Or vnto her, the cruell king
in chaines a captiue yelde:

In

In recompence whereof
She made a large behest,
Of gold that she would franklike giue:
whereto this greedie gest,
The *Lybian* man of warre,
full gladly lent his care.
Leander (as the nature is
of Tyrants) stood in feare,
Deferring day of parle,
vnwilling forth to goe,
But Ladie *Aretafila*
still lay vpon him so,
As very shame at last
did further this intent:
And shee, to egge him on the more,
made promise if he went.
To set her foote by his,
and looke the foe in face:
Which moude *Leander* very much,
and mended well the case.
So out at length they passe,
disarmd he and his,
As one that meant to treate of truce,
for so the custome is.
Anabus seeing this,
to counter him began,
And with his power approched neare:
Leander fearfull man

Would

Would gladly made a ſtop,
and gazde about the place:
To vieue his gard that ſhould aſſiſt
and helpe in nédfull caſe.
But how much more he ſeemde
to linger on the way:
So much the more his mother lawe,
by words, that ſhée did ſay
As touching his reproch,
of fearefull cowards heart,
Did pricke *Leander*, onward ſtill,
not letting him to part.
At Length the Lady, when
of force he would haue ſtaid,
Upon the wretches baſtard wight
his féeble fingers laid:
And by the ayde of men
whom there ſhée had in place,
She brought him bound both hand & foot,
before *Anabus* face.
And captiue gaue him vp,
to liue in lothſome holde,
Vntill the Quéene, as promiſe was,
hée payd him all his golde.
Then he eſtſoone retyres
vnto the towne againe,
Declaring what ſucceſſe ſhe had
and what a ſpitefull paine

Shée tooke or eare shee could
that bloodie beastlie king
Depose and rid him from the realme,
and so to bondage bring.
The people passing glad
that he was so displaste,
Did make a common purse, to pay
the *Lybian* Duke in haste:
Who hauing told the crownes,
did send *Leander* backe,
Unto the Quéne: and shée enclosde
the monster in a sacke,
And cauld him to be cast,
from off a mountaine hie,
Into the Sea, to drowne the beast
that wel deserude to die.
Then *Calnya*, shée was caught,
and to a piller tied,
And there the cruell croked queane,
with' flaming fagots fried,
Till all her aged bones,
to ashes were consumde,
That oft in youth with Cluet swéete
and Amber were persumde.
When all this broile was done,
the townesmen in a ranke,
Knéeld downe to *Aretafila*,
and highly did her thanke,

For

For freedome got againe,
with perill of her life.
I neede not here expresse the ioyes
of maiden, man, and wife.
For all reioyst alike,
not one in all the towne,
Nor countrie, but was glad at heart
that they had wonne the crowne
Into their hands againe,
and shapte the Tyrants scourge,
Then gan they all with one consent
the aged dame to byge,
With helpe of chosen men,
to gouerne all the land:
For vantage of the publike weale,
she tooke the charge in hand.
Because we lightly see
when Peeres and Princes faile,
Then runnes the common welth to wreck,
as shippe without a saile.
But when she saw the realme
at good and quiet stay:
And vnderstood that commons did
with willing minds obay
Vnto their lawfull heads,
the Senate she bethought,
To take the gouernment a fresh:
her selfe vnfit she thought

To deale in caſe of ſtate,
  then tooke they all the charge,
And did the Ladie from the crowne,
  and troubles quite diſcharge.
Thus hauing rid the realme
  of two ſuch blooddie foes,
Into a Nunnrie, there to ende
  her life this Ladie goes.
Where ſhe deuoutly dwelt,
  and to her prayers fell:
And as ſhee liude in vertue earſt,
  ſo dide ſhee very Well.

The Lenuoy.

WHo ſits aloft in ſacred Princes ſeate,
And wieldes his realme by loue and not by dread
Whoſe puiſant hand by mildneſſe doth intreate
The ſilly rowte that vnder hum is led:
Shall ſafely raigne, and hold his ſcepter ſure,
A courteous king doth lightly long endure.

But who ſo raignes in threatning tyrants throne,
Bathing in blood his haughtie hungrie chaps,
And rules by force, is ſurely ouerthrowne.
The Goddes aſſigne ſuch Soueraines ſory haps,
It may not laſt, that ſo exceedeth reaſon,
The trueſt hearts, by force are brought to treaſon.

A pleaſant porte doth rule a raging horſe,
When harder brakes doe breake the mouth too much.
And makes the colt to ſcorne with all his force:
Rough handed Surgeons make the patient grutch.

The

The Pilote that by skyll the shyp doth guide,
And not by myght, makes vessels broeke the tyde.

A lawlesse peere by law deserues to die.
True iustice payes the blooddie home their hyre,
And blood mispilt for vengeance aye doth crie,
Lex talionis doth the lyke requyre:
Is in this tale that here my Muse hath told,
Of brothers two, each man may well behold.

Could Dyonisius deale with greater force?
Or fearefull Phalaris with more despite?
Than did Nycocrates, without remorse
That slew hys fely subiects lawlesse quight?
Did not Leander deale in monstrous wise,
Whom brothers blood might not alone suffyce?

Prease hither Peeres, whose heads with crownes are clad
Who hold the kingly scepters in your hands:
Behold the end that blooddie tyrants had,
A mirrour make of these to rule your landes:
With all, see heere a Ladies manly minde,
Whom God to wreake this bloodshed had assignde.

Marke how the fyrst was blinded all with blood,
The husband slayne, and sundrie moe beside,
To wed the wife this monster thought it good.
Note how the Gods herein theyr scourge dyd hide,
For who but he woulde trust a wronged wyght,
Or place her in his naked bed at night?

Looke how Leander lewde by wyle was wonne,
And led by lust to worke his brothers woe:
And more than that see how this beast did runne
A wicked race and wore his mothers foe.
Note how the heauens made leuell yet at last,
And plagude by death his blooddy dealings past.

Aut sero, Aut citius.

The argument to the third Historie.

GEntile loude one Nicoluccios wife,
Faire Catiline, a matrone graue and wife:
Whom to corrupte sith he might not deuise,
He parted thence to leade a grauer life.
For she was bent to scorne such masking mates,
As houerd still about her husbands gates.
Within a while this Nicoluccio,
(His Ladie great with childe) was forst to ride
In haste from home, and leaue her there as guide:
Whome sodayne griefe assayld by fortune so,
As Phisicke, friends, and all that sawe the chance,
Did yelde her dead, she lay in such a traunce.
The sensflesse corse was to the Church cõueide,
And buried there with many a weeping eye:
The brute was blowne abrode both farre & nye.
Reporte once spread, is hardly to be stayde.
Gentile hearing how the matter went,
His Ladies losse did bitterly lament. (woe,
At length when teares had well discharged his
And sorrowe slakte, a friend of his and hee,
Tooke horse, & rode by night, that none might see
Whether they ment, or wherabout to goe.
To Church he came, dismounted from his horse,
He entred in, and vp he tooke the corse,
With full intent to dallie with the dead,

Which he in life by ſuite could neuer winne:
He coide, he kiſt, he handled cheeke and chinne.
He left no limme vnfelte from heele to head:
So long he ſtaide, at laſt the infant ſteerd
Within her wombe, whereby ſome life appeerde.
By fellowes helpe he bore the body thence,
Home to his aged mother where ſhe dwelt:
Who moude to ruthe, with her ſo frendly delt,
As ro reuiue her, ſparde for expence,
She could not vſe her owne with greater care,
So choyſe her cheere, ſo daintie was hir fare.
VVhen time was come for nature to vnfolde
Her coferd ware: this dame was brought a bed,
And by *Gentiles* meanes had happily ſped:
And he forthwith a ſolemne feaſt did holde,
VVhere, to the husband, both the wife and boy
Surrendred were, to his exceeding ioye.

BOlogna is a towne
of *Lumbardie* you know,
A citie very brauely builte,
and much set out to shewe:
Where as in auncient dayes
a famous knight there dwelde,
Who for good giftes and linage both
all others farre excelde:
A man commended much,
Gentile was his name.
This worthy gallant fell in loue
by fortune, with a dame
That *Catilina hight*,
one *Nicoluccios* wyfe,
A passing faire, and featurde wenche,
and ledde an honest life,
And loude her husband so,
as she did little waye
The frendship of enamored youthes,
nor ought that they could say.
This Gentleman that sawe
the Ladies faithfull breast,
And how he might by no deuice
to him her fansie wrest,
Nor enter in her grace,
whom he did loue so well,
Nor by good seruice gaine good will,
to deepe despaire he fell.

And hereupon vnto
Modena he retyrde,
And boze an office in the towne,
as one there to deſyrde.
It foztunde on a time
when *Nicolucciо* rode
From home, as touching his affaires,
and that his wife abode
A thræ myles off the towne,
where he had buylte a graunge,
To make her mery with her friendes,
and eke the ayre to chaunge:
Then being great with childe,
not many wækes to goe:
This Lady had a great miſhap,
as here my pen ſhall ſhowe.
A griefe, I wote not what,
with ſuch a ſodayne foꝛce
And monſtrous myght, befell the dame,
and conquerde ſoꝛe her coꝛſe
As in the Ladies limmes
no ſparke of life appærde,
And moꝛe than that, an other thing
there was, that moſt diſchærde
Perkinſſolkes then in place:
foꝛ ſuch as had good ſight
And ſkill in Phyſike, dæmde her dead,
and gaue her ouer quight.

And

And thereupon her friends
that wiſte howe matters went
By her repoꝛt in time of life,
and howe that ſhe had ſpent
Not full ſo many monthes
as giue a babée breath,
And make it vp a perfect childe:
when once they ſawe her death.
Not making farther ſearche,
in caſe as there ſhe laye,
Unto a Church, not farre from thence,
the carkaſſe did conuay,
And gaue it there a graue,
as Ladies vſe to lye.
The bodie being buried thus,
a friende of his did hye
Him to *Gentile* ſtraight,
to tell him of the newes,
Who though was fardeſt frō her grace,
yet could none other chuſe
But ſoꝛrowe at her death.
When greateſt grœfe was paſt,
And that he had bethought awhile,
thus out he bꝛake at laſt.
Loe (Lady) lo, (quoth he)
nowe art thou dead in graue,
Nowe (Madame *Catilma*) I,
who during life could haue

Not one good frendly looke,
nor swæte regarding eyes,
Will be so bolde to steale a kisse
as you in coffin lie.
Nowe booteth do defence,
you cannot now resist:
Wherefore (assure thée) Lady nowe,
thou shalt be swætely kist.
Howe dead soeuer thou arte,
nowe will I take delight.
And hauing tolde his tale, the day
withdrewe, and made it night:
Then taking order howe
he mought, that none might sée,
Dispatche and goe vnto the place,
his trustie frend and hée,
Vpon their geldings mounte,
and neuer made a staye
Untill they came vnto the Church,
where dead the Ladie laye:
Where being lighted off
their horses, in they goe,
And vp they brake the coffyn straight,
and he that loude her so,
Laye by the Ladies side,
and clapte his face to hers,
And lent her many a louing kisse,
and bathde her breast with teares,

La.

Lamenting very sore.
But as we daily sée,
The lust of man not long content,
doth euer long to bée,
Procæding farther on:
but moste of all the rest,
The fonde desire of such as are
with raging loue possest.
So he that had resolude
no longer there to staye,
But doe his feate, and home agayne,
thus to himselfe gan saye:
Oh, sith I nowe am here
why should I idle stande?
Why doe not I this breast of thine
imbrace, and fæle with hande?
I neuer after this,
shall touch it so againe,
Nor neuer mynde, *Gentile* thus
procæding in his vaine,
Into her bosome thrust
his hande beneath her pappe,
And staying there a little space,
did fæle a thing by happe
Within her wombe to wagge,
and beat against her brest:
Whereof at first he wore amazde,
but after repossest

Of wittes and sense againe
a further triall hee
Did make, and then he found the corse,
not thorough dead to bee,
Though little were the life,
yet some he knew for trouth,
To rest within the Ladies limmes:
wherefore the gallants both,
From out the coffyn tooke
this lately buried corse,
And vp they leapte in all the poast.
and layde her on the horse
Before the saddle bowe,
and home in haste they ride,
Both to recouer life againe,
and fearing to be spyde.
Thus closely was she brought
within *Bologna* walles,
Unto *Gentiles* house, where he
vpon his mother calles,
Requesting her to helpe,
the case required haste.
His mother being graue and wyse,
receiude the corse as fast
As she good matron mought:
which deede of pitie done,
Both who she was, and what had hapt,
demaunded of her sonne:

Who

Who tolde her all the newes,
and how the fortune fell,
Which when the matron vnderstood,
and wist the matter well:
To ruth and mercy moude,
(as is a womans guise)
Shée makes her fire, she heats her bathes
and so the carkas plyes,
With chafing vp and downe,
and rubbing euerie vaine:
As shée at last had made the life
and senses come againe:
Her wandring wits retyrde,
that earst had bén astray,
And being thus reuiude, at length
thus sighing gan shée say:
Alas, where am I nowe?
what place is this (quoth shée?)
Gentiles chearfull mother saide,
a place full fit for thée.
With that shée somewhat woxe
aduisde, but wist not where
Shée was bestead, when that at last
she sawe *Gentile* there:
Amazed in her minde,
requested of the dame
To tell her of the case, and how
vnto her house she came.

Gentile thereupon
the whole discourse begonne,
And did vnfold from point to point
how euerie thing was done.
Whereof she wofull wore
and pensiue for a space:
But yet at length shee gaue him thankes
for all his former grace
And curtesies imployde:
and as he euer bore
A true and faithfull heart to her
in all her life before,
And as he was a man
in whom good nature were:
So did shé craue him that shé might
not be abused there:
But safely be conuaide
vnto her graunge againe,
And to her husbandes house vntouchte
without dishonours staine.
To whom *Gentile* thus
replide: Well dame (quoth hé)
How great soeuer the loue hath bén
which I haue borne to thé,
Before this present day,
I doe not purpose now,
Nor after this at any time,
(since God would this allowe

We grace to saue thy life,
and raise thee from the pit:
And loue which I haue alwayes meant
to thee hath caused it:)
I purpose not, I say,
to deale in other wise,
Thanif thou were my sister deare,
this promise shall suffice.
But this good turne that I
haue done to you this night,
Doth well deserue, that you the same
in some respect requight.
Wherefore I shall desire
that you with willing brest,
Wyll friendly graunt me my demaunde,
and yéld me one request.
Wherets the humble dame
agréd, and was content,
If so shé coulde, and honest were
the sute *Gentile* ment.
Then spake the courteous knight,
Well (Madame) this is true,
That both your parents and your friends
of *Boline*, thinke that you
Are buried low enough
in coffin closlie layde,
None tarries you at home as now,
they all doe déeme you dead,

Wher-

Wherefore my small request
and simple sute shalbe,
That with my mother here to stay
yée will vouchsafe, and me,
In secrete and vnsæne,
vntill such time as I
May to *Modena* goe and come
againe, I meane to hie.
The cause that makes me craue
and aske this lingring stay,
Is, that in presence of the best,
and chiefe that beare the sway
Within the towne, I minde
to giue you as a gift,
And to present you to your spouse,
this is my only drift.
The Ladie knowing that
Gentile was her friend,
And saw that honest was his sute,
did quickly condescend:
Though greatly shée desirde,
new brought to life againe,
To sée and comfort those her friends
that mournde for her amaine:
Shée promist on her faith,
with her to tarrie there.
And yet her tale was throughly told,
her time was come to beare

The Babe wherewith shée went,
shée must to trauaile straight
The Patron euer at an inch
did on this Ladie waite:
And vse the matter so,
as in a day or twaine,
She was deliuerde of a boy,
and ouercame her paine.
Whereat *Gentile* ioyde,
and eke the dame that had
Such great good hap and passing lucke,
did waxe exceeding glad.
The knight disposde his things,
and vsde the matter so,
As shée had bẽn his wedded wife:
and thereupo did goe
Unto *Modena*, where
an office he had borne,
And there he staied vntill such time
as all his yere was worne.
And selfe same day that he
accompted on, to make
Returne vnto his mothers house
at *Bolme*, he bespake.
That diuers of the states,
and chiefest men that were
Within the towne, should be his guestes.
there was of purpose there,

That

That *Nicoluccio*, who
did owe this gentle dame.
As soone as to his mothers house
this lustie gallant came,
The master of the feast
dismounted, in hée hyes:
Where, when among his other guestes,
the Ladie he espies,
And eke her sucking sonne,
that hung vpon her breast,
Hée was the merriest man aline:
Then plaste he euery guest
In order as their state
and calling did require,
There wanted not a deintie dish
that Courtiers could desire:
When washing time drewe nye,
and euery man at boorde
Had vittled well, and all was whiste,
and no man spake a woorde:
The Ladie being taught
her lesson long ere that,
And well instructed in the case,
and knowyng what was what,
Gentile thus begunne
his solemne tale to tell:
My Lords and gurstes (quoth hee) I like
the order passing well

That

That men of *Persie* vse:
for when they make a feast,
In honour of their friends, whom they
doe loue and fansie best,
They bid them to their house,
and set before their eyes
The chiefest iewèll which they haue,
and good, of greatest price,
What thing soeuer it be:
his wife, with whom he slæpes,
His daintie daughter, or his wench,
whome hæ for pleasure kæpes.
He nothing hides as then,
or locks from open sight:
Affirming by this dæde of his,
that likewise (if he might)
He woulde vnfold the heart
that lyes within his breast,
Which custome I in *Bologne* minde
to practise to my guest.
You honour this my feast
with noble presence here,
And I will play the *Persians* part:
looke what I hold most deare,
And chiefly doe esteeme,
or fauour in my heart,
Or euer shall regard or weigh,
will show you or your part.

But

But first I shall request
or ere I bring it out,
That you will here decide a case,
and rid me out of doubt
Which I my selfe will moue.
There is a noble man,
Who hath a seruant in his house
that doth the best he can
To please his masters minde,
hée doth at nothing stick:
This trustie painfull seruant falles
at length exceeding sicke,
The retchlesse master, not
regarding him at all,
Nor forcing what by such disease
his seruant may befall,
Conuayes him out of doore,
in open streat to lie,
To sinke or swimme, to mende or paire
to liue or els to die.
A Straunger commes by happe,
and hée to mercy moude,
To see the poore diseasde soule
so slenderly beloude,
In danger of his death,
to lie amids the streat:
A place for such as are in paine.
too cold and farre vnmeete:

Doth

Doth beare him to his home,
and takes such tender care
Of him, and plies him so with fire
and comfortable fare,
As both recouers limmes
and gettes his former strength,
And settes this feeble seruant vp
vpon his legges at length:
Now gladly would I learne
which of these both doth best
Deserue to haue this seruaunt, who
was lately so distrest:
Where he that ought him first
and gaue him off in grief,
Or he that pitied him in paine
and holpe him to relief:
And if the maister, who
so cruelly did deale
In time of sickenesse, will the man
that did his seruant heale,
To yelde him vp againe,
where he by lawe and right
May well with-hold the seruant, whom
he holpe in wretched plight:
The gentlemen among
themselues debated harde,
But drewe in one selfe string at length
the matter was reharde

To *Nicoluccio*, who
(because he could full well
Discerne of matters, and his tale
in skilfull order tell)
Should giue the verdit vp.
He highly did commend
The vse of *Persia*, with the rest
concluding in the end,
Which was, that he whom first
this silly soule did serue,
Of right could lay no lawfull clayme:
full ill he did deserue
A maisters name, that when
his seruant was at worst,
Would turne him off, and let him lie:
but he, that when the furst
Had played this cruell parte,
did curteously entreate
The sicke and outcast, ayding him
with Physicke and with meate,
He mought by law and righte,
no preiudice at all
Done to the first, enioy the man,
and him his seruant call.
Then all the other guestes
that at the banquet were,
Affirmde the same that *Nicoluccio*
had pronounced there:

The knight who moude the case,
as one that was content
With such an answere, and the more,
for that with him it went,
Concluded, that he thought
as all the other saide:
And now (quoth he) I thinke that I
sufficiently haue stayde.
Now time it is that I
performe my promise made,
In that I meant to honour you,
as is the *Persians* trade.
With that he calls to him
a couple of his friendes,
Familiar, and of greatest trust,
whom he in message sendes
Unto the Ladie, that
was clad in braue araye,
Within a chamber, willing hir
that she would come herdway,
To cheere his Royall guestes,
with presence of her selfe.
The Ladie taking in her armes
that litle puling elfe,
That was so lately borne,
came in, and thother two
Attending on her, and as earst
Gentile willde her doe,

She sate her downe beside
a guest, a Noble man,
And then the Knight that made the feast
his processe thus began.
Loe, Lordings, here beholde
the thing whereof I spake,
This is the iewell, whereof I
such great accompt doe make,
And euer doe entend,
of nothing else so much.
I force, as this: now iudge your selues,
where it be worthy such
Regard as I bestowe:
marke euery member well:
With that the states, to honor of
this featurd Ladie sell,
And praisde her very much,
affirming to the Knight,
That sinne it were not to esteeme
so fayre and braue a wight.
The guestes begonne to gaze,
and some there were in place,
That would haue sworne, that she had ben
the very same she was,
Saue that they knew that she
was buried long agoe.
But most of all the other guestes,
that *Nicoluccio*,

The husband of the Dame,
this lovely Lady eyde:
And when *Gentile* did by chaunce
and fortune steppe aside,
As one that had desire
to question with the Dame,
No longer able to withhold:
demaunded whence she came,
Where she a stranger were,
or els in *Bologne* borne:
The Lady knowing who it was,
should she not bene forsworne,
Would to her husband tolde
and opened all the case:
But to discharge her promise made,
she helde her peace, with face
As modest as she mighte.
Some other asked, where
That little pretie boy was hers
which she at breast did beare:
And other did demaund,
where she were ought allyde,
Or were *Gentiles* daughter deare:
she not a word replide.
With that the feaster came,
your iewel sir (quoth some
That sate at borde) is passing faire.
but is t w sæming dombe.

What? is she so in dede:
whereto *Gentile* said:
It yeldes no slender token of
her vertue that she staid
And helde her tong as now.
Declare (quoth they) to vs
What Dame she is, to which request
Gentile answearde thus.
I will with all my heart
declare the truth (quoth he)
If you, vntill the whole discourse
be told, will promise me,
Not once to moue a foote,
but euery one to keepe
His place: whereto they all agréd,
and gan to sweare by deepe
And very solemne othes
to compliche his request.
The table being taken vp,
the keeper of the feast
Sate by the Ladies side,
and thus began to tell:
This woman, is the seruant true,
that serude her master well,
Of whom I spake right now,
when I your iudgements craude
This is the seruaunt ilbeloude,
that when she had behaude

Hir selfe in eache respect
as fitted such a one,
Was shaken off, and turnd to grasse,
in streetes to make her moane:
Whom I, to pitie moude,
did succour as I might,
And by my care and handie helpe,
from present death did quight:
And mightie God, that sawe
the great good heart I bare,
Restord her from that loathsome corse
vnto this bewtie rare.
But to the ende you may
more plainely vnderstand
How these aduentures me befell:
I purpose out of hand
In short discourse to shewe
and open all the case.
Then gan he to vnfold his loue,
and how he sude for grace
Vnto this worthy dame,
whose bewtie pearst his brest:
And passed so, from point to point,
vnripping all the rest,
Distinctly from the first:
which made the hearers muse,
To listen to this long discourse
of strange and wondrous newes.

And hauing tolde the whole:
as I before haue pende,
Both how he loude, and how she died,
thus closde he vp the ende.
Wherefore (my Lordes) quoth he,
vnlesse you haue of late
Ychanged your thoughts & minds anew
since you at table sate:
And chiefly you, (and points
to *Nicoluccio*) she
Whom here you view, of right is mine,
and only due to me.
No lawfull tittle may,
or rightfull clayme belayde
To chelenge her from me againe,
was no man there that sayde
A worde, but all were still
to heare those matters paste,
And for desire to learne the rest,
and what he meant at laste.
Good *Nicoluccio*,
and all the rest beside
That present were, and take the dame
no longer could abide,
But out they burst in teares,
and wept for pities sake.
With that *Gentile* standing vp,
the little babe did take,

And

And bare betwixt his armes,
and led the Ladie eke
By one hand to her husbandwarde,
and thus began to speake.
Stand vp (good Gossup mine)
I doe not héere restore
To you your wife, whom both her friends
and yours refusd before,
And as an outcast scornd:
but frankly giue this dame
My Gossup, and her little childe
that of her bodie came,
To théé, for this of troth
I know, the babe is thine,
Begot by thœ, I christened it,
it beares this name of mine,
And is *Gentile* calde:
and my request shall bee,
That through thréé months, this Ladie hath
béen soiornesse with me,
Thou wilt no lesse estéeme
of her, or worse good will
Bestow on her, than though shée had
with thee continued still.
And by that selfe same God
which forced me to beare
Such loue, as by that loue to saue
her life, to théé I sweare,

That, neither with her friends,
nor with thy parents, thée,
No, not with thée her spouse, she coulde
in greater suretie be
As touching honest life,
than with my mother deare:
Assure thy selfe, thée neuer was
abusde, nor tempted heere.
This processe being tolde,
Gentile turnde him rounde
Unto the Ladie (dame quoth he)
you know, I had you bounde
By faith and lawfull oath:
I quit you heere of all,
And set you fréeabowde againe,
and goe againe you shall
To *Nicoluccio*, and
with that both wife and brat
To *Nicoluccios* handes he gaue,
and downe *Gentile* sate.
The husbande did receiue
his wife with willing hande,
And eke the babe: and how much more
he in dispayre did stande
Of hauing her againe,
whom hee accounted dead:
The greater was his ioy and mirth
when he so happily sped.

In

In recompence whereof,
he yælded to the Knight
Gentile, for his great good turne,
the greatest thankes he might.
And all the rest beside,
that were to pitie moude,
Gentiles nature did commend:
hé dearely was beloude
Of all that heard the case,
and feasted there that day.
Thus will I leaue the matron, and
her sonne at home to stay.
These matters ended thus,
ech guest his horse did take,
And parted from *Gentiles* house,
that did the banket make.
Home rode the man and wife
vnto their grange with spéede,
The cheare which was at her returne,
and welcome, did excéede.
The people maruailde much,
that shé who buried was,
Could liue againe, and euer as
shé through the stréetes should passe,
In *Bolyne* men did gaze,
and greatly view the dame.
And from that day *Gentile* still
a faithfull friend became

To

To Nicoluccio, and
the parents of his wife,
Whom hee by vertue of his loue
had raisde from death to life.

Lenuoy.

VNbridled youth is prickt to pleasure aye,
And led by lust to follow fancies fyts:
Unsaulfull heads runne retchlesse on their way,
Like wylfull colts that broken haue their bits:
Not looking backe, till foultring foote doe faile,
And all consumde that was for their auaile.

Unhappy they, by scathe that purchase skyll,
And learne too late how youth dyd lead awrie:
Unluckie men for wit that follow wyll,
And foule delights in golden prime apply:
More wisedome were ech one to wed a wife,
Than married dames to lure to lewder life.

For though that nature let vs runne at large,
And all things made by kynde to common vse:
Yet man must lende an eare to ciuill charge,
That points a baine for euery foule abuse:
And bids (beware pollute no marriage bed)
Without offence let single life be leed.

As honest loue by custome is allowde,
(Both law and reason yeelding to the same
In single wyghts) so parties being vowde
To marryage yoke assaulted are with shame:
Both God and man such sluttish sutes detest,
The lawfull loue is euer counted best.

Which

which makes me blame Gentiles rash assaul',
On Catilina fayre, from former bowe
whom he parsude to charge with heauie fault,
And sought to winne to make this matron bowe:
Yet grace at last preuailde in both so well,
As shee stayd chaste, and he to vertue fell.

His foule desire his lewde and lustfull mynde,
Was cause of lyfe, and wrought a double pleasure:
This buried dame in pit to death had prynde,
Had he not loude, and hist her out of measure,
Thus ill sometime is cause of good successe,
And wicked meanings turne to happines.

Had some rash pimpe beene in Gentiles case,
So farre inflamde with Beautie of a dame,
And after that had had so fyt a place
To worke his will, and done a deed of shame,
I doubt mee much, hee would haue reapt the fruit,
By leaue of force of all hys paynefull sute.

Here all were blest; the mother well reuiude,
The infant borne, the matron full of ruth:
Thrice happy he, for being so truly wiude,
Gentile worthie praise for loyall truth.
All louers may hereby example take,
And learne of him blind fancies to forsake.

The argument to the fourth Hiſtorie.

TWo Knightes did linke in League of great goodwill,
At length the one corrupts the others wife,
And traitourlike procurde her vnto ill,
Which vile abuſe bred deadlie hate and ſtrife,
And was the cauſe this leacher loſt his life.
For why, the Knight to whome this wrong was wrought
This tratour ſlue, when he full little thought.

The murther done, he gaue his Cooke the hearte
Of him that had conſpirde this filthie feate,
And made him dreſſe it curiouſlie by arte,
And gaue his wife the ſame at night to eate,
VVho fed thereof, and thought it paſsing meate:
But when ſhe knew, the heart, the hap, and all,
She loathde to liue, and ſlue her ſelfe by fall

Quid non cogit amor?

VVHilome in *Prouance* were,
as they that knew the same
Doe make report, two Courtly knightes,
both men of worthie fame:
Ech knight his Castle had,
well furnisht euery way,
With store of seruants at a becke
their pleasures to obey.
The tone *Rossilion* calde,
a bold vndaunted knight,
The second, egall to the first,
sir *Guardastano* hight:
Who being men at armes,
and passing well approude
For valiant courage in the fielde,
like faithfull brothers loude,
They dayly vsde to ride
to Turneies both yeare,
To tilt, to iust, and other feates
perfourmde with sworde and speare.
Their garments eke agrée,
and were of egall sise:
To shew the concorde of their mindes
vnto the lookers eys.
And thus though either knight
his seuerall maner held,
And either ten myles at the least
from others Castle dwelde:

Yet

Yet happeth it at last
that *Guardastano* fell
In liking wyth *Rossiors* wife,
and loude her verie well.
A dame of beautie braue,
renowmed very much,
Whose feature face and goodly grace
the knight so neere did touch:
As hee reiected quight
the faith he should haue borne
Vnt husband, and his trustie friend
that was his brother sworne.
Hé vsde his gestures so
vnto this gallant dame
At sundrie times, that she at length
his friend in loue, became,
And liked well the knight
and so began to place
Her fansie, as shé nought so much
did tender or misbace:
As *Guardastanos* loue:
Shee euer lookt when he
Would frame his humble suite, and craue
her secrete friende to be.
Which fortunde in a while:
for he bewraide his case,
And she lesse wise than wanton, streight
did yéld the Louer grace.

There

There neaded slender force,
so weake a fort to winne,
For she as willing was to yelde,
as he to enter in,
And thus for twice or thrice,
the lustie louers delte
In *Venus* sport, whose frying hartes
with *Cupids* coles did melte.
But in this loue of theirs,
they did not vse so well.
The matter, but the husband did
the smoke by fortune smell.
Of that their filthy flame:
who highly did disdaine
That such outrage and soule abuse
his honour should distaine,
Whereby his former loue
to mortall hate did growe,
And then he purposde with himselfe
to slay his deadly foe
That fowlie so abusde
a Knight that gaue him trust.
Meane while came tidings that in Fraunce
the *Lystes* were made
The Trump proclaymde the tilte
Rossilion out of hande.
To *Guardastano* Castle sent
to let him vnderstand

The

The newes: and eake withall
did will his man to say,
That if he would the morrow next
vouchsafe to come away
Vnto his house, they would
conclude vpon the case
Full friendly *Guardastano* did
the messenger imbrace
And told him that he would
(if God did lende him life)
The morrow night come ouer, to
Rossilyon and his wife,
Which answere when the knight
receiued had he thought
The time approcht, wherein to slay
the traytor knight, that wrought
Such falsehoode to his friend

I leaue you for to scanne
The thousand thoughts, the broken sleeps
and fancies of the man,
That such a murther meant;
and ekes the knightes desire
Who thought it long before he came
in place to quench his fire

When morning came the knight
well armed from sole to crest
Tooke horse, and had a friend or two
whom he did fancie best,

Well mounted on their steades:
they had not ryd a myle,
Before they came vnto a wood,
a place to worke their wile.
There lay he close in wayte
within the cops, whereas
Full well he wist that *Guardastan*
of very force must passe.
There hauing staide awhile,
a farre he might discry
The Knight vnarmde, with other two
that rode vnarmed by,
As one that feard no fraude,
nor any force at all,
When that *Rossilyon* did perceiue
him iust against the stall
Where he on horseback sate
full ready for the chase,
A vallie fit to worke his feate:
with grimme and gastly face
He sets his spurres to horse
and put his launce in rest,
And gallopt after, crying loude,
thou knight and trayterous gest,
Now be thou sure to die,
in penance of thy fact:
And with the word, he strake him through
the shieuered launce it cracke

Against the broken bones,
and thorough pearst his corse.
Unable *Guardastano* then
for to resist the force,
Or once to speake a word,
fell downe vpon the blowe,
And presently gaue vp the ghost,
the speare had spoyld him so.
With that his friends amazed,
and very much in doubt
What this should mean, stood still a space,
at last they turnd about
Their nagges, and sparde no spurres,
vnto the Castle ward
Of *Guardastano*, whence they came,
feare made them gallop hard.
When thus *Rossilion* sawe
his foe bereft of life,
He left the saddle, and withall
drewe out a shoulder knife,
And ript me vp the brest
of him that murdred lay:
Which done, with egre hands he plucke
the trembling heart away,
Wherein the treason lodgde:
and hauing there by chance
Or els of purpose, (skilles not which)
the pendant of his launce,

He wrapt it vp therein,
and willd his man to looke
Vnto the carriage of the same:
the heart his seruant tooke.
Then hauing straightly chargd,
that none should dare to say
A word of that which they had seene
and he had done that day:
He mounted on his horse,
and in the euening rode
Vnto his Castle backe againe,
and there the knight abode.
His wife that hard him say,
that *Guardastano* came
That night to suppe with him at home,
and looked for the same,
Did wonder at his stay:
and being one dismayde,
How hapt that *Guardistano* commes
not now(good syr)she saide.
To whom the knight replyde,
he sent me word right now
He could not come to day,good sayth
his let I doe allowe.
The Lady wofull wore,
and lowring gan to looke,
Rossilyon lighted from his horse
sent one to call the Cooke:

Who being come in place,
take here (quoth he) this heart.
I slue a Boze of late by hap,
herein bestow your arte.
Do make some daintie dishe,
according to your skill,
And serue it vp in siluer plate:
dispatch you know my will.
The cooke receiude the heart,
and made a cunning messe
Of meate thereof, as men are wont
that curious cates can dresse.
He minst it very small,
not sparing any cost,
For why, the knight his maister, did
alow him with the most.
When time of eating came,
Rossilyon sate him downe,
And take the Lady, who for lacke
of *Guardastan* did frowne.
The meate was brought to boorde,
than he that ganne to thinke
Upon his murther lately done,
could neither eate nor drinke.
At length the cooke sent vp
that other messe of meate,
But he, as one that had no liste,
did will his wife to eate,

And

And set the dayntie dishe
for her to feede vpon.
The Lady, somewhat hungrie, fell
vnto the cates anon.
And felt it very sweete,
which made her feede the more,
She rid the dishe, and thought it had
bene of a sauage Bore.
Rossilyon, when he sawe
her stomacke was so good,
And that the meate was all consumde,
the dishes emptie stoode:
How thinke you wife (quoth he)
how like you of your meate?
Good sir (quoth she) I like it well,
I had good liste to eate.
No wonder (quoth the knight)
by God, although this cheare
Do wel content thee being dead,
in life thou thoughtst it deare.
The Lady hearing this,
stoode still, as one dismayde.
Upon the woordes, when pause was past,
vnto the knight she sayde,
Why? what is that (good sir)
which you haue giuen me
To sup withall? who answerde thus:
I doe protest to thee,

The foode whereof thou feedst,
was *Guardastanos* heart,
Whome thou didst so entierly loue,
and playdst the harlots part.
Be bold it is the same,
this knife his belly ripe,
And from the rootes with these my hands,
the traytors heart I stript,
And cracke the strings in twayne
to ease my heart of woe
That could not rest contented, but
by murthring such a foe.
The Lady, when she heard
that *Guardastan* was slayne
Whom she had loude, to aske where she
lamented, were in vayne,
Coniecture of her cares,
imagine her distresse.
At last (quoth she) thou cruell knight,
(I can not tearme thée lesse)
Hast playd a wicked part,
and done a curst déede,
In slaying of a guiltlesse man.
(O bloudy beastly fact)
A wight that would not me,
twas I that earned death,
If any did deserue at all
the losse of vitall breath.

Twas

Twas I that did the deed,
I loude, I doe protest,
And did of worldlie men, account
that worthie knight the best.
How might he death deserue
who loyall was to thée?
But (mightie Gods) it is your will,
and pleasure now I see,
That these so noble cates,
the heart of such a wight,
In chiualrie that did excell,
a passing courteous Knight
As *Guardastano* was,
shoulde be my latter meale,
And that I should with baser meates
no more hereafter deale.
Wherefore (good faith) quoth she,
I doe not loath my fode,
And therewithall vppon her legges
the louing Lady stode
Before a windowe, that
was full behinde her fáte,
And sodainly from thence she fell
into the open stréte.
Which déde no sooner done,
the window was so hie,
But out of hand, her breath was stopt,
and so the dame did die

With carkasse all to crusht,
by reason of the fall.
The knight her husband seeing this,
(who was the cause of all)
Stode like a man amazde,
and then misliked sore
Both of the Ladies losse, and eke,
the murthred knight before.
And being then adrad,
and standing in a doubt
Of *Counte Prouince*, and the rest
that bordred thereabout:
He sadled vp his horse,
and roade in post away:
The night did fauour his intent.
As soone as it was day,
Twas all the countrey through
that such a dame was dead,
And presently vpon the fact
the knight him selfe was fled,
Then they that seruants were
of eyther castle, came
With bitter teares, and tooke the dead,
the knight, and eake the dame,
And in the castle Church,
in marble hewde for twaine,
They buried both the murthered knight,
and eke the Ladie slaine.

With

With verses on the graue,
to shew both who they were,
And what was cause that *Guardastan*
and she were buried there.

The Lenuoy.

THy Poet that to Loue did pen the path,
And taught the trade Cupidos pinpes to traine,
Within his second booke aduised hath.
That who so lookes, and would be willing taine,
To keepe his loue vnto himselfe, he must
Neither brother, friend, nor yet companion trust.

And hereupon his grounded reason growes,
That ech man seekes to serue himselfe in chiefe:
And he to sight that friendliest countenance showes,
Yet for his flesh will soonest play the thiefe.
As stolne Deare in taste excedes the gist,
So gallantst gaine is that which commes by shyft.

In greatest trust, the greatest treason lyes,
Where least we feare, there harme we soonest finde,
In open foe each man full quickly flyes,
Hee woundeth most that strikes his blowe behinde:
But little hurt the open Adder workes,
The Snake stings sore, that in the couert lurkes.

The barking Hound hath seldome hap to bite,
His mouth bewrayes his meaning by his crie:
No byrde vpon the open twigs doth light,
The naked Net ech foolish foule doth flye:
The hidden hooke is hee that doth the feate,
Of sugred bane the wiliest mouse will eate.

Who

Who feares no fraude, wyth ease you may beguyle,
The simple minde will soone be ouergone:
He takes least harme that doubtes deceyt and wile,
And dreading thornes, doth let the Rose alone:
The Trumpets sound bewrayes the Foe at hand,
And warning giues his furie to withstand.

The glowing grome that fyghts before he commes,
Is eyther voyded, or by sleight subdued;
The way to wynne, is not to beate the drummes,
For threatning throates are easily eschued:
The surest meane to worke anothers woe,
Is fayre to speake and be a fryend in showe.

Had not this knight repolde a assured trust,
Upon his fryend, that loude him as his life,
Could he so well haue serude his fylthie lust?
Or leysure had so to abusde his wife?
No, had he thought such treason hyd in breast,
He would haue lookte more nearely to hys guest.

But louing well, and meaning not amisse,
He lowde him scope, without suspect of ill
To come and goe, to vse the house as hys,
A perfect shewe of very great good will:
Both purse and plate, both lands, and lyfe, and all,
(Saue wife alone) lay pledge at euery call.

Which makes his fault, and foule offence the more,
That dyd this deede and wrought this trechery,
Against his friend that loude him euermore,
And thought him void of vice of lechery:
Good nature deemd that Guardallan could not,
For fleshly lust so deare a friend forgot.

But see, how synne once sealing on the minde
Doth muffle man and leades him quight away:
It makes him passe beyond the boundes of kynde,

And

And swerue the trade where truth and vertue lay,
Refuling friendes, reiecting lawes, and right,
For greedy care to compasse foule delyght.

And as the man herein deserueth shame,
For stouppyng so to base and beastly vice,
So are those dames exceedingly too blame.
Whose glauerying glee to lewdnesse doth entice:
Who frame their lookes, their gesture tongs and tale,
To serue their turne in steede of pleasant stale,

Two sorts I fynde deseruing trust aleeke,
The mounting minds that sue for hygh estate,
And suth againe as sensuall pleasures seeke,
And hunt the haunt of euery louyng mate:
Both which to come by what they like and loue,
Renounce theyr friends, and scorne the Gods aboue.

But marke yet well the cause that doth ensue,
Such stolne flesh, is bytter as the gall,
Great are the plagues to such disorders due,
From skyes reuenge and fearefull scourge doth fall:
The dome diuine although it suffer long.
Yet strikes at last, and surely wreakes the wrong.

For Helens rage king Menelaus wife,
The Stories tell how Priam and his towne
Confounded were, and how for bryple and strife
In wrongfull cause, the walles were battered downe:
Full many a knyght in battayle spent his blood,
And all because the quarrell was not good.

So when this Traitor knight had fed his fyll,
Upon Rosilions wyfe, and wrongde his friende,
By foule abuse: in guerdon of his ill,
The wrathfull Gods brought him to wretched end
To quit hys glee, and all his former sport,
He dyed the death in most vnhappie sort.

And

And shee, who falst her faith and marriage heste,
And double penance for her pleasure past,
For first she eate his heart she famished best,
And desperately did kill her selfe at last.
Note here the fruites of treason and of lust:
Forbeare the like, for God is euer iust:

Nihil prodiuore cutum.
Amore,
Piu pin che ogni amicitia, et che ogni honore.

The Argument to the fift Historie.

THe Lumbard *Albyon* conquered *Cunimund*,
And after death of him inioyd the state,
And married with the Ladie *Rosamund*,
The Princes daughter whom he slue so late:
Whose skull he did conuert into a pot,
Because his conquest should not be forgot.
His custome was at euerie feast hee made,
To drinke therein for pompe and fooliſh pride,
And ona time his Queene he gan perswade
To doe the like: whereto she nought replide
But so much scornd his offer of disdaine,
As straight she drew a plot to haue him slaine.

A noble

A noble man that Don *Ermigio* hight,
With on Parradio by the Queenes deceate,
Were wrought to kill this mouſter if they might,
And by the ſworde they meant to doe the feate:
And ſo they did within little while,
VVhen leaſt the king miſtruſted anie guile,
Vpon his death, *Ermigio* out of hand,
Eſpouſde the ladie *Roſamand* to his wife,
Which when longums chaunſt to vnderſtand
He practiſde with the Queene to reaue his life,
To thend that he might marrie with his dame,
Who gaue conſent to do this deade of ſhame.
With venim vile to worke ſhe thought it beſt
Which when *Ermigio* dranke, and found the driſt,
By force he draue the Queene to drinke the reſt
Who ſeeing that there was none other ſhift
The payſon ſupt, and took it patientlie.
As iuſt rewarde for both their villanie.
Parradio eke whoſe helping hand did further
The *Lumbards* baue, and brought him to his death
For guerdon due to him, to quit the murther,
Firſt loſt his eies, and after that his breath
That men might ſee, how trulie God doth
And plague offences, lightlie with the like.

Among

AMong those warlike wights
That earst from *Almaine* came,
And other northly parts besides
Those men that beare the
Of *Lombards* chunst to light
In *Italy* and there
Two hundred yéres and somewhat more.
The only rule did beare
Throughout that realme which we
Now *Lombardie* do call:
Until such time as *Charles* the *Great*
Had dispossest them all,
And draue them theuce by force.
And meane of knightly might:
What time (I say) it was their lot
In *Italy* to light.
One *Alboine* was their chiefe,
A man of monstrous wit,
And valiant in the feate of armes
For martiall practise fit.
This *Alboin* ere his came
To *Italy*, had slain
King *Cunimundus* and bereft
Him of his princely raigne.
And not content with death
Nor hauing belly full
Of noble blood, cut off his head
And of the clouen skull

Did

Did make a quaffing cup
Wherein he toke delight
To bouse at boorde, in token of
His pompe, and former fight.
This *Cunimundus* had
A daughter passing faire,
Rosmunda hight, that was his ioy,
And should haue bene his heire,
If he had kept his crowne,
And not bene conquered so:
But being slayne, his daughter was
A captiue to his foe,
This Captaine kept her thrall,
And ment it all her life:
Till loue at last this Lumbard forst
To take her to his wife.
When marriage day was past,
And he to battell fell,
And conquering of Italie
He loude his wife so well,
As she might neuer parte:
But like a warlike dame,
She euer logde in open campe,
Where so her husband came:
Who sundrie cities toke,
And conquerde many a towne,
By force of sworde, and Lyonlike
Went ramping vp and downe.

Untill at length he came
To *Pauoy*, where of olde,
(As in the chiefeſt place of all)
The kings their courte did holde.
When full thꝛæ yæres and moꝛe,
This Lumbarde there had layne:
Unto *Verona* he remoude,
With all his pꝛincely trayne.
And pꝛeſently pꝛeparde
A ſoleinne banket there,
To ſeaſt his frendes, and others that
Of his retinue were.
Amids which pꝛincely cheere
And ropall feaſt, the king,
Did will the wayter on his cup.
That he to bowꝛde ſhould bꝛing
The mazare that was made
Of *Cunimundus* head:
And hauing it in pꝛeſence there,
(Where he with wyne were ſped,
Oꝛ elſe by malice moude,
I wote neare what to thinke)
But hauing it in place, he gaue
His Quæne the cuppe to dꝛinke.
The cuppe her fathers ſkull,
O wilfull witleſſe acte,
Which no man well aduiſde would do,
But one that were diſtracte.

The

The Quéne perceiuing this
In mockage to be ment
Of *Alboyne*, as it was in déde,
And sawe his lewde entent,
And how he skoste the king
Her father in the same,
Was stuft with raging rancour streight,
And blusht for verie shame.
In sorte that all hir loue
Which she had borne before
Unto her husbande, grewe to hate,
She loathde him tenne times more
Than euer she had loude
Or fansied any wight:
And thereupon resolude to doe
A mischiefe, if she might,
And to reuenge by death
Of *Alboyne*, monstrous man,
Her father *Cunimundus* bloud,
Loe here the broyle began.
For *Rosmonde* all in rage,
Consulted with a péere,
Ermigio calde, a courtly wighte,
This noble man to stére
To murther of the Prince,
I leaue her wordes unpende,
This noble hearing whereunto
Her long discourse did tende,

Declarde the Quæne his mynde,
And vttred his conceite,
And said *Parradio* was the man
That must dispatche the feate:
Without whose helpe (quoth he)
I wote neare what to say:
I thinke him such a one as dares
Such ventrous parts to play.
Your grace were best to proue,
If he consent, you shall
Not fayle of me, but stande assurde
To haue me at a call.
Forthwith the Quæne did cause
Parradio to appeare:
Who after sundrie offers made,
And woordes of courtly cheare,
To moue him to the spoyle
Of *Alboyn*, thus replyde:
In vayne your grace doth goe aboute
To haue the king destroyde
By these my giltlesse handes,
That day shall neuer be,
I truste, the world shall neuer proue
So foule a fact by me,
As to procure the death
And murther of the king:
Of treason vile, to haue a thought
To practise such a thing.

Leaue

Leaue off your lewde entente,
Or ſéke ſome other wight
To worke your feate, I neuer yet
In ſlaughter toke delight.
The Ladie hearing this,
And hauing earneſt zeale
To worke her will, reiecting ſhame,
Bethought her howe to deale.
There did at ſelfe ſame time,
Vpon the Quéne awayte,
A proper wenche, of comely grace,
Full fitte to make a bayte
To take ſuch louing wormes
And hang them on the hooke,
Whoſe greateſt pleaſure is vpon,
A courtly dame to looke,
This gallant likte her glee.
Her geſture, and her face,
And by deuice did haye at laſt
To purchace priuie grace.
Meane whyle the ſubtile Quéne
That found this louers haunt,
And knew he daily plyde her mayde,
Thereby to make her graunte
And yelde him his deſire,
Thus thought it beſt to worke,
In ſelfe ſame place where they did méte,
In ſecrete ſorte to lurke,

As though it were the wenche
With whome he would debate,
And so perhaps she might both checke
And giue the fole a mate.
Which hapned so in deede:
For on a certaine day,
The Queene to compasse this her craft,
Put on her maydes aray,
And in the wonted place,
Where they did vse to talke,
Bestowde her self. When night was come
Forth gan this gallant walke,
And to the standing came
Where lay this lodged doe,
Whome he had thought to be the mayde,
But it was nothing so.
Streight he in wonted wyse,
As custome was of yore,
Pronounste his painted termes of loue,
And flattred more and more,
Bewraying all his thoughtes,
And ripping vp his harte
Vnto the wenche (for so he deemde)
And playde the Louers parte.
Ten thousande wordes he spake,
And tending all to loue:
Whome after all his long discourse,
The Queene did thus reproue.

Parrado

Parradio doest thou knowe
With whome thou standest here?
Who thus replyde in louing wyse:
Yea that I doe (my deare)
And namde the selfe same mayde,
Who was his friende in dæde,
With whom he had conferrde of loue,
In great good hope to spæde.
What sir? you are beguilde,
I am not she you wæne:
No seruing mayde assure thy selfe,
I am (quoth she) a Quæne.
And *Rosmond* is my name,
Nowe doe I knowe thy minde,
And pryuie am to all thy guyle,
Thou shalt be sure to fynde
Of me a mortall foe:
Nowe make thy choyce of twayne,
Where thou wilt spoyle ỹ king my spouse
Or thou thy selfe be slayne,
For this outrage of thine,
Which thou hast done to me:
Leaue off delayes, dispatche with spæde,
It may none other be.
Parradio hearing this,
And pondring in his thought
To howe extreme a poynt by wyle
Of *Rosmond* he was brought:

Reſolude to ſlay the Prince,
And ridde him of his lyfe:
And for the better working of
His feate, did vſe the wyfe
The diueliſh Quænes deuiſe,
And *Don Armigios* ayde.
And in this ſorte theſe wicked folkes
The cruel pageant playde:
The king, as cuſtome was,
Becauſe the day was hotte,
To take a nappe at after noone,
Into his chamber gotte.
Where being ſoftely layde,
The place was voyded ſtrayte,
And eurie groome had leaue to parte
That vſually did wayte.
To yelde the king his eaſe,
Thus dealte the ſuttle dame.
And to be ſure to haue her will,
She ſhifted thence with ſhame
Her ſleepie huſbandes ſwoorde,
Who then in ſlumber lay,
For that he ſhould by no deuiſe
Haue powre to ſcape away,
This done, the cruel wightes
(Of whome I ſpake before)
With bloudie mindes, and armed hands
Approched to the doore:

And

And vp they thrust the same,
And softly entred in:
And stole vpon the heauie prince,
That slumbring long had byn.
Yet wrought it not so well,
For all their theeuish pace,
But that king perceiude them when
They came vnto the place:
Who mazed in his minde,
And chargde with sodaine feare,
To see these two suspected wights
To preasse in presence there:
Gate him vp with Lions rage,
From Cabbin where he slept,
And to his swoorde, for safegarde of
His life and honour, leapt.
But out, alas, the Quéne
Had reft the weapon thence,
Which earst the Prince was wont to vse,
And weare for his defence.
The Ruffians that in rage
For blood and mischiefe sought,
Bestowde their blowes vpon the kyng,
That no such practise thought:
And so bestirde themselues
His weapons being bad,
As in a while they slue him there,
And so their purpose had,

Unwist of any wight,
The murther was vnseene,
And knowne of none, but of the two,
And of the cursed Quæne,
When this deuise was wrought,
Ermigio out of hande
Did seyze vpon the Pallace, with
Intent to rule the land.
And thought to wed the Quæne,
And so he did indeede:
Whereto the Quæne and all the rest,
That fauourde her, agræde.
Imagine of their ioyes,
Whom filthie sinne did linke,
What pleasure they in kingdome tooke,
I leaue for you to thinke.
But sure in my conceite,
Where murther brings the wife,
There wealth is woe, lust turnes to loath,
And liking growes to strife,
But turne I to my tale,
That plainly may appeare,
What hap befell, and whether they
Did buie their marriage deare:
The Lumbards priuie that
Their king was foulye slaine,
And that by meane thereof they might
Their purpose not attaine:

But

But should hée forst to flee,
Or worser hap to haue
By longer stay, their chiefest goods
And iewels for to saue,
Trusst vp in fardell wise,
And so conueide by stealth
The Ladie *Alusenda* thence,
(And eke good store of wealth.)
Who daughter to the king,
But lately murthred was,
Not by this wife, but by the first:
Away the Lumbards passe,
Vnto *Rauenna*, where
As God and fortune woulde,
Longinus tho Lieutenant to
Tyberius, courte did holde:
Great *Constantine* his sonne,
Whose Empire stretched wide,
And vnder whom *Longinus* had
In trust those Realmes to guide.
This Captaine entertainde
Them in good louing wise
And did the greatest friendship vse.
That he mought well deuise.
It fortunde so at last,
(The cause I wote not well)
Longinus to good liking of
The Ladie *Rosmonde* fell,

Whose

Whose fansie grew so great
Unto the featurde wight,
As marrie out of hand he would
To further his delight.
To bring this match about,
He practisde with the dame,
And gaue aduise that she shoulde take
In hand a dæde of shame.
The murther of the man
That vsde her as his wife:
There was no choyce, but shée must reaue
Ermigio of his life.
The Quéne that cleane had cast
The feare of God away,
And awe of men, not weying what
The world of her might say:
And thirsting for estate,
Whereto she hoapte to clime:
Prepardе a poysoned drinke for him
Against his bathing time,
And made in wise, she gaue
A holesome Gossips cup.
Which he should finde excéding good,
If he would drinke it vp.
Who hauing no distrust
Of wife, or diuelish drift,
With willing hands vnto his mouth
The poysoned pot did lift:

And

And drank a grædie draught
His former heat to quell:
It was not long before the drinke
Unto his working fell:
Which when he felt to rage
And boyle within his breast,
And knew himselfe vnto the death
With venim vile possest.
He drew his desperate sworde,
In choler and despite,
And draue the Quéne to quaffe the rest,
And empt the vessell quite.
Which done, at one selfe time,
Both he and eke his Quéne,
Did end their liues, that hastners of
King *Albyons* bane had bæne
One poysoned syrupe slue,
This cursed couple tho,
Whose beastly liues deserude so vile
A death for lyuing so.
Which when *Longinus* heard,
And how that matters went:
The Ladie *Aluisinda* streight
Unto *Tyberius* sent,
And all her treasure eke
That earst her fathers was.
Withall, *Parradio* who did ayde
To bring these feates to passe.

Who

Who being there in place,
In cruell ſort was ſlaine,
And ere he dyde, was reft his eyes,
To put him more to paine.

Nullum peccatum impunitum.

Ogni peccato a morte a'l fin l'huom mena.

The Lenuoy.

LO heere the fatall end of murther done,
Such blooddie facties deſerue no better hyre:
Beheld the threede that of ſuch wooll is ſpon,
Marke well their lot that miſchiefe doe conſpire,
For lighte doth vpon their heads retire:
And thoſe that are the workers of the deed,
Though long forborne, at laſt no better ſpeed.

See, to reuenge when Roſmond once began,
Incenſt thereto by wrath and deepe diſdaine,
She could not ſtint by murther of a man,
For leaue, although ſhe ſaw her huſbande ſlaine,
But thought ſhe would attempt the like againe:
Her vile conceite was blinded all with blood,
She could not turne about to ſee the good.

Selfe once in ſinne, and waſht in waues of ill
She baniſht ruth, and pitie flong aſide,
Yelding hey ſelfe to ſpoyle the ſlaughter ſtill,
Whom ſhe miſtoke, ſhould ſtreight haue ſurelie dide.
Such flames of wreake withyn her bowels fride:
And being cald to hie and princelie ſtate,
In foule attempts, ſhe could not want a mate.

Wyth

worth whyle to note how such as beare the sway,
And sit in seat of royall dignitie,
The righteous Gods without respect, doe pay,
And plague them for their hellish cruelitie,
With losse of honour liues and iolitie:
And such as are their ministers in ill.
Either gallowes eates, or fatall swoorde doth kill.

Crude'lta sta spesso in donna bella.

The Argument to the fixt Historie.

THE king of *Thunise* had a daughter faire,
Whose beauties brute through many coun-
This Lady was her fathers only heire, (tries ran:
Which made her loude and likt of eury man,
But most of all the king of *Granate* than,
Began to loue, who for he was a king,
By little sute, this match to cloth did bring.
The promise past betweene these noble states,
The rested nought, but onlie her conuey
In safetie home, for feare of rouing mates,
Who would perhaps assault them by the way:
Wherefore the king *Cicils* pledge they pray,
Who gaue his word and Gantlet from his hand,
Not to be vext by any of his land.
Away they went, the ships forsooke the shore,
And helde their couse to *Granate* warde amaine,
When sodeinly *Gerbino* (who before
Had lovde the Queen, & did his match disd[illegible]

With

VVith Galies came this royall prize to gaine:
The fight was fierce, a cruell battaile grewe,
But he at length moſt likelie to ſubdue.
VVhen Sarizens ſaw the force of blooddie foe,
And that they muſt ſurrender vp the dame,
Maugre their might, & needs their charge forgo:
VVhat for deſpite, and vvhat for verie ſhame,
And partly to diſcharge themſelues of blame,
They kild the Queene, *Gerbino* looking on,
And threvve her out, for fiſh to feed vpon.
To venge vvhich deede, and curſed cruell acte,
He ſlue them all, not leauing one aliue,
VVith fire and ſvvord the Sarizens he ſackt,
For that they durſt ſo ſtoutlie vvith him ſtriue
And did his loue of life and light depriue.
Yet backe againe to *Cicill* Ile retyrde,
Miſsing the marke vvhich he had long deſyrde.
VVhē nevves vvas brought vnto the aged king
The Grandſire, hovv his nephevv vvilfullie
Had broke the league, and done a heinous thing,
Committing ſpoile, and ſhameſull Piracie:
Although he loude *Gerbino* tenderlie,
Yet did adiudge him to the death, becauſe
He did prefer his luſt before the lavves.

King

King *William*, by report of such
As dwelt within his lande,
Who second Prince of *Cecil*, held
The Scepter in his hand
Two babes begot upon his Queene,
A male, that *Ruggier* hight:
And eke a daughter, *Custance* cald,
A Dame of beautie bright.
This *Ruggier*, whilst his father liude,
By fortune had a Sonne,
Gerbino namde, of whom this tale
Especially doth runne.
Who by his Grandsyre nourisht vp
And nurtred from a boye,
At length became a proper man,
And was the Princes ioye.
His courteous nature wonne renowne,
His valiant courage knowne
Not only in *Cicilia* was:
But bruted abroad had blowne
The fame thereof to forraine realmes.
His praise doth passe the bounds
Of all the Ile, where he was bred,
And in *Barbaria* soundes:
Who to the King of *Cycili* payde
Their tribute money then:
Which great renowne of *Gerbins* name
Vnto the eares of men

Was brought that euery one extolde
His vertues to the skye:
Who but *Gerbin* all abrode,
Whose fame like his did flie?
Among the rest that heard reporte
Of *Gerbin*, was a dame,
The daughter of the king of *Tunise*
(I wotte not well her name)
But as (the men that sawe her vaunte)
Shée was the fairest hewde,
And trimmest shapte, that euer kinde
Had cast or creature vewde
Whose body was no brauer deckte
With louely limmes without
Thā was her mynd with maners fraught
And vertues round about.
This Lady hearing noble men
Oft reasoning of renowne
That *Gerbin* wanne, by worthy dédes,
And how his fame did drowne
That chiualry of all the rest:
And that his courage was
So great as he in manly feates
All other knightes did passe,
Delighted very much therein,
Shee likte the talke so well,
And stood so long deuising of
His prowesse, that shée fell

To like *Gerbino*, though vnſeene:
Shée felt her breſt to frie
With fancies flame, and was of him
Enamoyd by and by.
So that it did her good at harte
To heare of *Gerbines* fame,
And eke her ſelfe among the reſt
To publiſh out the ſame.
As willing as shée was before
To heare of others talke,
So glad this Lady woxe at laſt,
To haue her toung to walke.
The playneſt proofe of great good Will
That lurking lyes in breſt:
For when the minde doth like, the mouth
Can neuer be at reſt.
And on the other ſide, as faſt
This peerleſſe Princeſſe fame
Was noyſde abroad, and ſo in fine
To *Cicill* Ile it came:
There was hir beautie bruted much,
As other where beſide:
So long till *Gerbin* through report
Of his fayre Lady pride.
And felt himſelfe enlaſte in loue,
And tangled in the net:
That willie *Cupid* earſt to take
His louing Lady ſet.

This heate did daily grow to more
Within the gallantes brest,
And did torment him so within,
That he to purchase rest,
Deuisde an honest lawfull skuse
To parte from *Cicill* Ile,
And gat him leaue to trauaile vnto
Tunise for a while,
Upon desire to see the dame,
Whose fansie bound him thrall:
And gaue in charge vnto his frende,
And folkes he went withall,
As much as euer lay in them
To further his intent,
As euery one should thinke it best:
And tell her what was ment
Of *Gerbines* parte, and how he loude,
Enduring bitter payne
For her, and from the noble Quéne
To bring him newes againe.
Of whom, those men that had the wit
To handle matters well,
Went Merchant like vnto the court,
Fine iewels there to sell:
Which they of purpose brought from hon
And Ladies vse to bye,
As rings, and stones, and carkenettes,
To make them please the eye,

And by this practise in they gotte
Within the Pallace gate,
And made their shew, and marchãtlike
In euery pointe they sate,
To spye a time to moue their sute
Unto the noble Dame:
Who, in a whyle that they had bene
In place, by fortune came,
And twharted where *Cecylians* sate,
Upon desire to see
Such iewels as might like her best,
Now here began the glee:
For one that had a fyled tong,
And durst his tale to tell
And looke a Ladie in the face,
Unto his purpose fell.
And after reuerence done, began
To say in sobre sorte,
That *Gerbin* willd him to repaire
Unto her fathers courte,
To see, and to salute her grace,
Whom he did tender more
Than all the Ladies on the earth,
That he had seene before.
Her loue had pierst his noble brest,
And cleft his manly harte:
And he was well contented with
The stroke of *Cupides* darte.

Both he, and all the wealth he had
Was hers to vse at will,
Requesting her to take in worth
Gerbinos great good will:
I can not pen the tale he tolde,
So well in euery place,
As he, perhaps, pronounst it then:
The gesture giues the grace.
But this you may assure your selfe,
He dealte so orderly,
As needed: for the Princesse did
Receiue him thankfully:
And did accept his message well,
With answere to the same,
That as *Gerbino* burnt in loue,
So shee did frie in flame,
And felte as hot a coale as he
Within her tender brest:
If inward loue, by secret ache,
And griping might be gest.
And to thend her former talke
Unfayned might appeare,
Shee sent *Gerbino* such a ring,
As shee did holde most deare.
A iewell of no slender price,
The value did excell:
This message being borne him backe
Did like the Louer well,

The

The token highly was estæmd,
No richesse mought haue pleasde
His fansie halfe so well, as that,
For why? his smarte was easde.
And after that, he sundrie tymes
Sent freindly lynes of loue,
And tokens to the Princesse, by
The man that first did moue.
The sute, and brake the matter by:
Deuising how he might,
And ment him selfe to talke with her,
If fortune fell aright:
But matters being at this hande,
And luckely begonne:
Deferring off from day to daye
The thing that should bene done:
Whilst *Gerbin* melted with desire
His Lady to imbrace:
And she againe did long asmuch
To sée her louers face.
It so befell, the king of *Tunise*
His daughter spowsed had
Vnto the Prince of *Granate*, which
Did make the Lady sad.
She wore the wofullst dame aliue,
For being matched so:
It did not only grieue her, that
Shée was compeld to go

So farre away from *Gerbin*: but
The thing that nipte her nere,
Was, that she feard she neuer should
Haue sene her louer deare,
Once being parted from the place
In all her life againe:
And hereupon she willing was,
And would bene very fayne
To scape the King her fathers handes,
And liude with *Gerbin* aye:
She beate her braynes, deuising meanes
By stealth to runne away
Likewise ꝑ knight was cloyd with care,
And liude a wofull man.
Her mariage knowen, his baliant brest
To throbbe and ake began:
Was neuer wight in greater woe,
Nor angry moode than he:
At length when care was somewhat past,
He thought his helpe to be,
And only ayde to rest in force,
Wherefore he did entend
By strength of hand to win his lone,
When so the king should send
Her home vnto her husbandes realme:
Loue had possest him so,
As, he the Princesse to enioye.
Through fire and floudes would goe.

The

The king of *Tunise* hauing heard
Some inckling of good will,
That was betwixt the knight and her,
And doubting of some ill
That *Gerbin* would pretend: besides,
Well knowing that he was
A valiant wight and one that did
Full manly prowesse passe:
When time was come to send the quéne
Unto her husbands land,
By letters which he sent, hée let
King *William* vnderstand
His meaning and his full intent,
And did request beside,
To haue assurance at his hands,
That he would so prouide,
That not a man within his Realme
Should hinder his pretence,
Nor *Gerbin* make resistance, when
He sent his Ladie thence.
The hoarie graue *Cicilian* king,
That loden was with age,
And wist not of his daughters loue,
Nor yet *Gerbinos* rage,
Nor déeming that the kings demaunde
Did tend to such effect,
Did frankly yeld his sute, as one
That dis no ill suspect.

And for assurance of the same,
To rid the prince of feare,
He sent his Gantlet, for a pledge
That things confirmed were.
Who having such assurance made,
Let builde a mightie barke,
In *Carthage* Hauen, and did rig
The same with earnst carke.
And finely finisht vp the ship,
In minde, without delay.
Unto *Granata*, by the Seas,
To send the Quæne away.
He wanted nothing saue the time
To complish his intent:
Meane while the wanton Princes, that
Knew her father ment,
And smelling out his purpose, caulde
Her man in poast to goe,
Unto *Palermo* couertly,
To let *Gerbino* knowe,
Both of the Ladies late contract.
And that by ship shée must
Within a while to *Granat* goe,
To serue her husbands lust.
Wherefore tell *Gerbine*, if he bée
The man in deed (quoth shée)
And such a valiant Knight at armes
As he hath bragd to mée,

And

And often boasted of himselfe
Or beare me halfe the loue,
He made in wise: he knowes my minde.
I shall his courage proue.
The messenger that had the charge
Did as the Quéne had wild:
And made returne to *Tunise*, when
He had her hest fulfild.
When *Gerbin* had receiude the newes,
Both of her going thence,
And also that his Grandsire gaue
His gloue for their defence
That should conuey the Princesse home
Unto her husbands land:
He doubtfull woxe, and wist not what
Was best to take in hand.
But waying well the Ladies woxdes
Whom he did most imbrace:
To make a proofe of faithfull loue
In such a doubtfull case,
Unto *Messina* streight he went,
And there two Gallies made:
And armde them well with valiant men,
And skilde in Rouers trade.
And to *Sardinia* did conuey
Him selfe, and all his route:
Entending there to make his stay,
And linger thereabout,

Till

Till time the Quéen by shipping came
Which was within a space:
For why *Gerbino* had not long
Continude in the place.
But that he might perceiue alooke
One vnder saile that came,
And had but slender gale: he knew
It streight to be the same
Wherin the Quéne his mistresse went:
The Gods would haue it so,
For at that instant slender was
The winde that there did blow.
Then (quoth *Gerbino* to his mates)
If you be valiant men,
(As I haue thought you all to bee,
And doe account you:) then
There is not one among you all
I dare auowe, but earst
Hath bæn in loue, or presently
With *Cupids* shaft is pierst:
And certainely withouten loue
Within the breast of man,
No goodnesse growes, as I doe dæme
Nor any vertue can.
And if you loue, or euer did,
Then lightly may you gesse
The great desire, and burning loue
That doth my heart oppresse.

I doe

I doe confesse I am in loue,
And *Cupid* causer was
That I procurde you hither now,
To bring my will to passe,
And vndertake this present toyle.
The ponder ship you see,
And in the ship doth rest a dame,
The only ioy of mee.
And eke besides my Ladie deare
Whom I would haue so faine,
Great wealth there is, to quit your toiles,
An easie thing to gaine.
Small fight (no doubt) will serue the turne,
If you will play the men:
Which booty, if we may atchieue,
(My mates) assure you then
I only will the Ladie gaine,
That is my only care:
As for the goods, I am content
Among your selues to share.
Wherefore (my friends) attempt the fight,
Let courage neuer faile:
The Gods you see are willing, that
We should the ship assaile.
You see she hath no gale to goe,
She can not passe away:
Fight freely, all the spoyle is yours,
You shall be made to day,

There

There nèded not so many woꝛdes
Their willing hearts to win:
Foꝛ why encountring ratheꝛ than
Their liues they would haue bin
The bootie bꝛed the great desire,
They thought his tale too long:
The grædie lust of pꝛay did pꝛicke
Those lustie Lads along.
Wherefoꝛe as soone as he had told
His tale, the trumpets blewe:
And euery man his weapon caught,
And to the oares they flewe,
And to the shipwarde on they went,
With all the spæde they might:
The men aboꝛd that see them come
Pꝛeparde them selues to fight.
Foꝛ why they could not scape away,
The Gallies were so neare,
And eke the winde so slender was
To cause the ship to steare.
When *Gerbin* did appꝛoch the barke,
He wild the chiefest men,
That were the guides, and rulde the ship,
To come aboꝛd him then,
Unlesse they ment to fight it out,
The *Sarizens* that saw
Both who they were, & what they would,
Said that they brake the law

Which

Which earſt the Prince of *Cicill* made
Vnto their Soueraigne, and
To make the matter plaine, they ſhewde
The Gantlet of his hand:
Loe here King *Williams* Gloue (quoth they)
Behold it here in ſight:
This is your Paſport, nought yée get,
Vnleſſe it be by fight.
Gerbino hauing earſt deſcride
The beautie of the dame
Aloft the Poope, began to frie
And melt with greater flame
Than euer he had done before:
For then her feature ſæmde,
Farre freſher than in all his life
The luſtie louer dæmde.
And thereupon inraged thus
By beautie of the Quéne:
He gaue his froſking anſwere, when
He had the Gantlet ſéene:
Good faith (quoth hée) I neede no gloue,
My Faulcon is away:
I haue no vſe to put it to:
But if without delay
You doe not yéeld the Ladie vp,
Prepare your ſelues to ſword:
For ſure, vnleſſe I haue my will,
You ſhall hée layde aboord.

And

And presently vpon the same
Without a farther talke,
The arrowes flewe from syde to syde,
The bullot-stones did walke:
A cruell fight began to growe
On eyther part a space:
But when *Gerbino* saw at length
His force could take no place,
He lades a Lyter all with fire,
And with his gallies went
Full closely to the mightie ship.
They seeyng his intent,
And knowing this, of verie force
That they must yeld, or die:
Did make no more adoe, but cause
The Princes by and by,
(That vnder hatches sobbing sate
Gerbinos only loue)
To leaue her teares, and shew her selfe
Vpon the decke aboue.
Who, as vpon the forestship stoode
In presence of them all,
The hellish hounde, the *Sarizens*,
Vnto the Knight did call,
And full before his face, they slue,
With many a bloodie blow
The Ladie, crying out for grace:
And hauing done, did throw

Her

Her carued carkasse from the ship
Into the brackishe flood:
And to *Gerbino* therewithall
Exclaymde, and cryed a good:
Loe, take sir Knight, we yéld her vp
Vnto thy crauing handes,
In sort as lye s in vs to doe,
And as the broken bandes
Which thou hast (wretchlesse man) despisde,
Deserue: now doe thy best.
Gerbino, hauing viewde the déed,
And wayed within his breast
The tygres harts, and bloudy mindes
Of those that slue the dame,
Did make no more adoe, but close
With dreadlesse courage came
A boord the ship, and there begon
Without respect of grace,
Full Lion like, that lackes his pray,
When bullockes are in place:
To doe those wicked slaues to death,
He did not fauour one.
Some rent he with his eger téth,
He set his nayles vpon
Some other, breaking all their bones,
To glut his hungry hart,
That longd for vengeance of the fact.
Then gan he play his part,

With sharpe and cruell sword in hand,
As one without remorse:
He seard me one, and scotcht an other,
And mangled euery corse.
Meanwhile the flame began to grow,
And kindle all about
The bloudy barke, and bodies slayne,
The sparkes began to spout.
The knight to saue the taken spoyle,
Did cause his water men,
To beare away such bootie as
Serue their purpose then.
Which done, he left the burning ship,
And to his gallies goes,
With wofull conquest of the Moores
That were his mortall foes.
Then willd he all the Ladies limmes
That in the water were,
To be vptaken, peece by peece,
Not one to tarry there.
Which bones he long bewept with teares,
That in abundant wise,
For very griefe distilled were
By lymbeckes of his eyes.
And after many dolefull plaintes,
And profes of louers paine,
Returning home vnto the Isle
Of *Cicille* againe,

He

He cauſde her body to be tumbd
In *Vſtica*, an yle
Full ſore againſt *Traponus* ſoyle.
And then within a whyle,
He hyed him to his natiue home,
A man of heauie hart,
Meanewhile the king of *Tuniſe*, that
Had tiding of the part
That late was playde, attyred all
In blacke, his legates ſent
To *Cicill*, to the king to ſhew
His grace, how matters went,
And all the order of the fact,
And let him vnderſtand
How that his nephew broken had
By raſh attempt, the band.
Whereof king *William* wrothfull wot,
And ſæing that he muſt
Of force, or ſhew himſelfe a Prince,
Or not be counted iuſt:
He made *Gerbino* to be tant,
And kept in pyon gyues.
His nobles could not change his minde,
And purpoſe, for their liues.
He iudged his nephew to the death,
And loſing of his lyfe:
There paſt not many dayes, but that
Gerbino felt the knife,

And did endure his grandsires wrath,
Who rather wisht to sée,
His nephew murthred, than him selfe
A faithlesse King to be.
And thus these two vnhappy wights
Without the fruites of loue
Had shamefull deathes, as you haue heard
By this discourse aboue.

Lenuoy.

WHo workes against his soueraigne Princes word,
And standes not of the penaltie in awe,
Well worthy is to feele the wrathfull sword,
And dye the death appointed by the law:
No fauour is to such offendours due,
That, eare they did amisse, the mischiefe knew.

For Princes willes are euer to be wayde,
The statutes are the strength and stay of all,
When lawes are made, they ought to be obayde,
What royall Peeres, by pledge or promise shall
At any time confirme to friend or foe,
Must stable stand, the law of armes is so.

For they are second Gods in earth belowe,
Assignde to rule and strike the onely stroke,
Their crownes and scep'ters, be of perfect shew,
That all estates are vnderneath the yoke:
What they shall say, or doe in any case,
By dutie ought to take effect and place,

Where-

Wherefore who dares aduenture vp so hie,
And proudly preise to alter kings decres,
Not fearing what may light on them thereby,
Nor forcing what they shall by folly leese:
Of law deserue the hardest point to byde,
For scorning those whom God appoyntes to gyde.

When royal Rome dyd flourish in estate.
In auncient age, the Senate bearing sway,
The lawes were so seuere, as who forgate
To liue vpright, and doe as they did say:
Was presently committed to the blocke.
Without respect to blood, or noble stocke,

Some in exile were sent to forreine landes,
Leauing their wyues, and little babes behinde,
Some sonnes were slayne euen by the fathers handes,
Who fauouring right, forgot the sawe of kinde:
Iustice in Rome bore then so great a sway,
As no man durst good orders disobay.

We reade of one, a ruler graue and wyse,
Who made a law, and that to this effect,
That he should be bereft of both his eyes,
Whom any of adultery might detect:
And bring good proofe that it was so in deede,
Upon which acte, the sages all agreed,

It so befell, his sonne against the law
Did first offend, that first deuisde the same,
Which fortune when the wofull father sawe,
And that his sonne could not auoyde the blame:
For iustice sake did thus deuise to deale,
To giue example in the common weale.

Where as the law expressely willde, that he
Who did offend, should be bereft his sight,
The father with his sonne did so agree

As each did loose an eye the fauite to quite.
Wherein the father shewde himselfe seuere,
And yet as ruthfull as the law could beare.

O worthy wight, O ruler fit to raigne,
That rather chose his childe to punish so,
And take himselfe to byde some part of payne,
Than partially to let offences goe:
A double tumbe was due vnto his bones,
For being iust and ruthfull both at once.

King Romulus who let the citie builde,
And fownder was of all that royall race,
That none should ouerleape his rampire wild,
Which Remus did the fortresse to disgrace:
Which when his brother saw in mockage ment,
With wrathfull sworde he slue him ere he went.

So here this aged Prince of Cicilie,
When he had plegd and pawnd his honor downe,
Though lesse offence to slay by crueltie,
His nephew, than to staine his kingly crowne:
For iustice is the chiefe and only thing
That is requirde and lookte for in a king.

Wherefore what Peeres, and Princes once haue wild,
No subiects should endeuour to vndoe:
For kings will looke to haue their hestes fulfild,
And reason good that it should aye be so.
As beastes obey the lerce Lyons looke,
So meane estates must puysant Princes brooke.

Ill fares the barke amid the broyling seas,
Where euery swayne controlles the maisters skill,
And each one stires at helme him selfe to please,
And folowes not the cunning Pylots will:
So realmes are ruld but badly, where the base
Will checke the chiefe, that sit in highest place.

The

The Arguuent to the ſe-
uenth Hyſtorie.

A Merchãts daughter loude her brothers boy
That kept the ſhop, of linage baſely borne,
Which grome became the damſels only ioy,
Whereat the brothers tooke no little ſcorne:
That he who was a youth of no account,
Preſumde vnto their ſiſters bed to mount.

So deepely ſanke diſdaine within their breſt,
As nought ſaue death their malice might aſſuage
Thoſe ſtately merchants mought not be at reſt,
Till time they had diſpatcht the ſillie page:
Wherefore they all, with one conſent agreed,
To murther him, & ſo they did in deede.

Whoſe abſence long did grieue the tẽder maide
That wept the dayes, & ſpent the night in teares,
Not knowing where he was, nor why he ſtayde:
It ſo fell out in fine, the ghoſt appeares
Amyd her dreame, of him that ſo was ſlaine,
And bid her ſtint her teares, that were in vaine.

He wried his wounds, he ſhewde the ſhameful (blows
He told the trayters treaſon, & the traine
That wroght his bane, & whẽce their malice roſe
And where his mangled carkaſſe they had laines
Which proces tolde, he vaniſht out of ſight,
The wench awoke, a heauie wofull wight.

To trie the truth of what her viſion ſpake,
She got a mate of truſt, and on ſhe hide

Vnto the place, a perfect view to take:
VVhere after ſearch, the body ſhe eſpide,
The body of her friend ſo lately dead, (head.
VVhoſe limmes ſhe buried, bearing thence the
VVhich head ſhe plaſht within a Baſell pot,
VVell couered all with harden ſoyle aloft,
Her daily vſe was to lament his lot,
That ſo was ſlayne: ſhe wept and ſorrowed oft:
So long, vntill her brothers ſtole away
The Baſell pot, wherein her louer lay.
This ſecond griefe compared to the furſt,
That ſhe (poore wench) had ſuffred for hir friend,
Increaſt her cares, and made her hart to burſt,
VVhoſe life did whole vpon the pot depend:
The merchants, when they ſawe their ſiſter ded,
For feare of lawe, in poſte their countrey fled.

OF yore within *Messyna* dwelt
Three brothers, marchant men,
Left wealthie by their fathers death,
Who died by fortune then.
This marchant had beside his sonnes,
A daughter, very young,
Elizabeth by name, in whom
With beautie, nurture sprong.
Which nymph, as nature furnisht had
With semely shape to view:
So in her tender breast, a troupe
Of honest maners grew.
Which gifts of course are wont to cause
Good liking, and good will
But yet for all these vertues rare,
This virgins lucke was ill,
Or els her brothers cruell were:
For she was ripe to wed.
And yet without a married mate,
Her lustie prime shee led,
It fortunde so, at selfe same time
This damsels brother had
A yonker, that did keepe the shop,
A very handsome lad.
Lorenzo was the prentise name,
To whom they gaue the charge
Of shop and warehouse, all was his,
To buie and sell at large.

This ympe being verie neate and trim
Of person, and of wit,
And passing pleasure in deuise,
A man for follie fit:
By gesture and demeanure, set
This damsels heart on fire,
Who but *Lorenzo* with the wench?
He was her chiefe desire.
When thus the virgin liude in loue,
This prentise did perceiue,
By noting her from day to day,
He then began to leaue
His forraine haunt at game abroade,
And only bent his breast
To loue of her, of whom he saw
Himselfe so sure possest.
Thus lyking grew from lesse to more,
The faggot equall was
That burnt within these louers breasts,
And brought the match to passe.
For why there were not many dayes,
Before the wench and he
Gaue full assurance of good will,
It might none other be.
Ech felt the fruite of former gripes,
Ech louer found such swéete
In *Venus* ioyes, as sundrie times
At pointed place they méete,

And

And sport as the maner is
Of wanton *Cupids* crue,
That more respect the present toyes,
Than troubles that ensue.
And thus in play they spent the time,
But loue giues such a flame,
As few, or none, haue reason howe
To quench, or hide the same.
For why the light bewraies it selfe
Unto the lokers sight.
So farde it by these louers two,
For on a certaine night
As shee (good wench) was hasting to
Lorenzo, where he lay:
Her eldest brother chaunst to see
And tract her on the way,
And knew for certaine that she went
Unto the prentise bed:
But like a wittie man he held
His peace, and nothing sed.
Although it was a death to him
So foule a fact to knowe,
Yet reason, and good nature did
Perswade this marchant so.
As after sundrie doubtfull thoughts
That wandred in his hed,
He was content to hold his tong,
And so he went to bed.

I leaue to descant of his dreames:
But sure I scarce beleeue
He slept at ease, who sawe a sight
That so his heart did greeue.
When morning came, & stars did start,
The man that saw the deed
The night before, rose vp, and gate
Him to the rest with speede
And tolde his brothers what had hapt:
And after long deuise,
And counsell had vpon the case:
Because their sisters vice
Should purchase them no open shame,
Nor yet their linage blot:
They purposde so to deale in things
As though they wist it not:
Untill such time as fortune serude,
Without mistrust or blame,
To rid away the partie that
Had doone them all the shame:
Meane while they boze a merie face,
And shew of friendly heart,
To outward sight, vnto the man
That plaide so vile a part.
The better to reuenge the wrong.
For that an open foe
Is easie to be voyded, when
His lookes his rancour shew.

Which

Which made them laugh in wonted wise,
With him that had defilde
Their sister, till such time as they
The leacher had begilde:
Which hapned in a little space.
For being in this gléé,
The brothers did deuise to take
Their horse, and ride to sée
The countrie for a day or twaine:
And as the Prouerbe goes,
The moe the merrier is the feast.
And thereupon it rose,
They prayed *Lorenzos* companie
For sport, and solace sake.
Who though would gladlie stay at home,
His wonted myrth to make
With her that was his only ioy:
Yet graunted his consent
To goe abroade, suspecting no
Such mischiefe as they meant:
These merchants, and the prentise thus
Their prauncing Ienates tooke,
And brauely out of towne they rode
In all the hast to looke
A place wherein to doe the déede,
I meane *Lorenzos* death.
They had not iourneied farre, before
They came vnto a Heath

Beside

Beſides the way a deſert where
No trauell was in vſe.
And being brothers there alone,
They thought themſelues as ſure
As needed, to diſpatch a man,
That no ſuch force did feare.
The ſhort is thus, they made no words,
But ſlue *Lorenzo* there.
Mine author writes not of his wounds,
But reaſon giues it ſo,
That in reuenge of his abuſe
Eth brother had a blow:
Whoſe body thus bereft of life,
They buried in ſuch ſort,
As no man ſaw the fact, nor none
Could euer make report.
The Prentiſe ſlaine, the carkaſſe laide
In graue, the marchant men
Vnto *Meſſyna* whence they came,
Returned backe agen.
And to diſſemble this their déde,
They bruted all abrode,
That lately in aſſayres of theirs
The youth *Lorenzo* rode,
And trauaild touching marchants gain:
Which made the tale the more
Of credite, for becauſe he vſde
To doe the like before.

Eliza-

Elizabeth, at last, that saw
The lingring of the man,
And that he staid beyond his time,
To languish sore began.
And as the custome is of loue,
To deeme ech houre a day,
Ech day a yeare, ech yeare an age,
When louers are away:
So shee that thought his absence long,
And liude in bitter paine,
Did question with her brothers, of
His comming home againe.
Demaunding when the time was set,
And when the day would be,
That shee *Lorenzo* safe returnd,
From forreine coast should see.
To whom her brother thus replide,
With countenance curst and grim,
What doest thou meane to question thus?
Hast thou to doe with him
For whom thou doest demaund so oft?
Good faith, vnlesse thou leaue
These termes in time, thou shalt from vs
An answere fit receaue
And well agreeing to thy deedes.
Which bitter gyrde did nip
This silie maide, as she eftsoone
Began to byte her lip.

And

And wore the wofullſt wench aliue,
Nor after durſt to make
The like demaund againe, for him
That ſuffered for her ſake:
But ſpent the day in dolefull plaints,
And ſobde in ſecrete wiſe,
The bitter torment of her breaſt
Braſt out and bathde her eyes,
With ſundrie ſhowres of trickling teares
Diſtilling by her face,
She often cald him by his name,
And wiſh him home a pace.
Lamenting much his long delay,
Whom ſhee did loue ſo well.
Whilſt thus the maiden ſtoode on termes,
Vpon a night it fell,
That after manie hartie ſighes,
And ſundrie cryes,
For lacke of *Lorenze*, ſlumber came
And ſhut her aking eyes.
Who was no ſoner falne a ſlæpe,
But dreames began to grow
Within her raging reſtleſſe braine:
Then ſeemd to open ſhew,
Her murthred friend to ſtand in place,
With viſage pale and wan,
And chaſtes with buffets blown out.
The garments of the man

Where

Were all to rent, his robes were ragd:
And, as the wench did gesse,
Lorenzo in her dreame bespake
her thus. Thy deepe distresse
(O faithfull friend) I well perceiue,
I see my long delay
Doth cause thy cryes: for my returne
In grief thou pynste away:
My absence is the cause of care,
Thou doest accuse thy friend
Of longring, and thy heauy playnts
I see, can haue no end.
Wherefore (I say,) dry vp thy teares,
That flowe like floudes of rayne:
Lament no more, I cannot come,
Though I would nere so fayne.
For why, the day thou sawste me last,
Was ender of my life:
Thy brothers, whilst I rode with them,
Slewe me with sodaine knife.
And therewithall he shewde the place
Where dead his body lay:
And willd her weepe for him no more,
And vanisht so away.
The wench awoke, and credite gaue
Unto this dreame of hers,
Which made her to bemoyst her face
And bosome all with teares:

Full bitterly shee did bewayle
The murther of her loue.
When morning came, & *Phebus* beames
The darkenesse did remoue,
Not daring to disclose the thing
Vnto her brothers, shee
Did mynde to goe vnto the place,
Of purpose there to see
Where that her dreame wer true, or no,
Which troubled her the night.
And being that this Damsell was
At libertie, and might
For pleasure wander out, and home,
In company of one
A woman frend, that wonted was
To walke with her alone,
And pryuy was of all her dedes:
As rathe as she might rise,
With mother nurse she gate her out,
And to the heath shee hyes:
Where by coniecture lay the coarse
Of him that murthred was.
As sone as they arriued there,
She scrapt away the grasse,
And swepte the parched leaue aside:
And where at first she founde
The hardest soyle, and stonyest bancke,
Began to delue the grounde:

Shé

Shée had not digged any depthe,
But lighted by and by,
Upon her louers wofull corse,
Unwasted that did lye
And uncorrupted in the graue:
Whereby the mayden knew
That all the vision which she sawe
The night before was true.
Whereat shée waylde and wept a good,
But knowing that the place
Was farre unfit for sighes and teares,
Which could not right the case:
Shée would haue gladly borne away
The carkasse, to haue layde
It in a decent tombe at home,
Saue that shée wanted ayde.
Wherefore she drew me out a knife,
Wherewith away she swapte
Her louers head, and vp the same
In linnen cloth shée lapte:
And couered vp the corse agayne,
And gaue the head to beare,
Unto the nurse, her trustie frend,
That was of purpose theare:
Shée tuckt it in her apron close,
(As women vse to doe)
And so vnséene, from thence vnto
Messina home they goe.

Where being come, and entred to
Her chamber with the head:
She shut the doore, and on the same
So long her teares did shed:
Untill with brine she all bespreint
It, as it lay in place:
And now and then among her cryes,
She all bekist the face.
Which done, she tooke an earthen pot,
Wherein she vide to sette
Her Basill, or her Parsely sæde,
The best that she mought gette.
Whereto in foldes of silken lawne
She put *Lorenzos* skull,
And after that, with garden soyle,
She pourde the pitcher full:
And strewde her finest Basill sæde
About aloft the same,
From whence like Drenge water, smell,
Or Damaske roses came.
And daily after that, she sate
Imbrasing of the Canne,
And culling of it in her armes,
As though it were the man,
Whom she entirely loude before:
And after kissing, then
She would to teares, and sighing sobbes,
From sighes, to teares agen.

Conti-

Continuing so, vntill such time
As shée had watred all
The Basill, with the dreary droppes,
That from her face did fall:
So that at length by tract of time,
Or grossenesse of the ground,
By reason of the rotting head,
The Basill did abound,
And gaue a passing pleasant smell.
The wench did neuer leaue
This folly, till the neighbours chanste
Her practise to perceiue.
Who, (when her brothers muzed that
Her bewtie did decay,
And that into her hollow browes
The eyes were suncke away.)
He spake then thus, we stand assurde,
It is her daily guise,
To goe into the garden, where
The Basil pot it lyes:
And there to wæpe in wofull wise,
A wretched wench to see:
The brothers when they heard the tale,
And hauing willd that shée
Should leaue that fonde and foolish trade,
But saw it boted not,
Did make no more adoe, but hid
Away the Basill potte

Which, when she hapt to come againe,
And not to finde it there,
Full earnestly began to craue
The same with many a teare:
And being barde thereof, begon
To waxe diseasde, and all
Her sicknesse time, for nothing but
The Basill potte did call,
Her brothers not a little muzde
To heare her strange request,
In crauing of the potte, and ther-
Upon did thinke it best
To see the same, and make a search:
Who hauing powred out
The earth that was within the potte,
Eftsoone espyde a cloute,
And in the cloth, the head inwrapte,
So freshe and fayre to bewe,
As it to be *Lorenzos* head,
By curled heare they knewe:
Which set them in a sodaine dumpe,
And made them greatly dread,
The murther would be brought to light
By reason of the head:
And hereupon they hid the skull,
And layde it in a graue,
And from *Messina* went by stealth
Them selues from death to saue:

Entending, being fled the towne
If they might passe vnspide,
From thence, in poste, vpon the spurre,
To *Naples* straight to ride.
And thus I leaue the merchant men
Their iourney forth to take,
Who after sped, I wote nere howe:
But thus an ende I make:
The silly wench, amid her griefe
Did neuer leaue to crye,
To haue the Basill pot againe.
But when shée did espie,
That all her calling was in vayne,
Her teares did neuer blin
To issue from her cristall eyes,
Till timy the harte within
For very anguish, brast in twaine.
Then *Clotho* came to rid
The mourning Damsell of distresse,
And brake her vitall thrid.
Loe here the lotte of wicked loue,
Behold the wretched end
Of wilfull wightes, that wholy doe
On *Cupides* lawes depend.

Vn puoco dolce multo amaro appaga.

Lenuoy.

IF all the earth were paper made, to write.
And all the Sea conuerted into inke,
It would not serue to shew Cupidos might:
No head can halfe his bloudy Conquests thinke:
Vnto his yoke he forceth euery wight,
No one away dares for his life to shrinke.
Who most contends, the widest wound receaues,
For Cupid then by force his freedome reaues.

The sage who sayde, that (loue exceeded all)
Pronounst the troth, and spake as we do fynde:
He wist full well, that euery wighe was thrall
Vnto the God that feadreth his and blinde:
No Poet him, but Prophet may we call,
For that of loue so direly he definde:
For Cupid with a looke doth wound moe hearts,
Then thousand speares, or thousand deadly dartes.

Which Cæsar sawe, who sundrye Realmes subdude,
Whereby his faine did reach the stately starres,
For when that he fayre Cleopatra vewde,
He fell to loue, for all his ciuill warres:
In aged brest his youthfull wounds renewde,
Where Cupids scourge had left him sundry starres.
That learned Marcus, so renowmde for wit,
For Faustine fayre was rid with louing bit.

Eake Annybal of Carthage manly wight,
That past the Alpes to come to Italy,
Whose puissance put the Romaine hoast to flight:
For all his force and prudent pollicy,
Did stoupe to loue, surprisde with deape delight,
Of one, a wench bred vp vnciuilly:
And many moe, as fierce as he in fielde,
Cupido forst with tender bowe to yeelde.

And

And not alone this Archer maſters man,
But by this power, doth pierce the golden ſkies,
And there ſubdues the greateſt now and than:
Such ſubtell driftes the Godhead doth deuiſe.
As when that Ioue lodde Leda like a Swan,
And prickt his plumes to pleaſe his Ladies eyes:
Another time became a milke white Bull,
And all to ſteale away a countrie Trull.

Who hath not heard how Phebus Daphne lodde?
How mightie Mars was bound in Vulcans chaine?
And eke how Ioue his greateſt cunning prodde,
When he became a golden ſhowre of rayne.
Endymion he was paſſingly beloude
Of Phebe, who with him had often laine:
On Latmus hyll, the gaſtly God of hell,
Pluto him ſelfe, did like Proſerpine well.

May Neptune boaſt or vaunt aboue the reſt?
Dyd he not loue as other Gods haue done?
Hath Cupid neuer raſde his rockie breaſt?
Could he for all his waues dame Venus ſhunne?
No, he hath been, by pangs of loue oppreſt,
The water nymphs his godhead oft haue wonne,
No ſtorme could ſtint, nor froſen flood remoue,
Nor water waſt his flames of burning loue.

To baniſh him no wile, or wit auailes,
No heart ſo hard, but melts as doth the ware,
To cure his wounds all learned Phiſicke faules,
It burnes the breaſt as fire conſumes the flare;
The fort of force muſt yeeld when loue aſſailes:
Ech rebels mind with lingring ſiege he ſacks.
No towre ſo high no caſtle halfe ſo ſtrong,
But loue at laſt will lay it quite along.

And looke who once is tangled in his net,
And beares his badge fast fixed in his breſt,
By no deuiſe or gile away may get,
But foorth he muſt, and march among the reſt.
By nature ſo the law of loue is ſet,
As none hath will or power from him to wreſt,
No griefe ſo great, no toyle or trouble ſuch,
That faithfull louers thinke to be too much.

No counſell giuen by friend, no feare of foe,
No rulers rod, no dread of threatning law,
No wracke of wealth, nor miſchiefe that may grow,
Can cauſe the wight that loues, to ſtand in awe:
As flatly doth this former ſtory ſhow:
Where you a wench ſo deepe in fancie ſaw
As naught ſaue death might bring her woes to end,
When ſhe had loſt her faithfull louing friend.

Wherefore this wrong was great they did this maide:
The brothers were a litle not too blame,
That would the wench from fixed fancie ſtaid:
And thought by force to quench her kindled flame.
Loues heate is ſuch, it ſcornes to be delaide.
With greater eaſe you may a Tiger taime,
Than win a wight whoſe liking once is ſet,
Either to forgoe a friend, or to forget.

Amor vince ogni coſa.

The Argument to the VV. eight Historie.

VVHen *Aristotimus* did strike the stroke,
In *Elyesus*, and did weld the Mace
As King alone, so heauie was his yoke,
That subiects thought themselues in wofull case:
For greedie gulles that gapt for giltles blood,
Were best esteemde, and most in fauour stood.
Ech villaine vile that vaunted of his vice,
Ech loathsome leacher longing for his lust,
Was mounted vp, and held in best price,
Sinne sate at bench, extortion counted just,
The best might bear no palme whilst he did rain,
He banisht some, & some with sword were slain.
Till Gods at last detesting murthers done
Incenst the hearts of hundrie noble wights,
For due reuẽge, vnto his realm to ron, (knights
Where matchte with suche, as were his housholde
VVith one consent this blooddy beast they slew,
Amid the Church for Gods themselues to view.
The wofull Queen, the murthring mõster wife,
By fame assurde of dolefull husbands death,
To flee the force, bereft her selfe of life,
Enuying that her foes should stop her breath:
Two Ladies eke, the daughters of the king
Had leaue to die, who hung themselues in string.

VVhat

VVHat time the proude and puisant Prince
Antigonus, in hande
The *Macedonian* Scepter held
And gouernd all the land:
There liude one *Aristotimus*,
A beast of bloddie kinde,
That all to monstrous murther did
Imploy his Tigres minde.
Who, when by fauour and by force
Of *Antigon* the King,
The state of *Elyesus* to
His yoke and becke did bring:
Full tyrantlike he strake the stroke
And hauing got the crowne,
Gaue vp himselfe to loathsome lust,
And brought the subiects downe,
That earst in freedome long had liude.
So mightie was his raigne,
As to resist his cruell parts
Men thought it all in vaine:
What foul abuse was then vnwrought?
What rigor left vntride?
What wicked prancks & pageants plaide
whilst he the realme did gide?
His cankred nature all inclinde
To slaughter and to blood,
To kill the poore, and giltlesse soules,
It did this monster good.

And

And to this murthring minde of his,
he ioynde the vile aduise,
Of barbarous people, that to blood
This tyrant did entise:
The beastliest men that liuing were
Alone he did not place
In office, to controle the rest,
(Which was a cursed case:
That such vnciuill brutish beasts
Should rule a Princes land)
But chose them for his persons garde,
To haue them neare at hand.
Of all the vile vnkindlie partes
That he aliue did play,
I note but one aboue the rest,
Wherein I minde to stay,
To set this viper out to view
That all the world may see
What plagues in store for cruell Kings
By Gods reserued be:
Who though to drinke in golden cup,
And feast with daintie fare,
And for a time abound in blisse,
Yet end their lines in care.
And steed of former sugred sops,
They swallow bitter gall,
And from the top of kingly throne
Abide the shamefull fall.

There dwelt within this tyrants realm
A Citizen of fame,
A man of wealth and great estate,
Phylodamus by name:
Who father was vnto a wench
For feature that did passe,
An Aperse, among the rest,
And nurtred well she was.
Faire *Alicea* was this maidens name,
Whose beautie did excell.
This Tyrant had a Souldier, who
Did like the virgin well,
One *Luzio*, a roysting Roague
In fauour with the king,
That to the end he might the maid
Vnto his bias bring,
A messenger dispatcht vnto
The father, straight to will
Him yeld his daughter to his hands,
His pleasure to fulfill.
He let him vnderstand his lust,
The father seeing such
A foule demaund, and shamefull sute,
Was vexed very much,
And gripte with anguish of the minde:
But hauing wayde the case,
And knowing that this ruffian stoode
So in the princes grace:

And

And highly was eſtæmde of him:
Begonne to be afraide,
And thereupon his wife and he
Thought good to ſend the maide:
Whom they perſwaded as they might,
For ſafetie of her life.
To pælde the Souldier vp the fort,
Withouten farther ſtrife.
But ſhæ (good heart) that leſſe eſteemde
Her life, than ſpotleſſe name,
Well nurtred vp from tender youth,
And aye, in feare of ſhame,
Fell proſtrate at her fathers foote,
Vpon her fainting knæs,
Imbracing him with bitter teares,
The ſutes ſhe made were theſe:
That he would neuer ſee her ſpoilde
Of ſuch a varlet vile,
Nor let a cutthrote ſouldier ſo
His daughter to defile:
But rather let her die the death
With fathers willing knife:
Than pælde her vp to *Lucios* luſt,
To leade a ſtrumpets life.
She was content with any lot,
So ſhe might ſcape his hands.
Whilſt hearing thus his daughters plaints
The wofull father ſtandes:

And

And with the mother wayles the hap,
And pities of the maide,
Not knowing what to doe therein:
The Leacher that had staide
And lookt for *Miccas* comming long,
Impacient of his flame
And beastly heat, to fet the wench
Himselfe in person came:
Puft vp with deepe disdaine and wrath,
And filld with enuious yre,
That she did linger there so long,
Whom he did so desire.
Who being come vnto the house
Where did this damsell dwell,
And seeing her at fathers foote:
For rage began to swell,
And much misliking her delay,
With fierce and frowning face,
Controlde the wench, and bid her rise
And follow him a pace:
And must I Damsel come (quoth hé)
Nought message not suffice?
Doe way delayes, leaue of those teares,
And wype your wantons eyes:
Dispatch and come along with me,
Doe linger on no more.
Whereat the wench renude her plaints,
As she had done before:

And

And made no haſt at all to ryſe,
But ſate vpon her knées:
Which *Lucio* ſæing, all in rage
Vnto the mayden flæs,
And ſtrips her naked as his nayle,
And beate her round about,
A thouſand ſtripes he gaue the girle,
That had not on a cloute
To ſaue the burthen of a blowe
From off her tender coyſe.
But ſh æ contínde on her minde
For all the villaynes foyce,
Not weyeng all his blowes a beane,
A mayde of manly harte:
For though the beaſt had beate her ſore
Shé made no ſhewe of ſmarte:
Nor yelded any ſighing ſobbes,
In proofe of inward payne,
But valiantly abid the ſcurge,
And ready was againe
To doe the like, more rather than
To yelde to ſuch a ſlaue,
Or make him owner of the holde
Which he did long to haue:
The wofull parentes viewing this
With griefe, and dewed eyes,
Were greatly tho to pitie moude,
And out they made their cryes:

With sute of *Luzio*, there to leaue,
And beate the mayde no moze.
But when they sawe they nought pzeuailo,
Their aged lockes they toze,
And out on God and man they call,
Their daughter voyde of blame
To succour, being soze distrest,
Euen then at point of shame.
Which sute, and pelting crye of theirs
Did make the monster mad:
And set him farther in a rage,
That earst so plagued had
The mayden *Micca* voyd of gilt.
With that he drawes his knife,
And in the aged fathers sight
Bereaues the wench of life.
Out gusht apace the purple blood
From *Miccas* tender limmes,
In such abundance, as about
The place the mayden swimmes:
A perfit proofe that all the zeale
Which *Luzio* boze the wench,
Did only growe of Leachers lust,
Whom wzath so soone could quench.
For had he grounded lust on loue,
Or fansde *Micca* well,
He would not so haue slaine a mayd,
Whose bewtie did excell.

Farewell

Farewell to thée *Dianas* Nimphe,
Thy vertue was so great,
As well thou didst among the gods
Deserue to haue a seate.
For *Lucrece* could haue done no more,
Than yeld her selfe to dye,
And in defence of spotlesse fame
A tyrants hand to trye.
What kingly hart, what princely breste
Nay more, what manly mynde
Could sée, or suffer such a facte,
Against the lawes of kynde?
Would any man of womans milke,
Endure so foule a déede,
Not yelding him that playd the parte,
A gibbot for his méed?
And yet this butchers bloody rage,
This tyrant could not moue
To hate him ought the more, but eke
The good that did reproue
The filthy villayne for his vice,
The Prince did make away.
For some of them with cruell sworde
He out of hand did slaye,
And other some he forste abrode
As banisht men to rome
Eight hundreth at the least, into
Aeolia fled from home,

For succours sake, to saue their liues,
And scape his hatefull hande,
Who only sought the spoyle of such
As dwelt within his lande:
Where hauing certain months remaind
These exile wightes did wryte
In humble wise, by lowly sute
That they such fauour might
Obtaine from *Aristotimus*,
As to enioy their wiues
And silly babes, the only staffe
And stay of all their lyues.
But nought their letters moght auaile,
He would not condiscend
In any case, the Patrones to
The banisht men to send:
In hope by that to force them home
And so to wreake his spite
Upon those wise forecasting wightes
That saude themselues by flight.
But yet he causde a trumpe in fine
To sound in market place,
To shew that he was well content,
And that it pleasde his grace,
That wiues should seeke their husbands out:
And gaue them leaue beside,
With bagge, and baggage, babes and all,
Without restraint to ride.

Yæ licenſt them, to iourney thence,
And parte the citie quight,
Which tidings made the Matrons glad,
The newes did hæd delight:
The packts & fardles then were made,
The wagons were puruayde.
Both carte and horſes readie were,
And women well apayde,
That to their huſbãds they ſhould paſſe
When poynted day drewe on,
The ſtræts were ſtuft with cariage, wiues
Were readie to be gone:
Their little babes and all were there,
The porter only was
The cauſe of ſtay, without whoſe leaue
There might no carriage paſſe.
Whilſt they at gate thus wayting were
A farre they might eſpye
A trowpe of ſweating Souldiers runne,
That made a cruell crye:
And willd the women there to ſtoppe,
And thence agayne to goe
Into the citie whence they came,
The Princes will was ſo:
Thoſe hewſters drane the horſes back,
The ſtrætes were ſomewhat ſtraight,
Which made the preaſe excæding great,
The iades were fully fraight

With heauie burdens on their backes,
Which so anoyde the way,
As women might not well retyre,
Nor there in safetie staye.
But, by the meane of horse and men
Such hurlie burlie grewe,
That there the iades from off their backs
The little infants threwe.
The wofull sight that euer man
Of honest harte might sée,
Such silly soules in such a throng
Of cartes and coltes to bée:
Who could not helpe them selues awhit
Nor haue the mothers ayde,
For they (good matrons) by this chaunce
Were verie much dismayd.
For as their glée was great before,
And ioyfull eke the newes,
To parte the towne: so this arest
Did make them greatly muse.
Ther might you sée some babes braines
About the chanell lie,
Some broken legs, some bowsed armes,
And some with feare did crie.
Were few but felt some part of paines,
In such a retchles throng:
And shée, that scaped best away,
Was crusht, and curstlie wrong.

When

When the Souldiers reckned had
And taken full accompte
Of wyues, and babes, & knew the ſumme
Whereto the whole did mounte:
Vnto the Pallace ward they drawe
Then like a flocke of ſhæpe,
Which hired ſhepherdes on the hills
For meate and wagies kæpe.
And beate the ſillie ſoules a gwd,
That ſamd to ſlacke the way,
Who, what for feare and faintneſſe would
Bene very glad to ſtay.
When to the tyrants court they came,
The monſter by and by
Bereft the matrons all their robes,
Both wyues and babes to lye
In pryſon eke he gaue the charge:
Thus were they foule beguild,
Who thought (gwd dames) to ſæke their men,
From Countrie bounds exilde.
Here will I leaue with heauy hartes,
The wyues their woes to waile,
Who hoping to depart the towne
Were cloſely kept in gyle,
And to the townes men will returne.
Wo, when they ſawe the rage
Their Prince was in, and will not how
His rancour to aſſwage,

Amongſt themſelues deuiſde at laſt
One practiſe to approue,
Whereby perhas they might haue hap
The tyrants hart to moue.
They had within the citie walles
A ſorte of ſacred dames
Whom ſinne they thought it to abuſe,
I wote not well their names:
Of *Denys* order all they were,
Sixtene, or there aboute.
The Citizens did deeme it good
The Nunnes to furniſh out
With robes and reliques of the church:
And in their hands to beare
Their painted Gods, procellion wiſe,
As was the cuſtome there:
Well hoping by this ſubtill slight
To moue the Prince his harte,
Who though did murther men, they hope
Yet had not layde aparte
All feare and dread of ſacred ſaintes,
(As it fell out in deed)
For when that euery virgin had
Put on her holy weed,
Alongſt the towne they gan to goe,
In very graue aray,
With humble ſute to ſtirre the Prince
To pitie thoſe that lay

In prison, mothers with their babes,
Which was a wofull case.
As then, by chaunce the Tyrant was
Amid the market place.
The Souldiers seeing dames deuoute
So deckt with temple stuffe,
For reuerence of their order, did
Begin to stand aloofe,
And gaue them leaue to preasse vnto
The Tyrant, where he was:
Who hauing licence, through the midst
Of all the gard did passe:
And being somewhat nére the prince,
The king began to stay,
To know, both whe the women came,
And what they had to say.
They told their tale, & moude the sute,
And opened their intent:
Which when the Tyrant vnderstood,
Perceiuing what they ment:
Unto his traine he made a turne,
With grim and gastly cheere,
Controuling them, that did permit
The Nunnes to come so nére.
I lay the Tyrants taunts aside,
I purpose not to put
His kingly chafe within my verse:
But Souldiers combes were cut.

With that the gard began to grudge,
And for the checke they had,
With Holbards, which they held in hand,
They laid about like mad,
And bitterly did beate the dames,
With many a clubbish blowe,
Respect of reliques laid aside,
The Souldiers raged so.
Thus did they vse the sacred Nymphes
That were to *Denyse* bowde:
And to encrease their griefes the more,
Ech virgin eke allowde
Two talents for a recompence,
Besides their hurts receivde:
Thus of their purpose, both the dames,
And Citie was deceivde.
At selfe same time, there liuing was
A man of great renowme,
When this outrage was put in vre,
And dwelt within the towne:
Ellanycus this noble highte,
Then stricken well in age,
Whose sonnes though *Aristotimus*
Had murthred in his rage:
Yet did mistrust him nought at all
Because he was so olde,
Was thought vnable ought to doe.
Which made the tyrant bolde.

This

This aged father waying well
His sonnes and countries spoile,
Determinde with himselfe to put
The tyrant to the foyle,
And take reuenge of blood, by blood,
Of death, by murther done.
Loe here I leaue the Prince a while
His headlong race to runne.
I must againe conuert my tale
Vnto those banisht wights,
Whom sore it pykt so long to lack
Their wiues and sweet delights.
For countrie loue by kinde doth worke
In euery honest brest,
And till we make returne againe
We neuer line at rest
It was not long (I say) ere they,
That to *Aolia* were
By *Aristotimus* exilde,
And forst to tary there,
With ioynt consent of many moe,
Tooke armes against the king:
To bid him battaile out of hand
Their Souldiers they did bring
Within the tyrants countrie boundes,
And did possesse the land
That bordred on the citie which
This monster held in hand.

There

There making ſtout and ſtrong defence
Againſt the Princes powre,
From whence they might with eaſe aſſail,
And eke the foe deuoure.
And to increaſe their might the more,
All ſuch as fled for feare
From *Elyeſus*, ioynde their bandes,
And were united there:
So that the whole aſſembled rout,
Unto an armie grew:
So many were thoſe baniſht men
That from their countrie flew.
Wherwith the Tyrant gan to quake,
And tremble verie much,
For why? this battaile that did grow,
His ſtate did greatly touch.
The hammers beate within his braines,
As on a ſmithes forge,
He wiſt not how to wyld the foe,
Or troubles to diſgorge,
That on his backe were like to light:
At length he thus bethought,
That hauing all their wiues and babes
Who all the miſchiefe wrought,
In priſon cloſely vnder key,
He hope he mought with eaſe,
Deuiſe a meane the malice of
His enemies to appeaſe,

Not by entreatie, but by force:
For so his cankred minde
Was bent to rigour: as of course
It is the Tyrants kinde.
Wherefore vpon a day he went
Vnto the prison, where
The sillie captiue Ladies lay,
With countnance full of feare,
With glowing eies, withbended browes
And angrie Lions looke,
Commanding those whose husbands earst
Their natiue soyle forsooke,
To write their letters out of hand,
And spæde a poast away
With earnest sute vnto the men
From farther force to stay,
And do their wrathful weapons down:
Thus wild he them to write.
This was the summe that he would haue
Those women to endite.
Which of you do refuse (quoth he)
To compliſh by and by,
Be sure those cluish brattes of yours
And puling babes shall die:
And more than that, you (mothers) you
Shall not be clere exempt
Of torment, but the duly scurge
For penance of contempt.

The

The women aunſwerd not a word,
Which chaft the tyrant ſore:
Who being thus to choller movde,
Bid them delay no more,
Nor trifle, but reſolue vpon
The matter out of hand,
If not, they ſhoulde his princely power
And pleaſure vnderſtand.
The Ladies doubtfull what to ſay,
Upon eth other gazde,
As who would ſay, they feared not,
But ſomowhat were amazde.
There was by chance amongſt the reſt,
One wife, a worthie dame
Temolient her huſband hight,
Megeſten was her name,
Who for the honour of her ſpouſe,
A man of good diſcent,
And her good vertues, farre before
Thoſe other matrons went:
One whom the reſt did reuerence much
And honor for her wit:
This Ladie whilſt the tyrant talkt,
With ſober grace did ſit,
And neuer movde her ſelfe a whit,
But cauſde the others eke
To doe the like: who when the Prince
Had done his tale, gan ſpeake,

Not honoring the king at all,
And thus the Ladie ſed.
O *Ariſtotimus*, hadſt thou
Had iudgement in thy hed,
Or any wiſedome in thy breſt,
Thou wouldſt not thus entice
Or goe about to make vs write
Our letters of aduice
Vnto our huſbands, teaching them
How they ſhould doe and deale,
In caſe concerning good eſtate
Of this our common weale.
Farre fitter had it bẽn for thẽ
As matrons to haue ſent
In meſſage, vſing better termes
To further thine intent,
And better order in thy dẽdes
Than thou haſt done of late:
I meane the time, when we were ſtaide
Euen at the caſtle gate
At point to iſſue out of towne.
Thou mockdſt vs there in dẽde,
Full greatly to thy tayntc and ſhame.
But now that things proceede
Againſt thẽ as thou knowſte no meane
To ſcape the preſent doubt:
If now (I ſay) by meanc of vs
In ſpẽch thou goe about

Our

Our husbands to begile, as vs
In deedes thou hast before:
I tell thee plaine, thou art deceiude,
Thou scanste without thy scope.
That they be not entrapt againe,
Wee women will beware:
I would not wish thou shouldst surmise
That we such Asses are
Or sotted so, as seeking wayes
To ayde and saue our selues
From paine of prison, and to ease
Our little apish elues,
We would aduise our husbands to
Despise their countrie wealth,
Whose freedome dearer ought to be
Than any womas health.
The losse were light, though we decay,
That babes and women be:
And better were, our husbands should
Vs all in cofyn see
Than they should vnreuenged goe,
Or die, without the foyle
Of him, that seekes to murther men,
And worke his countrie spoyle.
This Ladie would haue further gon
And tolde the processe out,
Saue that the Tyrant grew in rage,
And gastly looke about,

Vnable

Unable longer to endure
The force of furious rage:
Go sirra, goe in poste and fetche
(Quoth he vnto his page)
This desperate dames vnhappie babe:
And ere I parte this place,
I will destroy and slay the sonne
Before the mothers face.
Whilste thus the Page in message sent
Went seeking here and there
Among the other boyes: this dame
(A Ladie voyde of feare)
Had spide anon her little impe:
Come hither come (quoth she
My prettie elfe, yet rather I
My selfe will murther thee
With friendly mothers forced hande,
And reaue thy limmes of life,
Than euer with thy bloud thou shalte
Imbrewe a butchers knife.
Which speach of hers so spitefull was,
And nipt the King so nye,
As he in furie farther sette,
Did sweare the dame should die.
And therewithall set hand to swoorde
To let the Ladie bloud,
That readie there to woorke his force
Before his presence stood.

And died doubtles there shé had
And caught a sodaine clappe
To set her packing, saue there was
A friend of his by happe,
One *Cylo*, whom he déerly loude,
That held the Princes arme,
And was the cause, by stay thereof,
The Lady had no harme.
This *Cylo* he was one of them
Who ment to slay the king
With helpe of good *Ellanycus*:
They had deuisde the thing
Long earst betwixt themselues: for why?
They could no longer byde
This cruell monsters bloodie hande,
And stomacke stuft with pride.
This sage appeasde the Princes wrath
Who hauing throughly made
A truce betwixt his rage and him,
And causde him sheathe his blade:
Perswaded that it yll became,
And was a brutish thing,
For him that was a noble peere,
Yea such a puisant King,
To bathe his blade in womans bloud:
The conquest was vnfitte
For such as in the like estate
And royall rowme did sitte,

Within

Within a while that this was done,
A marueilous happe befell
To *Aristotimus*, that did
This tyrants death foretell.
For being with his Quæne in bed
In daliaunce and delight,
His seruants, going to their meate,
An Egle sawe in sight,
That made vnto the Pallacewarde,
As fast as shee mought flie:
This vggly Egle came amaine,
And soaring in the skie
Just ouergainst the very place,
Somewhat beside the hall
Where lay the Prince, from out her foote
The foule a stone let fall,
And presently vpon the deed
Away apace did flie
Quite out of sight, and as she went
Shee gaue a cruell crye.
Whereat the seruants meruelld much
And made so great a dyn,
As therewithall the king awoke
That had in slumber byn.
His seruants tolde him what they saw,
And how the case did standе,
He all in poast, vpon reporte
Sent horsemen out of hand,

For one that was a deepe deuine,
In whom he did affye
To shewe the case, to heare his minde,
And what was ment thereby.
The Prophet made him answere thus:
O puisant Prince, (quoth he)
Disgorge thy care, abandon feare,
Let nothing trouble thee.
Pluck vp thy manly harte: for *Ioue*
Doth tender thine estate,
And makes a speciall care of thee,
The Egle that of late
Thy seruants sawe, his herald is
Whom he in message sent,
To shew thee, that the mightie God
Is very greatly bent
To ayde thy force against thy foes,
Who long with murthring knife,
To spoyle theyr countrie of their king
And reaue the Princes life.
But boldly this presume, that God
Himselfe will stand with thee,
Gainst such as seeke thy death, and who
Thy mortall enemies bee.
The tale this cunning Calcar tolde,
Did ease the tyrants brest
Of diuers doubtes, wherewith he was
By Egles meane oppres.

He ſoundly ſlepte, not doubting death,
Nor fearing ciuill ſworde:
But marke the end, and what it was
To truſt a Prophets worde.
For hereupon the men that ment
The murther of the king,
(*Ellanicus*, and all his mates)
Thought good to doe the thing
Which they pretended out of hande,
Not making longer ſtay.
And ſo among themſelues eft ſoone
Concluded, on the day
That followed next to worke the feate
And bring their drifte to paſſe,
And that ſelfe night, *Ellanicus*,
As he in ſlumber was,
Dreamte, that the elder of his ſonnes
Whom earſt the tyrant ſlewe,
Preſented him before his face,
With wordes that here enſue:
Why ſlepe, & ſlugge you (father deare)
Why doe you linger ſo:
That you to morowe ſhall ſubdue
Doe you as yet not know?
And reaue this citie from the king
Who now enioyes the ſame?
Departe your pillow (father mine)
And balke your bed for ſhame.

Wherewith *Ellanycus* reliude,
And hoping then in dæde
Of happie lucke, in breake of day
Sought out his crewe with spæde.
That were confedered in the facte:
Perswading them to caste
All dread aparte, and flat to fall
Unto their feate at laste.
And at the selfe same time the king,
(As hapte) a vision had,
That fed him with assured hope,
And made him passing glad.
This dreame presented to his thought,
That with a mightie trayne
Craterus came, to take his parte,
Resistance was in vayne.
There was no cause why he should care
But be of courage stoute,
For that *Craterus* had beset
Olympia rounde about.
This vision vayne, of good successe
Did so assure the king,
As in the dawning timely hée
Not dreading any thing
Departes the Pallace, voyde of awe,
With whom there only went
That *Cylo*, which was one of those
That all this mischiefment.

By one and one his other men,
Did followe somewhat slacke:
Which when *Ellanycus* perceiude,
How hée his trayne did lacke:
The time it fitted finely then,
The season sæmed good,
Unto this auncient foe of his,
To lee this tyrant blood,
Without the giuing any signe,
For so deuisde he had
With such as were his fellow friendes:
But being very glad,
Up lifteth he his aged armes
Unto the azurde skies,
And with the lowdest voyce he could,
Unto his mates he cryes:
Why doe you loyter, (valiant laddes)
And men of great renowne,
To doe so worthy déede as this,
Amid your noble towne?
Which worde as soner spoken was,
But *Cylo* first of all
Set hand to sword, and drewe it out,
And slewe me therewithall,
First one of those that issued with
The tyrant him to garde.
Who so should take a tyrants parte,
Deserues the like rewarde.

Then after that, when *Cylo* thus
The matter had begunne,
Lampydo, and *Trasybule*
With all their force did runne
Upon the monster, fully bent
Him out of hand to slay,
Who then began to trust his legges:
For why? he ran his way,
To scape the danger of his death.
And to the temple fled
Of *Iupiter* the mightie God,
In hope to saue his hed.
But heathen gods moughte nothing help
His enemies were so hote,
As him amid the sacred Church
With shining swordes they smote,
And there bereft him of his life,
That well deserude to dye:
And after dragde him bloudy thence
In open strete to lye.
There lay his loathsome tarkasse slaine
For euery man to vewe,
The people did reioyce at harte
For gladnesse gotte anewe.
So glad were neuer hungrie houndes
Pursuing of the hare,
To fasten on the fearefull beast
Each dogge to haue his share,

As

As were the subiects eger then
The tyrant to pursue,
With hatefull blood of such a beast
Their wepons to imbrew.
Whilst thus the folkes debating stood
Of matter hapt so late,
Ech wife began to gaze about,
And prie to finde her mate.
For now the banisht men were come
Vnto the towne againe.
To tell the mirth at méeting tho
I thinke it were in vaine.
For as their care was common earst,
Whilst he the realme did gide,
So semblant was their ioy no doubt,
When such a monster dyde.
This done, the people gan to prease
Vnto their Pallaceward,
But ere they came, how matters went,
The quaking Quéene had hard,
And of the slaughter of her King,
Full heauie newes, God wot:
Wherefore mistrusting what would hap,
Eftsoone her selfe she got
Into a priuie counting house,
Where to escape their force,
About a beame shée hung a shéete,
And strangled so her corse.

A dolefull case that any dame
That was a Princes wife,
Should for her husbands sake, be forst
To rid herselfe of life.
But yet of both, more happy she,
Than was her husband slaine:
For ventrously shée put her selfe
To death, not dreading paine,
But he the captiue, cowardlike
To *Ioue* for succour ran,
And toke the temple, like a wretch.
And dide not like a man.
But turne we to our tale againe:
The tyrant by this Quéene
Two daughters had, the fairest wights
That lightly mought be séene,
And ripe in yéeres to match with men:
Who hauing heard report
How that their father murthred was
In such a cruell sort:
In minde to void the furious foes
(As virgins full of feare)
Conuaide themselues into a bawte
To stay in safetie there.
But they that sought, so many were,
And pryed so well about,
As in the seller where they lay,
They found the maidens out.

Whom thence, without delay, they drew,
And whet their eger knyues,
As fully bent as men mought be,
To reaue the Ladies liues.
But there by hap *Megeſten* was,
Of whom we ſpake before,
At whoſe entreatie, and the ſute
Of other matrones more,
Thoſe noble Nymphs wer tho forborn,
For thus *Megeſten* ſaid
To ſuch as ſought to doe the déde:
In ſlaying of a maid
You do the thing that Butchers hearts
Would neuer vndertake,
God faith it were a ſhamefull fact
So vile a ſpoile to make,
As file your ſiſters with virgins blod,
Againſt your manly kinde:
Let grédie luſt to be auengde
Not make your eyes ſo blinde.
But rather, if ſo be, there is
No nay, but they muſt die,
Giue leaue, at my requeſt, that they
Their proper ſtrength may trie.
Let them make choice vpon their death
And ſcape your handie force.
Whereto they all agréed in one,
But no man tooke remorſe.

It irckt them that the tyrants blood
Should so rest so long vnshed:
There were appointed for the nones
That both the Ladies led
Into an inner lodging, where
When they arriued were,
The eldest sister like a Dame
Undaunted, voyde of feare,
From off her waste did lowse the scarfe
That girt her loynes about,
And bid her ponger sister doe
The like with courage stout.
Then to a rafter of the house,
Their girdles both were tide,
The knots and all were fitly made
To cause the silke to slide.
Who so had viewde those virgins then
He would haue thought, that they
had not intended by and by
Such breake neck game to play.
Their faces were so fresh to sight,
Their eyes did neuer stare,
Their tungs pronounst their tales as though
Their hartes had felt no care,
Their outward gesture shewde a ioy,
More rather than distresse:
When thus (I say) the knots were knit,
To do the feate, the lesse

Of both the Ladies tooke the elder
Sister by the hand,
Requesting her, that shée as then
So much her friend would stand,
As first to let her die the death,
And play her part before:
To whom the elder answered thus:
As neuer heretofore
I haue denyde thée (Sister) aught
In all my life: So now
Euen at my death I am content
Unto thy will to bow.
Thou shalt haue leaue to let me liue
Till thou be dead and gone:
But that which grieues me most of all,
And giues me cause of mone,
Is, that I liue to see thy death
before my losse of life:
The yonger Ladie thereupon
Without a farther strife
Conuaid her head into the scarfe:
The other standing there,
Gaue counsell so to place the knot
Just vnderneath the eare,
As lightly she might lose her breath,
And rid her selfe of paine:
The yonger followed her aduise,
An easie death to gaine.

A wofull thing for me to write,
And loathsome eke to you
(Deare Ladies) who to passe their time
Shall hap my book to view:
To thinke that two such virgins, borne
And bred in Princely blisse,
Should be inforst in fine, to make
So hard a choyce as this.
But (as the auncient Prouerbe goes)
Perforce obaies no law:
The crabbed carters whip will cause
A stately steed to drawe.
The ponger sister thus bereft
Of life, the elder came
And cut the girdle of the beame
To hide her sisters shame,
As well as shee (good Ladie) might.
Then was her part to play:
Who putting on that other scarfe
About her necke, gan say
Unto *Megesten*: noble Dame,
When thou shalt see me ded:
For honours sake vnto thy kinde
See thou my carkasse led
In place that is for maidens meete,
Let not my body lie
Despoyld of robes, to naked shew
And view of euerie eye.

And with her saying, downe shée slipte,
And by her bodies peaſe,
(Though light it were) did stop her pipes,
And so shée dyde with eaſe.

The Lenuoy.

THose realmes right happy are, where princes raingne,
That measure out by vertue all their deedes,
Abhorring with their vassals blood to staine
Their sacred hands, and gore their kingly weedes:
The subiects there with willing harts obay,
And Peeres be safe from fall and foule decay.

But (out alas) where awfull Tyrants hold
In haughtie cruell hands the royall powre,
And mischiefe runnes by office vncontroide,
There aye the great the lesser sort deuoure:
By daylie proofe ech one may daily see,
That such as rulers are, such subiects be,

Vnlesse the law forbid the lewde to sinne,
Vnlesse the Prince by rigor vices quell,
Disorders will by sufferance soone rush in:
Who striues not then in mischiefe to excell?
By nature man vnto the worst is bent
If holesome statutes stay not his entent.

A hangrie wight is hardly barde from food,
The kindled straw is seldome when put out,
A Tyrant that hath tasted once of blood,
With much adoe forbeares the lilie rout:
So sweete is sinne, as once from vertue fall,
And thou art lightly lost for good and all,

No

No looking backe, no bending foote about,
No feare of fall for many a mischiefes past,
No ill reuockt, no dread of any doubt,
Till God by heapes powre downe his plagues at last:
As by this verse, is plainly set to view,
No matter fainde, but auncient storie true.

Who would by might haue maintained Luzios lust,
That flewe the childe before the fathers face?
Whas king would wincke at matter so vniust?
Or fauour Ruffian in so foule a case?
The fact was vile, and dreadfull vengeance dewe
Unto a Prince, that such disorder knewe.

To bolster vice, in others is a blame,
For such as may by power suppresse the deed:
But crowned kings incurre the greatest shame
When they themselues on Subiects flesh do feede:
For Lions take no pleasure in the blood
Of any beast vnlesse they bee withstood.

And when such states so fouly doe offend,
Not they alone doe bide the bitter scurge,
But subiects are for rulers vices shend:
As when the Sea doth yeeld to great a surge,
The lesser brookes doe swell aboue their boundes,
And ouerflow like floods, the lower grounds.

Lyacon lewde, that fed on strangers blood,
Although himselfe were he that God forgate,
Yet causer was that Ioue with sodaine blood
Drownde all the world, saue Pirrha and her mate:
Thus one ill yeere may worke ten thousands woe,
God hates yll kings, and doth detest them so.

As heere we see this vgly Tyrants wife,

And

And guiltleſſe broode that neuer did offend,
Raunſomde the fathers faultes by loſſe of life,
And he him ſelfe was brought to wretched end:
Wherefore let Peeres and ſtates vpryghtly ſtand,
Leaſt they and theirs be toucht by Gods owne hande.

For he that guydes the golden globe aloft,
Beholdes from hie, and markes the deedes of man,
And hath reuenge for euery wicked thought,
Though he forbeare through mercy now and than:
He ſuffereth long, but sharpely payes at laſt,
If we correct not our miſdoings paſt.

He ſpares no more the Monarke, than the Page,
No more the Keyſars than the countrie Clownes,
He fauours not the auncient for their age,
He cuts off Kings, for all their coſtly Crownes,
No royall roabes, no ſcepter, no deuice,
Can raunſome thoſe that fauour fylthy vice.

The Argument to the ninth Hystorie.

SYmona likt of *Pasquine* passing well,
And he did frie as fast with egal flame,
In sorte, as on a time these louers fell
To make a match, of purpose for the same:
With one consent where time and place was set,
This louing couple in a garden met.
There eche to other vttered their deuise,
To salue the sores that fancy fixt in brest,
They kist, they colld, thus neither part was nice,
To take the time of both vvas compted best:
Amid their glee, tvvas *Pasquines* hap to spie
A bed of sage, that there vvas grovving by.
Whereof he pluckt a leafe to rubbe his iawes,
And presently fell dead vpon the deede:
The vvēch exclamde, whose soden crie did cause
The neighbours by to come avvay vvith speede:
The man vvas founde there senseless as he lay,
And she (boore vvench) as captiue borne avvay.
The Crovvner sate, the iurie vvas in place,
The vviteſſe came for triall of the truth,
The Iudge vvas there: vvho hearing all the case,
And hauing of the silly mayden ruth,
For pitie pausde, and to the garden vvent,
To learne the troth, and scan of her intent.

Symona

Symona ſtraight vnto the border ranne,
Where grew the Sage, & pluckt a leafe or twaine,
And therewithall to frote her gummes began,
As one that would bene quit of murther faine:
Lo thus (quoth ſhe) my Lord, did he before,
And thus was all, I ſawe him doe no more.
And with the word before the Iudge his face,
The giltleſſe maide fell groueling on the ground
And there ſhe died before them all in place,
And then the cauſe of both their banes was found
The tale enſues, which more at large doth tell,
Both of their loues, and how their deathes befell.

The fame of *Florence* is ſo great,
That ſimple men do knowe
The byute thereof by true repoꝛt:
Where dwelt not long agoe,
A virgin freſh and fayꝛe to viewe,
A iollyluſty dame,
As any was in all the towne,
Symona was her name.
Whoſe beautie though were very braue
And kinde had done as much
For her, as ſhe mought well requeſt,
Yet foꝛtune ſeemde to grutche
And malice at her featurd ſhape:
For as the ſame did paſſe,
Euen ſo her father of the meane,
And baſeſt oꝛder was.
A man not hauing welth at will,
The ſtately miſtreſſe chaunce,
Would not vouchſafe from lowe eſtate
This miſer to aduaunce.
And hereupon the fathers want,
With whom it went ſo harde,
Of force conſtrainde the mayde to get
Her liuing by the carde
And wheele, and other like deuice,
As ſelly maydens vſe,
With handy woꝛke ſhee wonne her bꝛead,
She could none other chuſe,

Who

Who though to earne her meat & drink
In spinning spent the day:
Yet in this beggers brest of hers,
A Lordlike hart there lay.
That durst adventure to assay
The force of *Cupides* flame:
For by the lestures and the talke
Of one that daily came
Unto the house where she abode,
A passing pleasant lad,
One of her owne estate, for wealth,
That of his mistresse had
Both wool and yarne to spin and twist:
The wench *Symona* fell
In fancy with this merry Greéke,
And lykt the weauer well.
The virgin by his swéete regardes
Was entred very farre,
And masht within the net of loue:
But yet she did not dare
To further on that first attempt,
She fryde with secret fyre,
Of *Pasquine* (thus the youth was tearmd)
Whom she did so desire.
But euer as she twisted had
A thréd vpon the whéle,
A thousand scalding sighes she fette:
The silly wench did féele

Them whotter farre than any flame
Thus issuing from her brest:
And euer as she went about,
She thought vpon the guest
That brought the wool, to haue it wrought,
The spinning bredde the spight,
The thredes did make her minde the man,
When he was out of sight.
And shall we dáme the weauer, whom
The mayden loude so well,
Quite voyde of wanton humors? no:
For he to liking fell,
And likewise take as carefull wore
As was the louing trull,
To sée that hée did well dispatch
And spinne his mistresse woll.
(As though the making of the cloth
All wholly did depend,
And only of *Symonas* thréd)
Which made him not to lende,
But often come him selfe, to sée
How she her whéele applyde:
He neuer vsde to goe so ofte
To eny place beside.
And thus the one, by making meanes,
The other by desire
She had to be thus sude vntoo,
It hapt, he felt a fyre

Unwon-

Unwonted, flaming in his brest:
And she had shifted feare
And shame aside, which still before
Her chiefest iewels were.
And hereupon they ioyntly fell
Each other well to léke,
Both parties did so well agrée,
Small néede it was to séeke
Which of them both should first assayle,
Each fancyde other so,
As by each others face, each friend,
Each others heart did know.
And thus from day to day it grewe,
And still enkindled more,
The flaming loue which she to him,
And he *Symona* bore.
Untill at length this *Pasquine* prayde
The mayden earnestly,
To worke such way and meanes to come
Unto a garden by,
Where he would tarrie her in place
Untill such time she came,
For that the garden was a plotte
Conuenient for the same,
And mérely voyde of all suspect:
There might they talke their fill.
Symona, like a gentle wench,
Did graunt him her good will.

One holyday at after noone,
Her father to deceiue,
Symona came with solemne sute,
Requesting him of leaue
To goe vnto saint Gallus Church,
To fetch a pardon there.
The selly aged syre agreed,
Whose eye the mayd did bleare:
For hereupon, another wench
Lagina cald, and she
Vnto the garden went, where they
Had poynted him to bee.
But *Pasquine* ere they came, was there,
And brought with him a mate,
Cald *Stramba* (*Puccio* was his name:)
This *Stramba* he should prate
And with *Lagina* chatte of loue,
The matche was pointed thus:
And whilst these two grosse louers did
Their matters so discusse,
Vnto the farther end of all
The garden, *Pasquine* went,
And with *Symona* there conferde
As touching his entent.
Heare leaue I (Ladies) both the talke
Which *Stramba* did deuise
Vnto his late acquainted lasse,
Presume his tale was wise.

For

For as *Cupido* whets the tongue
So doth he sharp the braine
Of those that loue, and earnest are
Their Ladies to attaine.
And though perhaps this fellow wer
Not come of gentle kinde,
Yet being matcht with on he likt,
Perhaps conlde tell his minde.
For fansie makes the foolish wise,
And compasse in his hed,
By what deuice he may atchieue
His liked Ladies bed.
To *Pasquine* turne we now againe,
Who (as I said) of late
Was stept aside, of purpose with
His minion to debate.
There was, where he did sit, by chance
Conferring of the case,
A goodly bordered bed of sage,
Euen full beside the place,
Where as this louing couple coapt
In secret sport and play:
Who hauing long with merrie talke
Consumde the time away,
And made appointment eke to meete
Another day againe,
To banquet with *Symona* there
To fele a farther paine.

This

This *Pasquine* to the sage resorts,
Whereof a leafe he strips
To rub his teeth and gummes withall,
Hee put it twixt his lips,
And so began to touch his teeth,
And therewithall did say
That Sage was very good to freat
The filthie flesh away
That stucke betwixt his hollow teeth.
Within a while that he
Had practisde thus vpon his gummes,
His countnance gan to be
Quite altred from the former forme,
And after that a space
That thus his visage swolne was
Unto an vglie face,
He lost the vse of both his eyes,
And of his speech beside:
And so at length in sodaine sort
This louing weauer dide.
Which when *Symona* had beheld,
She watred straight her eyes,
And (out alasse) to *Stramba*, and
Lagina lowde she cries.
The louers left the deep discourse,
And to the place they runne,
Where as so late this chaunce befell,
And deadly deed was done.

Arising

Ariuing there, and finding dead
The weauer in the graſſe,
And more than this, perceiuing how
His body ſwollen was:
And ſeeing all his face beſpangde
With ſpots as black as cole,
And that in all the body was
Not any member whole:
Then *Stramba* cried out aloude,
Oh vile vnthriftie wench,
what haſt thou done? why haſt thou giuen
Thy friend a poyſoned drench?
What meanſt thou by this déed of thine?
Which words were ſpoke ſo hie,
That all the neighbours heard the ſame
That were the dwellers by.
And in they preſſed all in haſt,
Into the garden, where
The ſhowte was made, and being come
They found the body there
Both void of life, and foully ſwolne,
An vgly ſight to ſée.
And finding *Stramba* ſhedding teares,
And blaming her to be
The only cauſe of *Paſquines* death:
The wench vnable eke
For verie griefs of heart, a worde
In her defence to ſpeake:

Though

Though shé in déed were not the cause
Yet they that came to view
Did apprehend the girle, and thought
That *Stramba's* wordes were true.
When thus the wench arested was,
Shée wrong, and wept a pace:
And so from thence, was brought before
The common Judge his face,
Unto the pallace where hé dwelt.
The maidens accusers were
Excéding earnest in the case,
Both *Stramba* that was there
With *Pasquine* as his faithfull friend,
And other moe beside,
That came into the garden, when
The faithfull virgin cride.
And hereupon the Justice fell
To question of the fact,
Debating with the witnesses,
Who hauing throughlie rackt
The matter, and not finding her
As giltie of the déede,
Nor any proofe of malice that
Might from the maide procéde,
As touching murther of the man:
Hé thought it good to stay
His iudgement, and himselfe to goe
Where dead the carkasse lay.

To view the partie, and the place,
To beate the matter out:
For all the other euidence
Might not remoue the doubt
Within his head the Iudge conceiude
In this so strange a case.
The men that knew the garden, brought
The Iustice to the place
Where *Pasquines* carkasse puffed lay,
And strouting in such wise,
As made the Iudge himselfe amazde,
Hée could not well deuise
How such a mischicke might bée done.
Which made him aske the maide
Symona, how the murther hapt.
To whom the virgin said,
Renowmed Iustice, after talke
Betwixt this man and me,
Hée stept aside vnto the bed
Of Sage that here you sée:
And with a leafe thereof he rubd
His gummes: as I do nowe,
(And therewithall shée tooke a leafe
To shew the Iustice how
Her friend had done) and this (quoth she)
He did, and died than.
Whereat this *Stramba*, and the rest
That records were, began

To

To scorne and laugh in presence of
The Iudge, and earnestly
Made sute that fire might bée set,
Wherein the wench to trie,
To feele the penance of her fact,
Which like a wicked wretch
She had deuisde: shée earned death
That would her friend dispatch.
The virgin wofull for the death
Of him that latelie died,
And fearefull at the earnest sute
Which *Stramba* made beside:
Thus hauing rubd her tender iawes
With Sage before them all,
Without suspect of such mishap,
Bereft of life, did fall
Vnto the ground, where *Pasquine* lay,
And in like sort did swell,
From louely lookes, to loathsome lumpes
A monstrous chaunce to tell.
And thus to shew the meane, how earst
Her louer lost his breath,
This sillie giltlesse wench her selfe
Euen there did die the death.
O happy soules, whose hap it was
In one selfe day to laue
So faithfully, and in selfe day
The pangs of death to proue.

And

And happier had you both ybin
If you had had the grace,
Some other where to spent the time,
And not within that place.
But farre more blessed are yée nowe,
If in this death of yours,
You loue ech other as in life
Your likings did endure.
But (thou *Symona*) happiest art,
For ending so thy dayes:
If we that liue may iudge aright,
And yeeld the dead their praise.
Whose innocent and giltlesse ghost
Dame Fortune did denie
By *Strambas* false surmised proofs
Without iust cause to die.
I count thée treble blest of God,
For Fortune found (I say)
A meane for thée by selfe same death,
That rid thy friende away.
To set thee fréefrom misreports,
And slaunder that did growe,
And gaue thée leaue by losse of life,
Unto thy loue to goe.
The Iudge that saw this sodain chance
And all others eke
That present were, amazed stood,
And wist not what to speake

Or to coniecture in the cace,
The wiſeſt tongues were domme.
At laſt, the Iudge as ſoone as hée
Was to his ſenſes comme,
Thus ſaid: by this it doth appeare
The Sage that here you ſée,
Infected is, and venim ſtrong:
Though Sage by nature be
A very ſoueraigne holeſome hearbe,
The proofe hath made it plaine.
But forbecauſe we will be ſure
It ſhall not hurt againe,
Do delue it vp, and burne it here,
It may offend no more.
The Gardner therewithall was come,
Who digd it vp before
The Iudge, and all the ſtanders by:
He had not parde the ground
Farre in, but that the cauſe of both
Thoſe louers banes he founde.
For vnderneath this bed of Sage,
The fellow that did dig,
Turnd vp a toade, a loathſome ſight,
A worme exceeding big.
The toade was of a monſtrous growth:
Then euery man could tell
And iudge the cauſe of that miſhap
Which both thoſe friends befell.

Then

Then could they say, the venomd worme
Had bealchd his poyson out,
And so infected both the roote,
And all the bed about
Where grewe the Sage, that bred their deaths:
Then sawe they playne the cause
And reason why the weauer dyde,
By rubbing of his iawes.
They made no more adoe, but fetcht
The gardner by and by
To make a fyre to burne the Sage,
And eke the Toade to frie
That was the cause of double spoyle.
The Iudge had nought to say
When this was done, but parted home,
The people went their way.
Straight *Stramba*, and his other mates
That gaue in euidence
Against *Symona*, brought a Beare,
And bare the bodies thence
So vgly swollen as they lay,
Vnto Saint Paules, and there
Within one Tombe did burie both,
For of that Church they were.

Lenuoy.

AS noble mindes to loue are kindly bent,
And haughty harts to fancie homage yelde,
As Cupid makes the stoutest states relent,
And martiall men that daunt the foe in fielde:
So meaneſt mates are maſht within the net,
That wily loue, to trappe his trayne hath set.

What Prince ſo proude, what King for al his crown:
What ſage ſo ſadde, or ſolemne in his ſawes,
What wight ſo wiſe, but Cupid brings him downe,
And makes him ſtoupe to nature and her lawes?
Both poore and rich doe loue by courſe of kinde,
The proofe wherof in all degrees we finde.

That Hector ſterne that Troue to maintayne Troy,
And ſlewe wieh-ſword full many a Greekiſh knight,
For al the warres, yet loude Andromache,
With her he ſweat, in her he tooke delight:
His manly breſt that force of foe withſtoode,
Was raſde by loue, his Curage did no good.

Vliſſes ſlie, for all his wilie wit,
Was lodgde in loue, by Circes ſugred cuppe,
Plato deuine, whoſe ſtile the Starres dyd hit,
With learnedlips of Venus ſauce did ſuppe:
His graue precepts ſtoode him in ſlender ſted,
When lawe of kinde, in lincke of fancie led.

Fell Dionyſe with Alexander great,
Duke Iaſon, Paris, Tarquhus, Pompey eake,
And he whome Dydo did ſo well entreate,
That to the curteous Queene his vowe did breake:
Yea Ioue him ſelfe, Apollo, Mars and all,
To Venus bowde, each one was Cupids thrall.

The nobleſt Nimphes that euer were aliue,
The queyntelt queenes the force of fancie felt,

The

The dayntiest dames durst not with loue to striue,
The haughtiest harts, had Cupid made to mete:
Medea, Phillis, Helen, Phedra fierce,
Creula, Oenon, Lucrece loue did pierce.

Laodamie, Hermyon Hypsiphill,
Curst Clitemnestra, Brisies, Deyanire,
Semyramis, and Progne prone to kill,
With Mirrha Biblis lust to loue did stirre:
And thousands moe, of whome the Poetes tell,
Prouokt by loue, to flaming fancy fell.

Which sith is so, I may with better face
A pardon craue of you that Ladies be,
For bringing here a homely wenth in place,
And ranging her with dames of gallant glee:
Who sith did rage in fancie as the rest,
Why should she not be plast among the best?

Put case her byrth was base, her linage lowe,
Her parents pore, her liuelod bare and thin,
Sith Cupid did his golden shaft bestowe
Upon her brest, when liking entred in,
Let her receiue the guerdon that is dewe
To faithfull loue, and march with Cupids crewe.

Where leaue is lowed for each one to contend,
Where marks are made the cunningst hand to trie,
Without reproofe each one his bowe doth bend
And arrowes there without contrariement flie:
Likewise sith loue at random roues his dartes,
We ought not scorne the meanest louing hartes,

When Cresus bringes his gorgeous giftes in hand,
And slay an oxe to offer to the goddes,
A groome with gods by him may boldly stand,
In holy Church they little count of oddes:
The minde is all that makes or marres the thing,
A Carter loues as whotly as a King.

The Argument to the tenth Hiſtorie.

A Merchants ſonne that *Girolanus* hight,
Of tender age, in great good liking fell
VVith one *Saluestra*, a damſell faire and bright,
A taylers daughter, who there by did dwell:
The aged father did, and left the boy
Abounding welth, his heyre and only ioy.
The carefull mother doubting leaſt her ſonne
VVold make his choice, & marie with this maide
Diſpatcht him thence to *Paris*, there to wonne,
Vntill his heate and humor were delaide.
To pleaſe his friends away this yonker rode,
And there a ſpace (vnwilling) made abode.
Retires in fine to *Florence* backe againe,
VVhen mothers feare & doubts were layde aſide,
His auncient loue aye ſticking in his brayne:
But ere he came, the wench was woxe a bryde,
VVhich greude him ſore, he wiſt not how to deale
At laſt deuiſde into her houſe to ſteale.
VVhere being plaſt, vnwiſt of any wight,
He ſtayde his time, till husband fel on ſleepe,
Then out he gate, defenſt with darke of night,
And ſoftly to *Saluestras* bed did creepe:
He ſighde, he ſued, he pleaded there for life,
In hope to had his pleaſure of the wife.

But

But al for nought, his winde did ſhake no corne
The womans will was bent another way:
VVhich when he found, as one that was forlorne
He wiſt not how to do, nor what to ſay:
His griefe was ſuch, as by *Salueſtras* ſide
He laide him downe, and there for ſorow dyde.

The husbād wakes, the wife bewrayes the caſe,
The corſe was ſtreight conueyde away by night,
When morow came, the beare was brought in place,
The graue was caſt, the body lay in ſight,
The mother mournd, and many matrons moe,
Bewayl the chaunce of him that died ſo.

Among the reſt that preſent were to viewe
This heauie hap, *Salueſtra* ſtoode as than,
She ſawe her friend, whom ſhe vnkindly ſlewe,
And therewithall to rewe his death began:
So deepely ſanke remorſe into this dame,
As downe ſhe fell, and dyde vpon the ſame.

As auncient men repoꝛt, there dwelt
A Merchant man of poꝛe
In *Florence*, who by traficke had
Increaſt his ſtocke to moꝛe
Than any of his race had done,
A very wealthy wight:
Who on his wife begate a ſonne
That (*Girolamus*) hight.
And after time the babe was boꝛne,
The fatheꝛ chaunſt to die,
But (as it hapt) he made his will
Beforꝛe, and oꝛderly
Diſpoſde his goods, as men are wont:
The carefull mother then,
A widow left, with good aduiſe
And ayde of learned men.
The tutoꝛs of this merchants ſonne,
Both vſde the infant well,
And gaue ſuch eye vnto his ſtocke
As nought: to damage fell.
This childe (as common oꝛder is)
Did vſe to ſpoꝛt and play
Among the other neighboꝛs babes,
To ꝛiue the time away.
And (as the childꝛens cuſtome is,
Some one among the reſt
To fancy moſt,) euen ſo this boy
Did like a mayden beſt

A Tay-

A Taylers daughter dwelling by:
They daily vſde to méete
With ſundrie other babées moe
Amid the open ſhræte.
This liking in their tender yéres
Shot vp, and grew to moze,
Euen as their liuings encreaſt by age,
The ſparke which loue befoze
Had kindled in his wanton bzeſt,
Did growe to greater fire,
And *Girolamus* in his heart
The mayden did deſire.
Their daily cuſtome came to kinde,
And looke what day that he
Had paſt without the ſight of her,
He thought it loſt to be.
And that which ſet the flaze on fire,
And bzed the hoter flame,
Was, that the boy did well perceiue
The mayden ment the ſame,
And likte aſwell of him againe,
The mother when ſhe ſawe
This matter worke, began to checke,
And kéepe the wagge in awe,
And whipt him now and then among:
But when ſhe did perceiue
The ſtubborne ſtripling ſet her light,
And that he would not leaue

Those wanton trickes, vnfit for youth,
She wore a wofull dame:
And to the tutors of her sonne
This pensiue widowe came,
(As one that of that crabtree thorne
An Orenge tree would sayne
Haue made, because his stocke was great,
But all her toyle was vaine.)
And to the sages thus she said,
Vngracious graffe my sonne,
Scarce fourteene yeares of age as yet,
Already hath begonne,
And entred in the snare of loue:
The wagge begins to frie
With one *Saluestras* liuing iust,
A taylours daughter by.
So that vnlesse we wisely deale,
And warely seeme to watch,
At length (perhaps) this foolish elfe
Will with the mayden match,
And make a rash contract with her:
Which if should happen so,
From that time forth, I should not liue
A merrie day I knowe.
Or if he should consume and waste
With thought, or pine away,
To see her matcht some other where,
Then woe were me I say.

Where-

Wherefore to voyde this present ill,
I thinke it best (quoth shee)
That you conuey him hence in hast,
If you be ruld by me.
Cause him to trauaile in affayres
Concerning Merchants trade:
For that perhaps by absence from
The maide, he may be made
To quite forget his wanton loue,
And put her out of minde,
And make some other better choyce.
Abroade the boy shall finde,
A wench that is descended well,
To linke himselfe withall:
No doubt, I see him sullie bent
By loue to hazard all.
The tutors liked well the tale
The mother widow told,
And made her promise presently
To doe the best they could,
By counsell and by good aduise.
And thereupon they sent
A messenger vnto the ynipe,
That to the warehouse went,
And wild the boy to come away:
Who, being come in place,
The one began to speake him thus
With milde and friendlie face.

My ſonne, ſith you are paſt a childe,
I would your wit allow,
If you would ſomewhat looke about
Vnto your profite now,
And ſee your ſelfe where all goe right
That doth concerne your gaine:
Wle, that your tutors are, agreé,
(If you will take that paine)
That you to *Paris* trauaile, ther
To ſtay a certaine ſpace:
For, there, your father, whilſt he liude,
In banke your wealth did place,
Euen there your chiefeſt traficke lyes:
And eke beſides the ſame,
You ſhall your ſelfe to manners good
And better faſhion frame,
By lodging in ſo trim a towne
Where luſtie gallants be,
There ſhall you ſtore of Gentlemen,
And braueſt Barons ſee.
And hauing learned their good grace,
And markt their vſage well,
You may returne you home againe,
Among your friends to dwell.
The boy did note his tutors tale,
That did perſwade him ſo,
And briefly made anſwere, that
He did not minde to goe

To

To *Paris*, for he thought he mought
Aswell in Florence stay
As any one, what neede he then
To trauaile thence away.
The sages being answerde thus,
Unto the widdow went,
And tolde the mother how her sonne,
The wilfull wag, was bent.
The matrone, mad to heare the newes,
Spake not a word at all
Of *Paris* matters, but forthwith
Unto his loue did fall:
Controuling him for roysting rule,
And for his baudie life:
And did not let to tell him, how
He meant to take a wife.
But, as the mothers manner is,
For euery bitter checke,
Shee gaue her sonne a honie sop,
And hung about his necke:
And flattred him againe as fast,
And did the boy entice
By all the friendly meanes she might
To follow their aduise:
The mother widow preached had
Unto her sonne so long,
Of this and that, and in his eare
Had sung so sweete a song:

As for a yéere to trauell well,
The boy perswaded was,
To stay in *Fraunce*, and so his time
In forraine Realme to passe.
I leaue the taking of his horse,
I write not of his woe:
I passe of purpose all his plaints
His countrie to forgoe.
I doe omit his bitter teares
At time of his remoue,
For those to déeme, that haue assaide
The pangs of pensiue loue.
I write not of the mothers griefe,
To bid her sonne farewell,
For that her selfe was pleasde withall
And likt his voyage well.
To *Paris* when this gallant came,
Loue gaue the charge anew
Vpon his heart, the fight was fierce,
A greater fancie grew
Within his bosome, than before:
The absence from her face,
Might not delay the hote desire
That had this youth in chace.
And thus, the boy, that meant at first
But for a yéere to stay,
Full two yéres out, in burning loue
In *Fraunce* at *Paris* lay.

Which time expyde, inwrapped more
In flakes of fancies flame,
Than when he went from *Italy*,
He backe to *Florence* came,
And being there arrivde, he heard
His auncient friend was sped:
A certaine Curten maker hapt
This wench meane while to wed.
Whereat he greatly greeued was,
And vered out of crie:
But seeing that there was no choice,
Nor other meanes to trie.
He purposde with himselfe a truce
His sorowes to expell.
But at the length he had espide
Where did this damsell dwell,
And found her standing at her dore:
Then grew this youth in heate,
And as enamored wights are wont,
He gan the streetes to beate,
Both vp, and downe, both to and fro,
He vsed oft to stalke
Before the Curten makers house,
In hope by often walke
That she would pitie of his paines,
And eke his torment rue,
He verily presumde that shee
Her *Girolamus* knewe.

But

But fortune fell not out aright,
Shée knew the man no more,
Than one whom earſt shée neuer ſawe
In all her life before.
Or if shée did remember him,
At leaſt shée made in wiſe
She wiſt not who the Marchant was,
So coy shée kept her eyes
On *Girolamus* paſſing by.
Yet he would neuer leaue
His wonted walke, in hope at laſt
Some fauour to receaue:
Deuiſing all the meanes he might
To bring the wife againe
In minde of him, who was her loue,
Her ſtrangeneſſe bred his paine.
It grœude the Marchant to the guts
That he was ſo forgote:
In fine he purpoſde with himſelf
(His feuer was ſo hote)
To ſpeake with her, although it coſt
The loſing of his life:
And hœrevpon, inſtructed by
The neighbours, where the wife
Whom he entirely loude did dwell,
Hœ watcht his ſeaſon ſo,
That, when the huſband and his ſpouſe,
With other neighbours mo,

Were

Were walkt abroade to kéep the watch,
He ſlilie dis conuey
Himſelfe into *Saluestras* houſe:
And being there, he lay
Behinde the Curtaines, nie the bed,
Unſpide of any man.
The Curtain maker and his wife
Returned home, began
To take their reſt in wonted wiſe.
The man was ſound a ſléepe
As ſoone as he was laid in couche:
Then gan this youth to créepe,
Upon his knées, vnto the ſide
Whereas *Saluestra* lay,
And hauing ſoftly plaſt his handes
Upon her pappes, gan ſay:
What are you(ſweeting)yet a ſléepe?
With that the wife diſmaide,
Would haue exclaimde, (as women wont
In ſuch like ſort afraide)
Saue that the Marchant preſently
Her friendly thus beſpake.
Alas, my Déere, exclaime not now,
You néed no thought to take,
For I am *Girolamus*, he
That tender your eſtate.
She hearing that, ſaid, all afraid,
What make you here ſo late?

Good *Girolamus* get you hence,
Those youthfull yéeres are spent
Wherein it was our hap to loue,
That time good faith I ment:
Then lawfull was the thing we did.
But now you sée that I
Am otherwise bestowde and matcht,
I must not now apply
My liking, but to him alone.
Wherefore, I pray, quoth shée,
For loue of God depart this place
Your purpose may not bée.
For if my husband wist you héere,
(Put case none other ill
Ensude thereof) yet this be sure,
I should haue chiding still:
Your being here would bréede debate,
And purchase deadly strife,
Whereas with him, as now I leade
A iollie quiet life,
I am his darling well belovde.
When *Girolamus* had
Both heard, and noted all her talke,
Hé were exceéding sad.
His heart was pierst with pensiue woe
To heare the tale shée tolde,
Then gan hé wric his former loue,
And all his flame vnfolde.

Decla-

Declaring her, that distance had
Not slakte his burning fire:
And made request withall, that she
Should graunt him his desire.
He promisde golden mountaynes then,
But all his sute was vayne:
No iote of friendship for his life,
The merchant mought attaine.
Wherefore desirous then to die,
Salnestra he besought,
That in rewarde of all his loue,
And all his former thought
Which he had suffered for her sake,
She would but yelde him grace
To warme himselfe within her bed,
Fast by her side a space:
Whose flesh in maner frozen was,
With staying there so long,
He made her promise on his faith
He would not offer wrong
Unto *Salnastra*, no not once
Let fall a worde so mutch,
Nay yet her naked carkasse with
His manly members tutche:
But hauing taken there a heate,
And warmde himselfe in bed,
He would depart, and deeme that he
Sufficiently had sped.

Saluestra taking pitie then
Of Gyrolamus case,
Upon the promise made before
Did yelde him so much grace,
As on her bed to stretch him selfe
The youth thus being laid
Besides his mistres, touchd her not
But with him selfe he waid
The great good will that he so long
Within his brest had borne:
Upon her present rigor eke
He thought, and shamefull scorne.
And being brought to deepe dispaire,
He purposde not to liue,
But die the death without delay,
And vp the ghost to geue.
And hereupon his spyrites withdrew
Themselues from outward parts,
His senses fled, he stretcht him selfe,
And so the youth departs
Fast by Saluestras sauage side
To whom he sude for grace:
When Girolam thus dead had line
Upon her bed a space
The wench did wonder very much
That he was wore so chaste.
Whose flame of late so burning was
And fancie fride so fast.

At length in feare her husband would
Awake, she gan to say
Oh Gyrolamus how we this?
When wil you packe away?
But hearing him no answere make
She thought him sound asleepe
Which made her reach her hand to wake,
The man that slept so deepe.
She felt and found him colde as yce
Whereof she marueld much:
And therupon with greater force
She gan his limmes to touch.
And thrust him, but he stirred not,
With that within her head
The wife conceaued and wist ful wel
That Girolam was dead.
Whereof she was the sorriest wench,
That euer liued by breath:
She knew not what to doe to ses
So strange and sodaine death.
But yet at last she did deuise
To fele her husbands thought
In person of another, not
As though her selfe had wrought
Or been a party in the fact.
Put case, good sir (quoth she,)
A ponker loued a married wife
As I my selfe mought be:

And comming to her chamber late,
In hope to winne the wife,
Were both begilde of all his hope,
And eke bereft of life,
By only force of frantick loue
And lacke of his desire,
And want of pities water, to
Delay his scalding fire.
What would you doe in such a pinche?
How would you deale as than?
Whereto the husband answered, that
He would conuay the man
Unto his home, without mistrust
Or malice to the dame
His wife, that had resisted so
The force of *Cupides* flame.
Which whē she herd, she answered thus
Then (husband) doth it lye
Upon vs nowe to practise that,
And take that tricke to trye.
And taking of his hand, she put
It on the coarse that laye
Upon the other side of her,
As colde as any kaye.
Wherat the wilfull wight dismayde,
And ierst with sodaine feare,
Lepte of the bed full sore amazde,
To fele a body there.

And out he ran to lighten linke,
Without debating more
Of further matter with his wife,
Of what they spake before.
The candle light bewrayed the corse,
He sawe the partie playne,
He made no more a doe, but put
Him in his robes againe,
And bore him on his shoulders thence:
And knowing verie well
His lodging, set him at the dore,
Where did his mother dwell:
When day was come, and people sawe
The carkasse of the dead
Before the gate, the fame thereof
Throughout the citie spread.
Each one did wonder at the chaunce,
That passed by the way,
They knewe the partie passing well,
But wist not what to say.
Yet most of all, the mother musde,
And vexed was in minde,
That hauing searchte the body, coulde
No wounded member finde.
Which made Phisitions flatly say,
That sorowe stopte his breath:
With one assent they all agreede,
That griefe did cause his death.

As custome is, the corse was borne
Into a temple by
Where merchant men of his estate
And welthie wights did lie.
The mourning mother thether came
To waile her sonnes decease
And with the matrone thousands moe
Of neighbors more and lesse.
Were come to church to shed their teares
Valuestras husband then.
Perceiuing that the preate was great,
Of women and of men,
Ran home & wilde his wife do on
A kerchiefe on her head:
And throng amid the wiues to heare
What newes went of the dead.
And he him selfe thrust in among
The men, to learne what they
Imagined of the marchants death,
Where any one did say
Or had him in suspect thereof
Valaestra hereupon
Made haste to church, and felt remorse
Within her brest anone.
But all to late her pitie came,
For she desired to bew
Him being dead, whom earst aliue
She tooke disdaine to re we.

Or recompence so much as with
A kisse. O wenche vnkind,
A marvels thing, to thinke how hard
It is for man to finde
Or sounde the depth of louers thoughts,
Or knowe the force of loue:
For loe hir brest, whom Gyrolams
Good fortune might not moue,
Nor during life procure to ruth,
His death did raze hir harte.
His misaduentures did renewe
The stroke of Cupides darte.
Hir auncient flame rekindled was,
And to such pitie grewe,
When as she did the carcasse dead
Of Gyrolamus vewe,
That being but in simple weede,
As meanest women were,
By one and one she gate before
The richest matrons there,
Not stinting till she came vnto
The body where it lay,
And being there she gaue a shoute,
And yelded forth a bray.
So loude as for hir life she could,
And groueling with hir face,
On Gyrolamus carcasse fell,
His bodie to imbrace.

And

And bathde his limmes with brackish teares,
That issued from her eyes
As long as life would giue her leaue:
Which done, *Saluestra* dyes.
And lookt how gricke & hidden thought he,
Had slayne her desperate friend,
Euen so remorse of couerte cares,
Her loathed life did ende.
Which when ỹ mourning matrons saw
Eache one in friendliest wise,
To comfort her in words began,
And willd her thence to rise,
As then not witting who she was:
But at the last, when that
She would not mount, but lay me still
Upon the body flat,
They cams to lift her on her legges,
And rayse her from the grounde,
And then, both that the wife was dead,
And who she was, they founde.
Saluestra then she did appeare,
Then dubble wore the woe
Of all the wiues that mourners were,
When they the dame did knowe.
Then gan they mourne as fast agayne
As ere they did before,
For euery sighe, a hundred sobbes,
For euery teare a score.

This

This brute no sooner out of Church,
Among the people came:
But out of hand per husband heard
The tidings of the same.
Who (as I said) was gone among
The men, to lend an eare,
And hearken what report there went
Of them that died there.
Then like a louing husband, that
Imbrast *Salueſtra* well,
From sobbing sighes, to trickling teares,
For her misfortune fell.
And waild her death no little time,
And after that, to some
That were in place, declard, by night
How *Gyrolam* did come
Unto his house, through burning loue
Which he *Salueſtra* bore,
And tolde the tale from point to point,
As I haue pend before.
Whereat the audience wofull wore,
That vnderstood the case,
Then taking vp the carkasse of
The wife that lay in place,
And hauing knit the shrowding sheete,
As common custome is,
They layd her body on the beare,
And set her side to his.

Thus hauing wept vpon the dead
In proofe of inward paine:
And buried both together, home
The people went againe.
See lucke, whom loue was not of force,
Aliue to linke in one:
Death found the meanes to couple close,
Within a marble stone.

Lenuoy.

VVhether stars doe stir good lykyng from aboue,
By hidden force and couert power deuyne
Or c aunce breede c oyce & leades vs on to loue
And fancy falles as fortune list assigne,
I cannot iudge nor perfectly defyne.
But this I know once let it gather roote
And to remoue it then is slender boote.

Let sicknes grow, let cankers worke theyr wyl
Seeke not at first their malyce to suppresse
Scorne wholsome helpe. doe floute at phy[illegible]kes skil
In hope thy greefe wyl swage aud vvaxen lesse
And thou at last shalt neuer haue redresse
Diseases more admitte no cunning cure
The cause by tyme is fastned on so sure,

When fire is once crept yn among the straw
And flame hath raught the rotten roose on hye
Tis hardly quencht hys fury hath no law
It seldome slakes tyl all on ground do ly
The way to help is busily to ply
The matter fyrst before it grow too far
When steedes are stolne tys bootles doores to barre.

Euen so it fares when fancy blowes the cole
Of frend hip f rst and sets abroach good will
A man may ympes with ease from loue controle
Whilst feare doth force them stoupe to parents wyl
But let them run their race at ryot styl
And not rebukte by reason at the fyrst
Along they go let parents doe their worst.

Too late comes salues to cure confyrmed sores
When loue is linkt and choyce is chayned fast
You may as soone plucke trees vp by the rootes
As breake the knot or sunder promise past

The

The tackle hangs so sure vnto the Mast
When ships from shore haue hoyste vp all their sa'les,
To bend about againe it little vailes.

So stately is the stroke of Cupids bow,
So fell his force, so huge his heauie hand,
No striuyng serues, no shift to shun the blow.
No might nor meane his Godhead to withstand,
Tho fastest riuers sinks deapest in the sands:
Therefore I wish that parents giue consent,
And not repine when mindes to match are bent.

For barre the sick whom Feuer doth molest,
To drinke his fill, his thirst will be the more,
Restraine thy Ienates course, thy bridle wrest,
The beast becommes farre fiercer than before.
Where streames be stopt, there riuers most doe rore,
Downe goe the banks, and ouer flowes the flood,
Where swelling waters feele themselues withstood.

No trauayle serues to sunder louing hearts,
No absence breedes in friendes forgetfull mindes,
The farther of that dely from other parts,
The hotter ech his flaming fancie findes.
Who striues to stop, doth most enrage the wyndes:
No louer true, but beares within his brest,
The shape of her whom he doth fancie best.

As thunder showres, whom weather calmes againe,
Giue greater drought and helpes along the string.
By meanes of heate mixt with the blooming raine:
So safe returne of absent friends, doth bring
Increase of loue and faster streames the spring:
Respect of birth, of state, or ought beside,
Stops not the boat, that driues with such a tide.

And folly then for parents to restraine,
For lusts sake their children, sith we see

That

That both theyr care and labour is in vaine,
And sundrie times a thousand illes there bee
That doe ensue, when they will not agree:
As in this tale the Florentine doth showe
The great mishaps by such restraint that grow.

Could mothers threates, or tutors taunts revoke
This Marchants minde, or make him alter love,
Could Parris pleasure once this youth provoke,
his auncient friend from fancie to remove?
Yea, though it were a thing for his behove,
No, backe he came the selfe same man he went,
He chaunged the ayre, but not his first entent.

And love, to helpe him onward od his race,
Assisted with deuise and subtile sleight,
Ebe Venus taught him how to come in place,
And shrowded him in cloudie cloke of night,
Whereby he might approch to his delight,
But all for nought. The game that he pursude,
Was caught before, and thence his bane ensude.

So Pyramus in Babylon of yore,
faire Thisbe loued, but parents disagreed,
They might not match, but prisoned were therefore:
Yet love at length this faithfull couple freed,
The time was set, the place and all decreed,
When foule mishap bereft them both of life,
who slue themselues with one vnluckie knife.

Had pitie lodge within Malvestras brest,
Would she haue forst so true a man to die,
Who chargde with loue and thousand woes distrest,
Dyd hazard life to presse in place so nie,
Vnto a dame that with her spouse dyd lie?
O blooddie Beare, nay rather Tygers whelp
That would refuse her auncient friend to helpe.

O marble mynde O stayne of womans stocke
Not fed with mi ke of kindly nurses pappe
But hewed with toole out of some ruthles rocke
And layd withyn some Lionesses lap
Couldst thou alow thy frend so hard a hap
As by thy syde amid his sute to see
Him die the death and all for loue of thee?

Draw hether dames and read this bloody fact
Note wel the fruite of frovvardnes in loue
Peruse the plague of her that pyty lackt
See how in that she pleasd the gods aboue
Example take your rygor to remoue
And you that are Cupydos knyghts ta'e heede
Bestovv no more good wil then shalbe need.

Renounce the loue of such as are forsped
Forgoe those frends vvhom law forbids to lyke
Courte no mans wyfe embrace no maryage bed
Leaue of your luste by others harmes to seeke
No such good vvyl can last aboue a vveeke
Looke vvhen you thynke your selues in cheefest pryce
They set you by vvhylst others throvv the dyce.

When once regard of honor lyes asyde
When credyt is respected nought at all
Then shame ensues and follovves after pride
From vertue then to fylthy vice they fall
And to allure they vse a pleasant call
And beyng once entangled in the tvvyg
To make you fat they feede you vvith a fyg.

For one delyght ten thousand yls ensues
For little glee much bytter gall you gayne
You may not hope to fynde those vvæmen true
Theyr husbands beds that doe not stick to stayne
And make them serue for cloke against the rayne
Wherfore I say force not of any dame
That for a frend forgoes an honest name.

SEPTATHES and Sonnettes annexed to the Tragical hiſtories, By the *Author*.

VVith ſome other broken pamphlettes and Epiſtles, ſent to certaine his frends in England, at his *being in Moſcouia*. Anno 1569.

Omnia probate.
Quod bonum eſt tenete.

A farevvell to a mother Cosin, at his going tovvardes Moscouia.

GOe post you pensiue lynes,
and papers full of woe,
Make haste vnto my mothers handes,
hir sonnes farewell to showe.
Doe marke her lookes at first,
ere you your message tell,
For feare your sodayne newes, hir minde
doe fancie nothing well.
But sithen nædes you must
my trauailes trouth vnfolde,
To offer vp her sonnes farewell,
and last adewe, be bolde.
I know she will accept
your comming in good parte,
Till time she vnderstand by you
that I must nædes departe.
But when you make reporte
that I am shipte from shore,
In minde to cut the foming Seas,
where winter wyndes do roe rore:
Then woe be vnto you,
that mournefull message beare,
For doubtlesse she with trembling handes
will you in sunder teare.

But(mother)let your ſonne
perſwade you in this caſe,
For no man ſure is borne to leade
his life in one ſelfe place.
I muſt no longer ſtay
aduantage is but vile
The cruel lady fortune on
your ſonne will neuer ſmile.
My countrey coaſt where I
my Nurſes milke did ſucke,
Would neuer yet in all my life
allowe me one good lucke.
With coſt encreaſe my cares,
expences nip me nære,
Loue waxeth cold, no frendſhip doth
in natures breſt appære.
Where ſlender is the gaine
and charges grow too hie
Where liuing lackes and money melts
that ſhould the want ſupply:
From thence tis time to trudge
and hire the hackney poſt
To ſhift to ſhip, to leaue the land
and ſéke a better coaſt.
Sith I haue all my yeres
in ſtudies fond applide
And euery way that might procure
a better chaunce haue tride.

Yet

Yet better not my state
but like a sotted dolt
Consume my time that goes about,
to mend a broken bolt.
Sith I haue liude so long
and neuer am the nære
To bid my natiue soile farewel,
I purpose for a yære.
And more perhaps if nède
and present cause require:
They say the countrey is too colde
the whotter is the fire.
Moscouia is the place,
where all good furres be sold
Then pray thée(mother)tel me how,
thy sonne shall dye with colde.
Put case the snow be thicke,
and winter frostes be great:
I doe not doubt but I shal finde,
a stoue to make me sweat.
If I with credite goe,
and may returne with gaine
I hope I shalbe able wel
to bide this trauayles paine.
The slouthfull Groome that sits,
at home and tels the clocke:
And feares the floud because therein
lies hidden many a rocke.

As hée abydes no woe,
no welth he doth deserue,
Let him that will not cut the loafe
for lacke and famine sterue.
The Catte deserues no fish
that feares her foote to weate,
Tis time for me in profite now
mine idle braynes to beate.
I trust I shall returne
farre better than I goe,
Increase of credite will procure
my simple wealth to growe:
Meane while I wishe thée well
(good mother mine) to fare,
And better than my selfe, who yet
was neuer voyde of care.
Sith nède obeyes no lawe,
and nédes I must to barcke,
Farewell, and thinke vpon thy sonne,
but haue of him no carcke.
The Gods I hope will heare
the sute that you shall make,
And I amid the Sea shall fare
the better for your sake.
If euer fortune serue,
and bring me safe to lande,
The harde mishappes of trauayle you
by me shall vnderstand.

And

And whatsoeuer straunge
or monstrous sight I sée.
Assure thy selfe at my returne
I will declare it thée.
Thus euery thing hath ende.
and so my letters shall,
Euen from the bottom of my brest,
I doe salute you all.
What so becomes of me
the mightie Gods I craue,
That you my frendes, a blessed life
and happie deathes may haue.

That nothing can cause him to forget his frend, vvherein is toucht the hardnes of his trauayle.

IF boystrous blaste of fierce and froward wynde,
If weltring waues, and frothie foming Seas,
If shining Sunne by night against his kinde,
If lacke of lust to meate, and want of ease,
If feare of wracke, and force of rouing foe,
If raged Rockes that in the riuers lie:
If frozen floodes where sliding Sledds doe goe,
If cruell colde vpon the mountaines hye,
If seldome sleapes, if sundrie sortes of care,
If bare skin beddes, or else a bowded bench,

If lacke of kindly cates and courtly fare,
If want of holsom drinck the thirst to quench,
If stinking Stoues, if Cunas and bitter bragge,
If sauage men, if women foule to sight,
If riding poast vpon a trotting Nagge,
If homely pammes, in stead of Imes at night:
If these (I say) might make a man forget
So true a frend, then thou art out of minde.
But in good fayth, my fancie firme was set,
No Russie mought the true loue knot vnbinde.
Venus be iudge, and Cupid in this case,
Who did pursue me aye from place to place.

He declares that albeit he were imprisoned in Rusia, yet his minde was at libertie, & did daily repaire to his frend.

NOw finde I true that hath bene often told,
(*No man may reaue the freedome of the mind,*)
Though kepers charge in chaines the captiue hold,
Yet can he not the Soule in bondage binde:
That this is true, I finde the proofe in me,
Who Captiue am, and yet at libertie.
Though at my hæle a cruell clogge they tye,
And ranging out by rigor be restraynde,
Yet maugre might, my minde doth frælý flye
Home to my frend, it will not be enchainde:
No Churles checke, no Tyrants threat can stay
A Louers heart, that longs to be away.

I doe

I doe desire no ayde of Dedalus,
By feate to forge such waxen winges anew
As erst he gaue his sonne young Icarus,
When they from Crete for feare of Minos flew,
Dame Fancy hath such feathers still in store,
For me to flie as I desire no more.

Il desire non ha ripoſo.

A comparison of his mistresse, with a braue Lady of Russia.

FAyre is thy face, and louely are thy lookes,
Rich be thy robes and geason to be had
White are thine eares, hangde full of siluer hookes
Braue be thy bootes, thy body costly clad,
With Sable, Sube, thy necke beset with pearle.
Thy brodred gyte makes thée a gallant gyrle.

The Russies rude doe deeme right wel of thée,
Mine english eye no paynted image lickes,
I haue a frend that wel contenteth me,
With kindly shape and kindly coloured chéekes,
Such one she is, as I wil here declare,
Fewe are her péres, I finde her matches rare,

Her heare is golden wyer, her shineng eyes
Two Dyamondes that glister passing bright,
Amids her lylye chækes, the Rubie lyes,
Her tæth of pearle, lippes louely red and white,
All other limmes doe aunswere well the same,
Now iudge of both which is the brauer dame,

La mia donna
bella è buona.

To his frend promising that though
her beautie fade, yet his
loue shall last.

I Wotte full well that bewtie cannot laste,
No rose that spryngs, but lightly doth decay,
And feature like a lillie leafe doth waste,
Or as the Cowslip in the midst of May:
I know that tract of time doth conquer all,
And beuties buddes like fading floures do fall.

That famous Dame fayre Helen, lost her hewe
Whē withred age w wrinckles chaungd her chæks.
Her louely lookes did loathsomnesse ensewe,
That was the A per se of all the Grækes:
And sundrie moe that were as fayre as shee
Yet Helen was as freshe as fresh might bee.

No

No force for that, I price your beautie light,
If so I finde you stedfast in good will:
Though fewe there are that doe in age delight,
I was your friend, and so doe purpose still,
No change of lookes shall bréede my change of loue
Nor beauties want, my first goodwill remoue.

Per gentilezza,

Tanto.

Non per bellezza.

From the citie of Mosqua, to his friend in England.

GO burning sighes, and pierce the frozen skie,
Slack you ỹ snow with flames of fancies fire
Twixt *Brutus* land, and *Mosqua* that doe lie:
Goe sighes I say, and to the *Phenix* flie,
Whome I imbrace, and chiefly doe desire,
Report of me that I doe loue her best,
None other Saint doth harbour in my brest.

Tell her that though the colde is wont by kinde
To quench the cole, and flames do yéeld to frost,
Yet may no winters force in *Russia* binde
My heart so heard, or alter so my minde,
But that I still imbrace her beautie most:
I went her friend, and so cotinue still,
For I cannot freat the ground of my good will.

Ardo e ghiaccio.

To his mistres, declaring his life only to depend of her lookes.

The Salamander cannot liue
without the help of flaming fire:
To bath his limmes in burning coales,
it is his glæ and chiefe desire.
The litle fish doth loue the lake,
dame nature hath assigned him:
To liue no longer then he doth
amid the siluer chanyel swimme.
Chameleon fades but on the ayre,
the lacke whereof is his decay:
These thæ doe perish out of hand,
take fire, flouds, and ayre away.
Judge you (my dære) the danger then
of very force that must ensue:
Unto this careful heart of mine,
that cannot liue withouten you.
I am the fish, you are the flood,
my heart it is that hangs on hooke:
I cannot liue if you doe stoppe,
the floudhatch of your frendly brooke.
I silly Salamander die,
if you maintaine not frendships fire:
Quenche you the coale and you shal sæ
me pine for lack of my desire.
You are the pleasant breathing ayre,

and

and I your poore Chameleon,
Barre me your breath and out of hand
my life and sweete delight is gone.
Which sith tis so(good mistresse) then
doe saue my life to serue your turne
Let me haue ayre and water stil
let me your Salamander burne.
My death wil doe you litle good,
my life perhaps may pleasure you:
Rewe on my case and pitie him,
that sweares himself your seruant true.
I beare the badge within my brest,
wherin are blazde your colours braue:
Loue is the only liuery, that
I at your curteous hand doe craue.
I doe desire no grædy gaine,
I couet not the massye golde:
Embrace your seruant(mistres) then,
his wages wil be quickly tolde.
As you are faire so let me finde,
your bountie equall to your face:
I cannot thinke that kinde so nære,
to beauties bower would rigor place,
Your comely hewe behight me hope,
your louely lookes allow mee life.
Your graue regard doth make me dæme,
you fellow to Vlisses wife,
Which if be true then happy I,

that

that so in loue my fancie set,
In you doth rest my life, my death,
by slaying me no gaine you get.
The noble minded Lion kils
no yeelding beast by crueltie,
And worthie dames delight to saue
their seruants liues by curtesie.

Virtuti comes inuidia.

My Spencer, spite is vertues deadly foe,
The best are euer sure to beare the blame,
And enuie next to vertue still doth goe,
But vertue shines, when enuie shrinkes for shame.

In common weales what bearers a greater sway
Than hidden hate that hordes in haughtie brest:
In princes courtes it beares the bell away,
With all estates this enuie is a guest.

Be wise, thy wit will purchase priuie hate,
Be rich, with rents flocke in a thousand foes
Be stout, thy courage will procure debate,
Be faire, thy beautie not vnhated goes.

Beare office thou, and with thy golden mace,
Commes enuie in, and treades vpon thy traine,
Yea, be a Prince, and hate will be in place,

To

To bid him stand aloofe it is in vaine.

So that I see, that Boccas woꝛdes be true:
Foꝛ ech estate is pestred with his foe;
Saue miserie, whom hate doth not ensue,
The begger only doth unspited goe:

Yet beggers base estate is not the best,
Though enuie let the begger lie at rest.

Sola miseria e senza
invidia, Boccacio.

That though he may not possible come or send, yet he liues mindfull of his mistresse in Moscouia.

Who so hath read *Leanders* loue,
which he to Ladie *Hero* boꝛe,
And how he swamme thꝛough *Aelles* flood,
twixt *Abydon* and *Sestus* shoꝛe.
To gaine his game, to liue at lust,
to lay him in the Ladies lap,
Will rue his paines, and scarce exchange
his case to haue *Leanders* hap,
But happy I account his case,
foꝛ hauing past those narrow Seas,

Hee

He was assured to lodge aloft,
with Hero in the towre of ease.
He neuer went but did enioy,
his mistres whom he did desire.
He seldome swamme the foming floud,
but was assured to quench his fire.
The torch it hung vpon the towre,
the lampe gaue light to shew the way:
He could not misse the darkesome night
it shone as clære as sunny day.
Thus happy was Leanders lot,
but most vnhappy mine estate:
For swimming wil not serue my turne
to bring me to my louing mate.
The flouds are frozen round about,
the snow is thick on euery side:
The raging Ocean runnes betwixt
my frend and me with cruel tide.
The hilles be ouerwhelmde with hoare
the countrey clad with mantels white
Each træ attirde with flakes of yce,
is nothing els saue snow in sight.
The mighty Volgas stately streame
in winter slipper as the glasse:
Abides no boate, how should I then
deuise a meane a way to passe:
And Suchan that in summer time,
was easie to be ouergone:

with

With Boreas blast is bound as harde,
as any flint or marble stone.
Frée passage Dwina doth deny,
whose streame is stopt and choakt with snow.
There is no way for any barge,
much lesse for any man to goe:
I cannot for my life repaire,
to thée to ease my present paine:
There is no passage to be had,
til summer slake the snow againe.
Meane while yet maist thou make accõpt,
that I doe stil remember thée.
In Russia where I leade my life,
and long againe at home to be.
No force shall cause me to forget
or lay the care of loue aside:
Time is the touchstone of good will,
wherby my meaning shalbe tride.
If I might haue conueid my lines,
vnto thy hands, it would haue eased,
My heauy heart of diuers doubts,
my message might my minde appeased
But (friend) indure this long delay
my selfe wil come when time shal serue
To tell thée newes and how I fare:
meane while stand fast & do not swerue
Presume that as I was thine owne,
euen so I doe continue still.

I

I know hir not whose beautie shall remoue
or change my first good will.
Thy face hath pierst my brest so farre,
thy graces este so many bée,
As if I would, I cannot choose
but loue, and make account of thée.

To a faire gentlewoman, false to hir friend.

WIthin the garden plot of thy faire face,
Doth grow a grafte of diuers qualities:
A matter rare within so little space,
A man to find such sundry properties:
For commonly the roote in euery trée,
Barcke, body, boughes, bud, leafe, and fruit agrée.
First for the roote is rigor in the brest,
Treason the trée, that springeth of the same,
Beautie the barcke that ouerspreds the rest,
The boughes are braue, and climing vp to fame,
Braules be the buds that hang on euery bowe,
A blossom fit for such rootes to allowe.
Loue is the leafe that little time endures,
Flattrie the fruit which treasons tree doth beare,
Though beauties barcke at first the eie allure,
Yet at the last ill will the worme, doth weare
Away the leafe, the blossoms, boughes, and all,
And rigors roote, makes beauties buds to fall.
Par essere ingrata, Non sarai amata.

A farewell to a craftie deceitfull Dame.

AS he that lothes the powders smell,
must neuer presse where Gunners bée:
So he that hates a double dame,
must neuer haue to do with thée.
For craft I sée, is all thy care,
thy smoothest lookes betoken guiles:
In womans wombe thou fedst a fore,
that bites thy friend on whom he smiles.
Had Nature wist thy déep deceits
before thy birth, I thinke that kind,
To saue thy name, and safe thy friends,
had seald thine eies, and kept thée blind.
For what is she that beares a face
of greater trust, and more good will:
Yet who is she that hath a heart
more prone to pay the good with ill:
Thy beautie led me on to loue,
thy lookes allured my looking eyes:
Thy doublenesse now breeds despaire,
thy craft doth cause my wofull cries.
I could requite dissembling loue,
and gloze perhaps as well as you:
But that I take but small delight
to change mine ancient friends for new.
Yet will I not be salued so,

as ſtil to let my loue to loſſe,
I better know what mettall is,
than to exchange the gold for droſſe.
Good will is euer worth good will,
if both the ballance egall bée:
But ſure too maſſie is my loue,
to make exchange of loues with thée.
Wherfore I ſay, vnknit the knot
wherwith thy loue was falſly tide,
Thou lackſt a graine to make vp weight,
men ſay, (good meaſure neuer lide.)
Go ſéeke ſome other to deceiue,
too wel I know thy craftie call:
My mouth is very well in taſte,
to iudge the hony from the gall.
That you are gall, I may auow,
for hony hath no bitter taſt:
The wine of your good will is ſpent,
you kéep the dregs for me at laſt.
Wherfore I do renounce the caſke,
I leaue the lées for other men:
My hap was ill, my choice was worſe,
I yéeld you vp to chooſe agen.

Spare to ſpeake, Spare to ſpeede.

MY Spencer ſpare to ſpeake,
and euer ſpare to ſpéed,

Vnleſſe

Unlesse thou shew thy hurt, how shall
the Surgeon know thy need:
Why hath a man a tongue,
and boldnesse in his brest,
But to bewray his mind by mouth,
to set his hart at rest:
The fisherman that feares
his corke and coard to cast,
Or spied his net to take the fish,
wel worthy is to fast.
The forrestman that dreads
to rouse the lodged Bucke,
Bicause of bramble brakes, deserues
to haue no hunters lucke.
Where words may win good wil,
and boldnesse beare no blame,
Why should there want a face of brasse
to bourd the bravest dame:
Unlesse thou cast thy lure,
or throw hir out a traine:
Thou seldome shalt a Falcon, or
a Tassell gentle gaine.
Though lookes betoken loue,
and makes a shew of lust,
Yet speech is it that knits the knot
whereto a man may trust.
Assure thy selfe, as he
that feares caliuer shot,

Can neuer come to scale a fort,
or skirmish worth a grote:
So he that spares to speake,
when time and place are fit,
Is sure to misse the marke, which else
he were in hope to hit.
Giue him an iuie leafe
in stead of pipe to play,
That dreads to bourd a gallant dame
for feare she say him nay.
Where venture is but small,
and bootie very great,
A coward knight will hazard there
in hope to worke his feat.
Wherfore when time shall serue
(my *Spencer*) spare to blush,
Fall to thy purpose like a man,
and boldly beat the bush.
Who so accounts of losse,
doth seldom gaine the game:
And blushing chekes be often bard,
for feare of after shame.
No doubt, a Lady doth
imbrace him more, that dares
To tell his tale, than such a one
that of his language spares.
Deceit is dreaded more,
and craft doth rifer raigne,

In one that like an image sits,
than him that speaketh plaine.
Yea, though thy mistresse make,
as though she loued no wine,
Remember *Aesops* Foxe, that was
too lowe to reach the vine.
Take this for certaine troth,
the best and brauest bowe,
Will stoupe, if so the cause be good,
thou knowest my meaning now.
Experience hath no peere,
it passeth learning farre:
I speake it not without my booke,
but like a man of warre.
Wherfore be bold to bord
the fairest first of all,
Aye Venus aides the forward man,
and Cupid helps his thrall.

Wearie of long silence, he breakes
his mind to his mistresse.

NOt much vnlike the horse
that feeles himself oppress
With weightie burthen on his backe,
doth long to be at rest:
So I, whose boiling brest,
with fansies cloud did flow,

Had great desire my great good will
with painting pen to show,
To ease my woful hart
of long endured paine,
And purchace quiet to my mind,
whom loue welnie hath slaine.
Beleeue my words (deare dame)
dissembling is a sinne,
Not mine, but thine, these many days
my captiue hart hath bin.
But shame, and coward feare,
the louers mortall foes,
Would neuer condescend that I
my meaning should disclose.
Till now at length desire
my wonted ease to gaine:
Did bid me sue for grace, and said
I should not sue in vaine.
For as thy beautie is
farre brauer than the rest,
So bountie must of force abound
within thy noble brest.
Oh, seeke not thou to shed
or sucke of yeelding blood:
Alas, I thinke to murther me
would do thee little good.
Whom if you seeme to rue,
as I do hope you will,

In

In prayse of your good nature then
my hand shall shew his skill.
Lo here in pawne of loue,
I vowe my selfe to thée:
A slaue, a seruant, and a friend
till dying day to bée.

He vvisheth his dreames ei-
ther longer or truer.

Short is the day wherein
I doe not thinke of thee:
And in the night amid my sleepe,
thy face (deare dame) I see.
The dreame delights me much,
it cuts my care away:
Me thinkes I kisse and clip thée oft,
the rest I blush to say.
Who happy then but I,
whilest sléepe and slumber last:
But who (alas) so much a wretch,
as I when sleepe is past.
For with the sliding sleepe
away slips my delight:
Departing dreames doe driue away
thy countnance out of sight.
And then in place of glee,
in glydes a crew of care:

My panting hart laments, that I
do féele my bed so bare.
For thou that wert the cause
of comfort, art not there:
And I poore silly wofull man,
in sobs the night do weare.
Then curse I cankred chance,
that made me dreame of thée,
And fansie fond, that fed it selfe
with dreames that fained bée.
Thus weares away the night
consumde in carefull paine:
Those restlesse banners beating still,
vpon my busie braine.
Then drawes the dawning on,
I leaue my couch, and rise,
In hope to find some pleasant toy,
that may content mine eyes.
But out alas, I can
not séé so faire a sight,
That can my heauie hart relieue,
and daintie eies delight.
Each beautie that doth blaze,
each visage that I sée:
Augments my care, in causing me
to long and looke for thée.
Thus waste I all the night
in dreames without desire:

Thus

Thus liue I on my dayes in loue,
that scalds like scorching fire.
Yet well content therewith,
so that, at my returne
Thou pitie me, who for thy sake
with Cupids coles do burne.
I am the Turtle true,
that sits vpon the trée:
And waile my woe without a make,
and onely wish for thée.

Vnable by long and hard trauell to banish loue, returnes hir friend.

VV Ounded with loue, and piercing dart desire
Of your faire face, I left my native land,
With *Russia* snow to slacke mine English fire,
But well I sée, no cold can quench the brand
That Cupides coles enkindle in the brest,
Frost hath no force where friendship is possest.
The Ocean sea for all his fearefull flood,
The perils great of passage not preuaile,
To banish loue the riuers do no good,
The mountains hie cause Cupid not to quaile.
Wight are his wings, and fancie flies as fast,
As any ship for all his sailes and mast.
The riuer *Dwina* cannot wash away
With all his waues the loue I beare to thée,

Nor

Nor Suchan swift loues raging heate delay,
Good will was graft vpon so sure a trée.
Sith trauaile then, nor frost can cole this fire:
From Mosqua I thy frend wil home retire.

That he findeth others as faire, but not so faithfull as his frend.

I Sundry sée for beuties glosse
that with my mistresse may compare:
But few I finde for true good wil
that to their frends so frendly are.
Looke what she saies I may assure
my selfe thereof, she will not faine:
What others speake is hard to trust
they measure all their words by gaine.
Her lookes declare her louing minde,
her countnance and her heart agrée:
When others laugh they looke as smooth,
but loue not halfe so wel as she:
The grefe is hers when I am grypte,
my fingers ache is her disease:
With me though others mourne to sight,
yet are their hearts at quiet ease.
So that I marke in Cupids court,
are many faire and fresh to sée:
Each where is sowen dame beuties séede
but faire and faithfull few there bée.

Tra-

Trauailing the desert of Russia, he complayneth to Eccho, vvith request that she comfort his afflicted state.

YOu hollow hilles and vallies wide,
that wonted are to yelde againe:
The latter cause of louers cries
resound and help me to complaine.
Repeate my piteous pensiue plaints,
recite my tale when I haue done:
Howle out ye hilles and let me heare
my voice among your rockes to run.
It wil delight my dazed spyites,
when I report my mistresse name:
Amid my plaint to heare the hilles,
at euery call to call the same.
Good Eccho shew me thy good will,
is no man here but thou and I:
Take vp my tale as I lament,
and say (Alas) as I doe crie.
Alas neuer man that did enioy,
a better dame then I haue done:
But now (Alas) she is alacke,
helpe Eccho, helpe, I am vndone
Besides mine absence from her sight,
another doth possesse my place.
And of my harvest sheares the sheaues,
helpe Eccho, helpe, lament my case.

A

I know not when I shal returne,
or when to see that sweete againe:
For (out alas) she is away
good eccho helpe to ease my paine.
But nought I sée it doth auaile,
thy talke encreaseth but my woe:
It irkes me to recite her name,
and misse the saint I honor so.
Wherefore sith bootlesse be complaints,
and clepings cannot right my case:
I bid thée (Eccho) here adew
I will goe seeke to sée her face.
The face that Paris would haue chose,
if he had séene her in the mount:
Good faith the lady Venus had
bene had as then in small account.
And as for Pallas and the third,
I meane the mighty Iunos grace:
I know right wel they would haue hid
themselues, and never prest in place.
For nature made hir not to match,
but to exceede and passe the rest:
Thrice happy he that can attaine
her loue, and to be liked best.

He craues his mistresse to accept his wryting be
ing otherwise insufficient to vvinne
goodliking from her.

As

AS many are the meanes,
to fall in fancies frame:
So diuers be the drifts of men,
for to atchieue the same.
For some to winne their loues,
and purchase priuy grace:
With curious tonges like carpet knights
doe pleade a fained case.
And all to please the eares,
and mate their mistresse minde:
Of this and that they tell their tales,
as they fit leasure finde.
Some other wanting chatte,
not hauing words at will:
With nimble ioynts, and fingering fine,
on Lutes doe shew their skil.
By sugred sound to winne,
their ladies to their loue:
With earnest care those wanton wights,
Apollos practise proue.
And such as skilfull are,
in daunsing doe desire
To practise that whereby to set,
their fronions harts on fire.
Whose breast is swete to eare,
he straines his voice to sing:
Thereby vnto his grædy lust
his mistresse minde to bring.

The

The martial man at armes,
to muster doth delight:
And loues to shew his helmed head,
before his Ladies sight.
In hope to purchase praise,
and after praise some grace:
For women loue a valiant man
that dares defend their case,
Thus each one doth attempt,
and puts the thing in vre
That fittest is to gaine good will,
so Faulkners vse the lure.
But I vnhappy wight,
that can doe nought of these:
How might I doe, or what deuise
my mistresse minde to please.
Where neither tongue can talke
nor finger frame with Lute:
Nor footing serue to daunce: alas,
how should I moue my suite?
Not pleasant is my voice
vnable to delight:
I can doe nought vnlesse it be
with pen to shew my plight.
I only can in verse,
set out a dame to show:
And on a wel deseruing frend,
a frendly praise bestow.

Thus

Thus must I hunt for loue
whereso (good Lady) then
In lieu of other finer skilles,
accept my ragged pen.
Let me by writing win,
what others doe by arte:
And during life you shal assure,
you of a louing hart.
No vertue shalbe lodgde
within your curteous brest:
But I wil blaze the same abroad,
as brauely as the best.
And as for beuties praise,
I wil procure that fame
Shal sound it out so loud, that all
the world shal read thy name.
So as by louing me,
you shal haue loue againe:
And eke the harts of thousands mo
for your good wil attaine.
I neuer was mine owne
sith first I saw your face:
Nor neuer wil, but euer yours,
if you wil rue my case.

The meane is best.

THe fire doeth frye, the frost doeth freese
the colde bredes care, the heate doeth harme,

The

The middle point twixt both is best,
nor ouer-cold, nor ouer-warme.
I dreame it not the happy life
the needie beggers bag to beare:
Ne yet the blessed state of all
a mightie Kaisars crowne to weare.
That one is cloied with sundry cares,
and dies ten thousand times a day:
That other still in danger goes,
for euery traitors hand to slay.
The highest hill is not the place
whereon to build the stately bower:
The deepest vale it is as ill,
for lightly there doth rest the shower.
The sailing ship that kéepes the shore,
vpon the rocke is often rent:
And he that ventures out too farre,
and tries the stream with waues is hent.
For there the wind doth worke his will,
there Neptunes churlish imps do raign:
The middle way is safe to saile,
I mean the mean betwixt the twain.
So that the meane is best to chose,
not ouer hie, nor ouer lowe:
Wherfore, if you your safetie loue,
imbrace the meane, let mounting goe.

To

To his friend Edward Dancie of Deceit.

DAncie, deceit is riſer now a day,
Then honeſt dealing, vertue is but vile,
I ſee diſſembling beares the bell away:
Craft hath a cloke to couer all his guile,
And vnderneath the ſame a knife doth lurke,
When time ſhall ſerue a ſhamefull ſpoile to worke.
Each man almoſt hath change of faces now,
To ſhift at pleaſure, when it may auaile:
A man muſt giue no credit to the browe,
The ſmootheſt ſmiling friend will ſooneſt faile,
No truſt without a triall many yeres,
All is not gold that gliſtringly appeares.
Who ſo ſhall make his choice vpon a man
To loue, and like, muſt warily looke about,
A faithfull friend is like a coleblacke Swan.
We may not truſt the painted ſheath without,
Vnleſſe good lucke continue at a ſtay,
Farewell thy friends, like foules they flie away.

Of the right noble L. VVilliam, Earle of Pembroke his death.

THough betters pen the praiſe
of him that earned fame,

Yet pardon men of meaner skill
if they attempt the same.
Good will may be as great
in simple wits to write,
In commendation of the good,
as heads of deeper sight.
Wherfore among the rest
that rue this Earles want,
My selfe will set my Muse abroach,
although my vaine be scant.
This Realme hath lost a lampe,
that gaue a gallant show:
No stranger halfe so strange to vs
but did this Noble know.
His vertues spred so farre,
his worthy works so wide,
That forrain princes held him deere,
where so he was imploid.
Whose wit such credite won
in countrey seruice still,
That Enuie could not giue the checke,
nor rancor reaue good will.
He euer kept the roume
that prince and fortune gaue:
As curteous in the countrey, as
in court a Courtier braue.
To low and meanest men
a lowly mind he bore,

No

No hawtie hart to stoute estates,
vnlesse the cause were more.
But than a Lions hart
this dreadfull Dragon had:
In field among his foes, as fierce,
as in the Senate sad.
Had *Pallas* at his birth
for *Pembroke* done hir best,
As nature did: then *Pembroke* had
surmounted all the rest.
For though that learning lackt
to paint the matter out:
What case of weight so weightie was,
but *Pembroke* brought about?
By wit great wealth he wonne,
by fortune fauour came:
With fauor friends, and with the friends,
assurance of the same.
Of Princes euer praisd
aduaunst and staid in state:
From first to last commended murh,
in honors stoole he sate.
Beloued of *Henry* well,
of *Edward* held as déere:
A doubt whether sonne or father loued
him best, as might appéere.
Quéene *Mary* felt a want,
if *Pembroke* were away:

So greatly she affied him,
whilest she did beare the sway.
And of our peereless Quæne,
that all the rest doth passe,
I næd not write, she shewd hir loue
whose Steward Pembroke was.
Sith such a noble then
by death our daily foe,
Is reft this realme, why do we not
by teares our sorowes show?
Why leaue we to lament?
why kæpe we in our cries?
Why do we not powre out our plaints
by condites of the eies?
Our noble prince, our peeres,
both powre and rich may rue,
And each one sorow Pembroke dead,
that earst him liuing knew.
Yt ioy in one respect,
that he who liued so hie,
In honors seat his honor saued,
and fortunde so to die.
Which stocke of noble state
sith cruell death hath reft,
I wish the branches long to bud,
that of the roote are left.
And prosper so aliue as did this noble trœ,
and after many happy dayes,

to die as well as hée.

Finding his Mistresse vntrue, he exclaimeth thereat.

SUnne, cease to shine by day,
restraine thy golden beames:
Let starres refuse to lend their light,
let fish renounce the streames.
Sea, passe thy kindly bounds,
set ebbe and flood aside:
Brasse leaue to grow, yet gallant plants,
depart with all your pride.
Send Tyber backe againe,
and to thy spring returne:
Let firie coles begin to frèze,
let ise and water burne.
Wolues leaue to slay the Lambs,
hounds hunt the Hare no more:
Be friend to foules, ye hungry haukes
whom ye pursude before.
For kind hath altred course,
the law that nature set,
Is broken quite, hir orders skorne,
and bands in sunder fret.
Loue is accounted light,
and friendship forced nought:
My selfe may well proclaime the same,
that loue hath dearly bought.

I fortund once to like
and fansie such a dame:
As sundry serud, but none atchieud
hir feature wan hir fame.
Long suite and great desart,
with triall of my truste
Did make hir fansie me againe,
she found me perfit iust.
But ere I felt the blisse,
that louers do attaine:
I bode a thousand crucifies,
ten thousand kinds of paine.
Till ruth by reason grew
and rigor layd apart:
On me she did bestow hir loue,
that best deserued hir hart.
Then mirth gan counterpoise
the griefs I felt before:
And if I had endured smart
I ioyed than the more.
She past me many bowres,
and sundry sorts of best:
And swore I was the onely wight
whom she did fansie best.
Then happy who but I,
that did beleeue the same?
As who is he that would refuse
to credite such a dame?

O friend when I (quoth she)
shall alter my good will,
And leaue to loue thee passing well,
thy fansie to fulfill:
When I for gallant gifts,
for mucke or glittring gold:
For comely limmes of courtly knights,
delightfull to behold:
For Kaisars kingly crowne
thy friendship do defie:
O Gods (quoth she) renounce me then,
and let me monster die.
These words and sacred vowes
might quicklie credit gaine:
For who in such a case would glose
or go about to faine:
Yet now for all hir speech
and glauering talke she vsed,
She is reuolted, and hir friend
too fowlie hath abusd:
Though not against hir kind,
(for Ladies are but light,)
And soone remoue but cleane against
their othes and promise quite.
But what should we expect
from thornes, no Rose perdie:
The figtree yelds a fig, on vines
the grapes in clusters bee.

Which sith I find at last
though greatly to my paine:
Loe here I do defie the face
in whom such craft doth raigne.
Farewell thou shamelesse shrew,
faire Cresides heire thou art:
And I sir Troylus earst haue bẽn,
as prooueth by my smart.
Henceforth beguile the Grækes,
no Troyans will thee trust:
I yeeld thée vp to Diomed,
to glut his filthie lust.
And do repute my selfe
herein a blessed man,
Who, finding such deceit in thée,
refuse thy friendship can.
For sundry times we see,
the sots that serue in loue,
Can neuer purchase frædom, nor
their frantike rage remoue.
But who so hath the grace
to banish fond desire,
I count him blest of mightie Ioue,
for few or none retire.
So swæte is sinfull lust,
the venome is so vile:
As Circes cup no sooner might
the bowsing Græks beguile.

Now

Now hang abroade thy hookes.
bestowe thy baytes elsewhere,
Thy pleasant call shall haue no power
to lure my cunning eare.
I tride thy twigges too much,
my feathers felt thy lime:
To giue thee vp, and shunne thy shiftes,
I coumpt it more than time.

A warning that she be not vncourteous.

I Chuse you not to change,
I entred band to bide:
But plighted promise cract by you
I count my selfe vntide.
No hest is to be held,
no vow of valew, when
You dames the coller slip:
by craft to compasse men.
Presume not of good wil,
because I swore you loue:
For faithful frends vpon abuse,
their fancy may remoue.
Which lincke of loue vndone
repentance comes too late:
The fort is wonne when trueth is slaine
and treason kæpes the gate.

No teares can purchase truce,
no wæping winnes good wil:
True loue once lost by due desart,
is not renewde by skil.
Good meaning may not serue,
to fæde your frends withall:
As wit in woords, so trueth in dædes,
appæres, and euer shal.
Who so doth runne a race,
shall surely sweate amaine
And who so loues, shal hardly gloze
or secret hidden paine.
Way wel my loue at first
recall to retchlesse thought,
The fiery fittes, the pensiue panges,
which I ful dærely bought.
Before I toke the tast,
of what I lykte so well:
And then consider careles; how
to Iunos poke you sel.
Forget not how for gaine
and mucke your match was made:
When I the while (poore man) was forst
a wæry life to trade.
The Lions loue refusde
the noblest beast of all:
Unto a sotte you pokt your selfe,
and wore a willing thrall.

Then

Then who wiould force but I,
or hold the iewel deere.
That on anothers finger sits
and hath done many a yeere.
And long is like to doe,
the hogge that gapes for hawes,
That hang so fast, may groynd his tuskes
and die with emptie iawes.
I speake it not of spight,
but sure you ill deserue:
A man that meanes so wel as I,
sith you doe dayly swerue.
A foole by foule abuse,
shall haue you more at becke:
Then he that euer loued you well
and neuer gaue you checke.
Which shewes that either wit,
or faithful loue you lacke:
Beware in time, misliking growen,
may not be bended backe.
When Cresid clapt the dish,
and Lazerlike did goe:
She rewde no doubt that earst she did,
the Troyan handle so.
And might she then retirde,
to beuties auncient towre:
She would haue stucke to Priams sonne,
of faithful loue the floure.

But

But fond, too late she found
that she had bẽn too light:
And ouerlate bewaild that she
forwent the worthy knight.
Imprint it in your brest,
and thinke that Ladies lot
May light on you, with whom your frend
is causelesse thus forgot.
I would be loth to loue,
and leaue with losse againe:
I smarted once, and you (none els)
the ground of all my paine.
Time tries the trusty minde,
which time doth councell me
To deale my loue by equall weight
least I deceiued be.
Where counsel nor aduice,
can take no better holde:
The losse is light: for colour I
imbrace not glowing golde.
No more I way a frend,
for feature of her face:
Her dealing wel must binde good will,
vprightly iudge my case.
I wholly was your owne,
and lesse you loue alacke:
The match betwixt vs two is marde,
and I your frend to lacke.

If

If any els deserue
a share or better part:
Let me but know your mind, and then
adue with all my hart.
I sound the trumpet now,
that warning geues to you:
To leaue to loue besides my selfe,
to whom the whole is due.
I tell you this betimes,
as one that would be loath
By your desert to chose againe,
and breake mine auncient oth.
Which if by fortune fall,
allowe your selfe the thankes:
Whose parts vnkind may force a man
to play vnfriendly prankes.

To one whom he had long loued, and at last was refused vvithout cause, and one imbraced that least deserued it.

Che prende diletto di far frode
Non si delamentar, si altri le inhanna.

IF lyking best with fancy firmely set,
If louing most, with reckelesse care of state,
If true good will, whom time could neuer fret,
If pardoning faults, which now I rewe too late,

If

If good ſtil done, and euer meant to you:
Are not of force to make your frendſhips true.

If foule abuſe and tearmes of loathſome ſound,
If miſchiefe meant, and ſeldome good beſtowed,
If black defame and credit brought to ground
If baſe reports ſo raſhly ſpread abroad,
Can winne good wil, and binde a ſurer band:
Then he that loues and beares you not in hand.

Then happy he that worke your deepe decay,
And ſlaunder ſekes to both your open ſhames,
For he doth laugh and beare the bel away,
Unlucky I with whom ſo ill it frames,
As now at laſt in guerdon of my toyle:
I reape refuſe and bide this ſecond foile.

Wel may he laugh that is my deadly foe,
And I lament impatient of my paine,
Il may ſhe fare whoſe craft hath cauſde my woe,
And fickle faith deceiued me thus againe.
But I too blame as many foulers bee.
Who had the bird in hand and let her flee.

More wiſe then you the babe that feeling flame
And once indangerd of the burning blaze,
Doth ſtraight refuſe the touching of the ſame,
But you much like the gnat dot loue to gaze,

And

And flée so long about the candle light:
As both wil seare your wings and carcasse quighe.

The slaue that serues his prentiship in paine
Not halfe so much a wretch as wretched I,
For he doth end his péres with certaine gaine,
Where I haue leaue the hardest hap to trie,
And hopelesse quite of what by due was mine
To grone in grefe, and with my paines to pine.

Wel, wel, content, sith chaunce and you agrée
I take my hap though cleane against my wil
Enforst by you my faith and frend I flée,
You must by kinde remaine a woman stil,
Who lookes to haue the crowe to change his blacke
Before it chaunce perchance his eyes may lacke.

Sith you can rule (as by report you may,)
(And that to rule is it you women craue)
Begin your raigne, God graunt he doe obey
That long in poke hath kept you like a slaue,
I feare, I wish, I hope the time wil bée:
When Louedaies made for lucre wil not grée.

Sticke fast to him who bolsters your estate,
Forgiue the faults that haue bén done amisse,
Forget reports, cling closely to your mate,
But thinke on him sometime that wrote you this,

If

If euer chaunce doe make your bondage free:
God send your second choyce like this to bee.

And as for him whose helping hand hath done,
The best it might to worke my cruel woe,
I trust in time when all the threede is sponne,
Shall deepely rewe that he abusde me so.
That womans spite all other spites exceedes:
It doth appeere by both your cursed deedes.

If my desert to him had been so ill,
Then could I not on him haue laid the blame,
If mine abuse to you had crackt good will,
Yours were the praise and mine the open shame,
I loued you both, and yet doe reape at last:
But hate from both, for all my frendship past.

1. *Due volte me hai ingannato.*

2. *Supplicio al mondo non e dato,*
Maggior, quanto pate vn che inamorato.

3. *Qual lieni foglie, le dome sono, e crude piu che tas*
Piu che Tigre inclementi, & disdegnose,
Piu che orse, & piu che luge empie e rabbiose.
Hanno piu inganni, che non hanno capelli in capo.

4. *O quante, arte & inganni hai il sesso feminino.*
O quanti lacci? O quanti nodi, e groppi?
Per far huomini venir deboli e zorpi.

Alio ingrata, troppo amata.

An Epitaph vpon the death of Henry Sydnam, and Giles Bampfield Gentlemen.

As rise as to my thought repaires
that dreadie doleful day,
And most vnluckie houre (alas)
that hent my friends away:
So oft my brest is like to burst,
and ribs to rend in twaine:
My liuer and my lungs giue vp,
my hart doth melt amaine.
And to decipher inward griefs
that crush my carcasse so:
The sluces of mine eyes do slip,
and let their humor go.
Out flies the floud of brackish teares,
whole seas of sorow swell:
In such abundance from my braine,
as wo it is to tell.
Why do I then conceale their names?
what meanes my sluggish pen,
To hide the haps and luckelesse loe
of these two manly men.
Sith silence bredes a smothering smart,
where sundry times we see:
That by disclosing of our mindes
great cares digested bee.

Wherfore my mournfull Muse begin. &c.

So Fortune would, the cankred kernes,
who seldom ciuil are,
Detesting golden peace, toke armes,
and fell to frantike war.
Up rose the rude and retchlesse rogues
with dreadfull darts in hand:
And sought to noy the noble state
of this our happy land.
Whose bedlam rage to ouerrule,
and fury to confound:
The L. of Essex chosen was,
a noble much renownd.
Away he went awaited on
of many a courtly knight:
Whose swelling harts had fully vowed
to daunt their foes in fight.
Among the rest (I rue to tell)
my *Sydnham* toke the seas:
Gyles Bampfield eke abrode he leapt,
his princes wil to please.
Whose martial minds and burning brests
were bent to beare the broile:
Of bloodie wars, and die the death,
or giue the foe the foyle.
And treble blessed had they bén,
if fortune so had willed:
That they with hawtie sword in hand
had died in open field.

For

For fame with garland of renowne
vndoubted decks his hed:
That in defence of Prince and Realme,
his life and bloud doth shed.
But out (alas) these gallant imps
before they came to land:
To shew their force and forward harts,
by dint of deadly hand.
Before they fought amid the field,
or lookt the foe in face:
With sodain stourme in Irish streame
were drownd, a wofull case.
Up rose with rage a tempest huge,
that troubled so the surge,
As shipmen shrunke, and Pylot knew
not how to scape the scourge.
And yet no dread of doubtfull death,
no force of fretting fome:
Nor wrath of weltring waues could stay,
those martiall mates at home.
Not angry *Aeols* churlish chaffe,
that scoules amid the skies:
Nor sullen Neptunes surging suds
mought daunt their manly eyes.
Unworthy they (O gods) to feed
the hungry fish in flood:
Or die so base a death as that,
if you had thought it good.

But what you will, of force befals,
your heauenly power is such,
That where and how, and whom you list,
your godheds daily tuch.
And reason good, that sithence all
by you was wrought and done:
No earthly wight should haue the wit
your weakefull scourge to shonne.
Well, *Sydnam*, *Bampfield*, and the rest,
sith wailing doth no good:
Nor that my teares can pay the price
or ransome of your blood.
Sith no deuise of man can make
that you should liue againe:
Let these my plaints in verse suffise
your soules, accept my paine.
If ought my writing be of power
to make your vertues known:
According to your due deserts
which you in life haue shown.
Assure your selues, my mournfull Muse
shall do the best it can:
To cause your names and noble minds,
to liue in mouth of man.
And so adue, my faithfull friends,
lamenting lets my quill:
I loued you liuing, and in death,
for euer so I will.

Ac-

Accept my writing in good worth,
no fitter means I find
To do you good, now being dead,
nor ease my mourning mind.
No better life than you haue led
vnto my selfe I wish:
But happier death, if I might chuse,
than so to fæd the fish.
The gods allow my limbs a tombe
and graue wherein to lye:
That men may say, thrise happy he,
that happened so to die.
For kindly death is counted good,
and blessed they be thought:
That of their friends vnto the pit,
vpon the bære are brought.
But for my selfe, I reckon those
more blest a thousand fold,
That in the quarel of their prince,
their liues and blood haue sold.
As you mine ancient mates did meane,
for which the mightie Ioue:
In heauen shal place your souls, although
your bones on rocks do roue.

A letter begun to a Gentlewoman of some account, which was left of by means of the aduise of a friend of his, who said she was foresped.

YOur beautie (madame) made
mine eye to like your face:
And now my hart did cause my hand,
to sue to you for grace.
The ground of my good wil,
by feature first was cast,
Which your good noble nature hath
for euer sealed fast.
When plants be surely pight,
than lightly will they proue,
No tree can take so deep a roote
as grifts of faithfull loue.
If I had feared disdaine,
or thought that hawtie pride
Had harbourd in that brest of yours,
which is the pecocks guide.
Then should I not haue durst
these verses to indite,
But waying well your curteous kind,
I toke the hart to write.
In hope that Venus gifts
are matcht with Pal'as goods,
And that true frendship floures wil spring
of blasing beauties buds.

For

For seldom shal you find
a dame of your degrée:
And of such features, but hir lookes
and maners do agrée.
Which if in proofe I find,
as I presume I shall,
Then happy others, but I compt
my fortune best of all.
And to expresse my ioy,
my hands I mean to clap:
As who would say, loe I am he
that haue this blessed hap.
Let not my hopes be vaine,
in your hand lies my life:
And if you list to cut my throte,
you haue the fatall knife.
For wholy on your lookes
and mercy stayes the thrèd
That holds my lims togither now,
the gods haue so decrèd.
I am your bounden thrall,
and euer mean to be:
I will not change my choice, &c.

To his friend not to change, though iealousie debarre him her company.

CHange not thy choyce (my déere.)
stand stable in good will,
Let ancient faithful loue appeere
betwixt vs louers still.
A wisdom friends to win,
as great a wit againe:
A gotten friend, that faithfull is,
in friendship to retaine.
Thou sæst how hatred hewes
the chips of our mischance:
And iealousie doth what it may,
the Uiper to aduance.
Whose pying eyes are preest
to hinder our intent,
But malice oft doth misse his marke,
where two good wils be bent.
So carefull *Argus* kept
the faire well featured cowe:
Whose watchful eies but seldome slept,
according to his bowe.
And yet at length he lost
his head, and eke his hire:
For Mercury his cunning crost,
to further Iones desire.

So

So curſt Acriſius cloſde
the mayden in the mewe:
Where he aſſuredly ſuppoſed
to kæpe the virgin true.
Yet Danae did conceaue
within the ſecret towze:
And did in lap receiue the god,
that fel in golden ſhowze.
Way what good wil he beares,
that liues in ſuch diſtruſt:
He fares as doth the wzetch that fearts
his golde, and lets it ruſt.
Whoſe hungry heaping minde
for all his looking on:
Is oft abuſde, and made as blinde
as any marble ſtone.
I craue but your conſent,
when time and place agree:
And that you wil be wel content
to yelde your ſelfe to me.
Who euer wil regard,
the honor of your name:
And looke what pleaſure may be harde,
wil only craue the ſame.
No checke ſhall taint your cheeke,
by proofe of open acte:
I neuer wil vnwiſely ſeeke,
to haue your credit crackte.

My loue excels his lust.
my fancy his good wil:
My trueth doth farre surmount his trust
my good deserts his il.
Wherfore (my deare) consent
vnto my iust request:
For I long sith haue loued you wel,
and euer meant you best.
So shal you haue my heart,
stil redy at your call:
You cannot play a wiser part
then cherish such a thrall.

To his frend not to forget him.

Where liking growes of lust,
it cannot long endure:
But where we finde it graft on loue,
there frendships force is sure.
Where wealth procures good wil,
when substance slides away
There fancy alters all by fittes,
and true loue doth decay.
Where beutie bindes the band,
and feature forceth loue.
With crooked age or changed face,
there frendship doth remoue.

Yet

No one of these (my deare)
that fickle thus doe fade:
Did bend my brest, or forst thy frend
to follow Cupids trade.
But mere good wil in deede
not graft on hope of gaine:
I lovde without regard of lust
as proofe hath taught you plaine.
I way no wauering wealth
I force not of thy face:
No graunt of pleasure prickes me on
thy person to embrace.
No hope of after hap,
ingenders my good wil:
I lovde thee when I saw thee first,
and so I loue thee stil
Wherfore requite with care
the man that meanes you so:
It lies in you to yeld him ease,
or plague his hart with woe.
You were not bred of rockes,
no marble was your meate:
I trust I shal so good a dame,
to loue me best intreate.
You know I beare the blame,
your selfe are nothing free:
He loues me not for louing you,
nor you for louing me.

Con-

Consider of the case
and like where you are lovde:
It is against your kinde to please
where you are so reproovde.
His frendship is in doubt,
you stand assured of me:
He hates vs both, I cannot loue,
the man that hateth thee.
His frantike words of late,
bewraide his folly plaine:
Assure your selfe he loues you not,
his glosing is for gaine.
Which purpose being brought,
to his desired passe:
The sotte wil shew himselfe a beast,
and prooue a wayward Asse.
By reason rule his rage,
by wisdome master wil:
Embrace your frend in spite of him,
that meanes you no good wil.
A time in time may come,
if gods wil haue it so:
When we each other shal inioy,
to quite each others woe.
Which time if time agree,
to pleasure vs withall:
Our honie wil the sweeter seeme
that we haue tasted gall.

Till

Till when vse womans wit
therein you know my minde:
I neuer was, nor neuer will
be found your frend vnkinde.

A vowe of Constancie.

FIrst shal the raging flouds
against their course runne:
By day the moone shal lend her light,
by night the golden sunne.
First fickle fortune shall
stand at a stedy stay:
And in the sea the shining starres
shal moue and kéepe their way.
First Fish amid the ayre,
shal wander to and fro:
The cloudes be cléere, in beuty eke
the cole excéede the snowe.
First kinde shal alter all
and change her wonted state:
The blind stal sée, the deafe shal heare,
the dumbe shal freely prate.
Before that any chaunce,
or let that may arise
Shalbe of force to wrest my loue
or quench in any wise.
The flame of my good will,
and faithful fancies fire:

Saue

Saue cruel death shal nothing daunt,
or coole my hote desire,
Desire that guides my life
and yeldes my hart his fode:
Wherfore to be in presence stil,
with thée, would doe me good
Which presence I presume
thou neuer wilt deny:
But as occasion serues,
so thou to frendship wilt apply.
Til when I giue thée vp,
to good and happy chaunce:
In hope that time to our delights,
wil séeke vs to aduance.
Adue(deere frend)to thée,
that art my only ioy:
More faire to me then Helen was
to Priams sonne of Troy.
And constant more in loue,
then was Vlisses make
Of whose assured life and zeale,
so much the Poets spake.
Lesse light then Lucrece eke
whom Tarquins lust defilde:
As curteous as the Carthage Quéne,
that fowly was beguilde.
To quite all which good parts,
this vow I make to thée:

I will be thine as long as I
haue power mine owne to be.

Another Epitaph vpon the death of Henry Sydhnam, and Gyles Bampfield gent.

1 If teares might ought auayle to stynt my woe
If sobbyng sighes breathd out from penssiue brest
Could ease the gryping greefes that payn me so
Or pleasure them for whom I am distrest
Neyther would I styche with teares to fret my face:
Nor spare to spend redoubled sighes apace.

2 But sith neyther dreary drops nor sighes haue power
To doe me good, or stand my frends in steede
Why should I seeke with sorowes to deuoure
Those humors that my fayntyng lymmes should feede.
Bootelesse it were therfore I wyl assay
To shewd my selfe a frend some other way.

3 Some other way, as by my mournyng pen,
To doe the world to wit what wyghts they were
Whose deaths I waile, what frendly forward men
And to thys land they both dyd beare
Alas, I rue to name them in my verse:
Whose only thought my trembling hart doth pearse.

But

4 But yet I muſt of force their names vnfolde,
(For things concealde are ſeldome when bewaild,
Tone Sydnham was, a manly wight and bolde.
In whom neither courage haute, nor feature faylde,
Faythfull to frends vndaunted to his foes
A lambe in loue, where he to fancy choſe.

5 The ſecond neere vnto my ſelfe allyde,
Gyles Bamfield hight. (I weepe to wryte his name,)
A gallant ympe, amyd his youthfull pryde:
Whoſe ſeemely ſhape commended natures frame.
Deckte of the gods in cradle where he lay:
With louely lymmes, and parts of pureſt clay.

6 Themſelues might boaſt theyr byrths for gentle bloud
The houſes are of countenance whence they came
And vaunt I dare their vertues rare as good,
As was their race and fitted to the ſame.
There wanted nought to make them perfect bleſt:
Saue happy deathes which clouded all the reſt.

7 When raſcall Iryſh hapned to rebel,
(Who ſeld we ſee doe long continue true)
Vnto the Lord of Eſſex lotte it fell.
To haue the lotte thoſe outlawes to ſubdue.
Who went away to pleaſe the Prynce and ſtate:
Attended on of many a doughty mate.

8 Whoſe names although my dreary quill conceale,
Yet they (I truſt) wil take it wel in worth
For noble mindes employd to common weale,
Shall finde a ſtemme to blaze their prowes foorth.
My dolefull muſe but this alone entends:
To wryte and wayle my frends vnhappy endes.

9 Away

9 Away they would, and gaue their last adew,
With burning hearts to slay the sauage foe,
Bestride their steads, and to the sea they flew,
Where weather rose, and water raged so,
As they (alas) who meant their countrey good,
Were forst to lose their lines in Irish flood.

10 Those eyes should haue lookt the foe in face,
Were then constraind to winke at euery waue,
Those valiant armes the billowes did imbrace,
That vowd with sword this realms renowme to saue:
Those manly minds that dreaded no mishap,
Were fould in seas, and caught in suddaine trap.

11 Proud Eole Prince, controller of the winds,
With churlish Neptune, soueraigne of the seas,
Did play their parts, and shewd their stubburn kinds,
Whom no request nor prayer might appease,
The Tooyan Duke bid not so great a brunt,
When he of yore for Latine land did hunt.

12 And yet these wights committed none offence,
To Juno, as sir Paris did of yore,
Their only trauell was for our defence,
Which makes me waile their sodain deaths the more.
But what the Gods did purpose to be done,
By proofe we see, mans wisdom cannot shun.

13 Ye water Nimphes, and you that Ladies be,
Of more remorse, and of a milder mood:
Than Neptune or king Eole, if you see
Their balefull bodies driuing on the flood,
Take vp their limis, allowing them a graue,
Who well deserued a richer hearse to haue.

14 Whereon do stampe this small deuice in stone,
That passers by, may read with dewed eyes,
When they by chance shall chance to light thereon.

{Loe Sydhnam here, and Bampfields body lies:
Whose willing harts to serue their prince and realme,
Shortned their liues amid this wrathfull streame.

Ante obitum, supremáque funera fœlix.

Deo iubente, fato cedunt mortalia.

A louer deceiued, exclaimes against the deceiuer and hir kind.

HOw much a wretch is he
that doth affie so well
In womans words, and in hir hart
doth lodge his loue to dwell:
Beléeues hir outward glée,
and tickle termes to trust,
And doth without regard of time,
apply to womans lust:
Sith that hir wandring will,
and most vnstable mind:
Doth daily tosse and turne about,
as leaues amid the wind.
Who lothes hir most, she loues,
and him that sues for grace,

She

She sharply shuns, and proudly scornes,
and ebbes and flowes apace.
O gods what haue I done:
alas, at length I spie:
My former follies, and discerne
how much I marcht awry.
To plant assured trust,
in tickle womans brest:
That Tygerlike sance mercy liues,
and euer shuns the best.
And yet she knowes I loue,
and how I waste away:
And that my hart may haue no rest,
nor quiet night or day.
Which sith to hir is knowen,
and how I hold hir chiefe:
Why cruell and vnkind, doth she
not pitie of my griefe:
Who is so perfect wise,
that may such malice brooke,
Of womans proud disdaine,
or beare their braules with quiet looke:
Without an open shew
of lothsome lurking smart:
That racks the ribs, that beates the brest,
and plagues the pensiue hart.
O me vnhappy wight,
most wofull wretch of all,

How do I lose my libertie,
and yæld my selfe a thrall.
In seruing hir, that cleane
against all law and right:
Consumes my life, destroyes my days,
and robs my reason quite.
O loue, cut off hir course,
and bridle such a dame:
As skornes thy skill, and leaues thy laws,
and makes my griefe hir game.
If (as I dæme) thou be,
the soueraigne of the skies:
Of Elements and Nature eke,
that all in order ties.
Wreake both thy wrong sustaind,
and eke thy damage done
To me, on hir, whom flatly thou,
perceiuest vs both to shun.
Conuert hir frosen hart,
to coles of scalding fire
Where rigor raigns, and enuie dwels,
with poisoned wrathfull ire.
She, cruel, knowes my loue,
and how as Saint, I shrine
Hir beautie in my brest,
and how with pearcing pains I pine:
And how a thousand times,
each day I die, she knowes,

Yet

Yet mercileſſe, no mercy ſhe,
no ſigne of ſorow ſhowes.
She bound me to the ſtake,
to broile amid the brands:
At point to die a Martyrs death,
all which ſhe vnderſtands.
Yea, though ſhe know it well,
yet ſhe conceiues a ioy:
At all my bitter griefe, and glads
hir ſelfe with mine annoy.
O moſt diſloyall dame,
O bloudy brefted wight:
O thou, that haſt conſumd by care,
my hart and courage quite.
O thou for treaſon that
Iugurtha, and the Iew
Doeſt far excell, and from thy friend,
withholdſt thy fauour dew.
O traiterous of thy troth,
of all good nature bare:
Loe here of my poore wounded hart,
the gaſh cut in by care.
I ſée thou ſéeſt my ſore,
and yet thou wilt be blind:
Thou ſtopſt thine eares, and wilt not hear
the griefs that I do find.
¶ Where is become thy loue,
and ancient great good will:

That earſt was boꝛne: wheres that deſire
that foꝛſt thée to fulfill
Thy pleaſures paſt with me
in cabbin where we lay:
What is become of thoſe delights:
where is that ſugred play:
Wheres all that daliance now,
and pꝛofers pꝛoudly made:
Wheres thoſe imbꝛaſings friendly,
where is that bleſſed trade
And ſigns of pꝛfit loue,
which then thou putſt in vꝛe:
And which foꝛ any gift of mine,
mought yet right well endure.
¶ Full ſhadowlike they thꝛift,
and can no longer bide:
Like duſt befoꝛe the wind they flie,
your other mate doth guide.
And ſtrikes ſo great a ſtroke,
he wꝛeſts your wits as round
As flittering leaues, that from the Aſhe
oꝛ pine are ſhaken downe.
Full lightly womans loue,
is altred euermoꝛe:
It may not laſt, there is exchange
continually in ſtoꝛe.
And reaſon: *For by kind*
a Woman is but light,

Which

Which makes that fansie from hir brest,
is apt to take hir flight.
¶ I had good hope at first,
when hap did me allure,
To like of thee, that this thy loue,
was planted to endure.
I neuer feard a fall,
on ground that lay so greene:
Where path was plaine for me to passe,
and bottom to be seene.
I doubted no decay,
nor feard no after smart:
Thy beautie did me not despaire,
thy lookes assured thy hart.
But who beleeues the lookes
of any of your race,
May soone deceiue himselfe,
There lies no credite in the face.
Well, sith thy froward mind,
doth like to heare my mone:
And mine vnhappy planet giues
consent, that I alone,
Without thy loue shall liue,
and lacke the lampe of light:
To cleare mine eies, that far excels
all other stars in sight.
Unto the hawtie skies,
and people here below:

I will my griping griefs expreſſe,
and ſurge of ſorowes ſhow.
In hope that direfull death,
with dreadfull dart of force:
Will couch my carcaſe in the graue,
and there conuey my corſe.

Yet ere I die, receiue this Swan-
like ſong,
To eaſe my hart, and ſhew thine
open wrong.

O Wauering womans will,
that bends ſo ſoone about:
Why doeſt thou ſo reuolt in haſt,
and ſhutſt thy friend without.
Againſt the law of loue,
O thriſe vnhappy hée:
That doth beléeue thy beauties beames,
and lookes of gallant glée.
For neither thraldom long,
that I poore wight abode:
Nor great good will by ſundry ſigns,
and outward geſture ſhewed.
Had force to hold thy hart,
and kéep thée at a ſtay:

No good deſart of mine might ſtop
that would of force away.
Yet of this cruel lotte,
and fel miſchance, I finde
Nor know no cauſe, but that thou art
ſprong out of womans kind.
I iudge that Nature, and
the Gods that gouerne all
Deuiſde this wicked ſhameles ſecte
to plague the earth withall.
A miſchiefe for vs men,
a burden bad to beare:
Without whoſe match too happy we,
and too too bleſſed were.
Euen as the Beares are bread,
the Serpent and the Snake.
The barking Wolfe, the filthy flie
that noyſome fleſh doth make.
The ſtinking weede to ſmell
that growes among the graine:
Euen ſo I thinke the Gods haue made
your race vs men to paine.
Why did not kinde foreſee
and nature ſo deuiſe
That man of man without the help,
of woman mought ariſe:
As by the art of hande
of apples apples ſpring:

And as the peare tree graft by kind
another peare doeth bring.
But if you marke it wel,
the cause is quickly seene:
It is for that thou Nature art
a woman though a Queene.
O dames I would not wish
you peacocklike to looke
Or puft with pride to vaunt that man
of you his being tooke.
For on the byar oft
a gallant Rose doth grow
And of a stincking weede an herbe
or floure fresh to shew.
Ye are excessiue proude,
stuft by with stately spite:
Voyd of good loue, of loyall trueth
and all good counsel quite.
Rash, cruel causelesse, curst,
vnkinde without desert
Borne onely for the scourge of him
that beares a faithful hart.
I rather wish to die,
then liue a vassaile stil
Or thrall my selfe vnto a dame
that yeldes me no good wil.
The wormes shal sooner feede
vpon my happy hart:

Within

Within my graue, then I for loue
of you wil suffer smart.
Adue deere dames,
the gastly ghostes of hel
Shal plague your bones
that gloze and loue not wel.

To his cruel mistresse.

GEue lovers leaue to speake,
let him that fæles the smart
Without controlment tel his tale,
to ease his heauy hart.
To thée (proude dame) I poynt,
who like the beast of Nile:
By teares procurest thy frend to loue
and slaiest him all the while.
By weeping first to winne
and after conquest made
To spoyle with spite those yelding impes
that follow Cupids trade.
Condemnes thy cancred kinde,
more glory were for thée
To ransacke none but rebel harts
and let the rest goe frée.
Kinde wist not what she wrought
when she such beuty lent
Unto those gallant limmes of thine
to monstrous mischiefe bent.

For

For either fowler face
she would haue yelded thée:
Or better moode and milder minde
to make remorse of me.
Thou beareſt two burning brands,
below thoſe browes of thine:
And I the brimſtone in my breſt,
which makes my hart to pine.
Eche lowring looke of yours,
frets farther in my hart:
And nips me nærer then
the force of any other dart.
And to increaſe my care,
thou makeſt thy beutie more:
An oyle (God wotte) vnto my fire,
no ſalue to eaſe my ſore.
If thou a woman were,
of ruth and due remorſe:
Thou wouldſt allow me loue,
and not ſo proudly plague my corſe.
I ſue for mercy now,
with hands lift vp on hie
Which if I miſſe I am aſſurde,
within fewe dayes to die.
And if I may not haue
the thing I would enioy:
I pray the Gods to plague thée
as they did the dame of Troy.

I meane that Creſide coy
that linkt her with a Græke:
And left the luſty Troyan Duke,
of all his loue to ſæke.
And ſo they wil I truſt
a mirroꝛ make of thæ:
That beauties darlings may beware
when they thy ſcourge ſhal ſæ.
I neuer meant thæ wel,
in all my life beforꝛe:
But now to plague thy foule abuſe,
I hate thæ ten times moꝛe.
Foꝛ reaſon willes me ſo,
my frends to loue and ſerue
And cruel Ladies like thy ſelfe,
to wiſh as they deſerue.
Henceforꝛth if any limme,
of mine perhap rebel:
And thæ whom I of right ſhould loth
doe loue oꝛ fancie wel.
I quite renounce the ſame
he ſhall no moꝛe be mine
To vſe oꝛ ſtand in ſtead, then I
doe purpoſe to be thine.
And thus I make an end
of loue, and lines at once
The frounce conſume the fleſh of her,
that fædes vpon my bones.

The

The Author being in Moſcouia, wrytes to certaine his frendes in Englande of the ſtate of the place, not exactly, but at all aduentures, and minding to haue deſcrybed all the Moſcouites maners, brake off his purpoſe vpon ſome occaſion.

The three Epiſtles followe.

To his eſpeciall frende, maſter Edwarde Dancie.

My Dancie dære, when I
recount within my brest:
My London frends and wonted mates
and thœ aboue the rest.
I fœle a thousand fittes
of dœpe and deadly woe:
To thinke that I from sea to land,
from blisse to bale did goe.
I left my native soyle,
ful like a retchlesse man
And vnacquainted of the coast,
among the Russies ranne.
A people passing rude,
to vices vile enclinde:
Folke fitte to be of Bacchus traine,
so quaffing is their kinde. Drinke

Drinke is their whole desire,
the pot is all their pride:
The sobrest head doeth once a day,
stand needful of a guyde.
If he to banquet bid his frends,
he wil not shrinke
On them at dinner to bestow
a dosen kindes of drinke.
Such licour as they haue
and as the countrey giues:
But chefly two, one called Kuas,
whereby the Musick liues.
Small ware and waterlike
but somewhat tart in taste:
The rest is Meade, of hony made
wherewith their lips they baste.
And if he goe vnto
his neighbour as a guest:
He cares for litle meate, if so
his drinke be of the best.
Perhaps the Musick hath
a gay and gallant wife:
To serue his beastly lust yet he
will leade a bowgards life.
The monster more desires
a boy within his bed
Then any wench, such filthy sinne
ensues a drunken head.

The

The woman to repay,
her drouſie huſbands dettes:
From ſtinking ſtoue vnto her mate
to baudy banquet gets.
No wonder though they vſe
ſuch vile and beaſtly trade:
Sith with the hatchet and the hand,
their chiefeſt Gods be made.
Their Idolles haue their hearts
on God they neuer call:
Vnleſſe it be (Nichola Bough)
that hangs againſt the wall.
The houſe that hath no God,
or painted ſaint within:
Is not to be reſorted to,
that roofe is full of ſinne.
Beſides their priuate Gods,
in open places ſtand
Their croſſes, vnto which they crouch,
and bleſſe themſelues with hand.
Deuoutly downe they ducke,
with forhead to the ground:
Was neuer more deceit in ragges,
and greaſie garments found.
Almoſt the meaneſt man
in all the countrey rides:
The woman eke againſt our vſe,
her trotting horſe beſtrides.

In

In sundry colors they
both men and women go:
In buskins all, that money haue
on buskins to bestow.
Eche woman hanging hath
a ring within hir eare:
Which all of ancient vse, and some
of very pride do weare.
Their gate is very graue,
their countenance wise and sad:
And yet they follow fleshly lusts,
their trade of liuing bad.
It is no shame at all,
accounted to defile
Anothers bed, they make no care
their follies to conceile.
Is not the meanest man
in all the land, but he
To buy hir painted colours doth
allow his wife a fee.
Wherewith she decks hir selfe,
and dies hir tawnie skin:
She prancks and paints hir smokie face,
both browe, lip, cheeke and chin.
Yea those that honest are
(if any such there bee)
Within the land, do vse the like,
a man may plainly see.

Upon ſome womens cheekes
the paint ing how it lies:
In plaſter ſoyt, foy that too thicke
hir face the harlot dies.
But ſuch as ſkilfull are,
and cunning dames in deed:
By daily practiſe do it well,
yea ſure they do exceed.
They lay their colours ſo,
as he that is full wiſe:
May eaſily be deceiued therein,
if he do truſt his eies.
I not a little muſe
what madneſſe makes them paint
Their faces, waying how they keepe
the ſtoue by meere conſtraint.
For ſeldom when, vnleſſe
on church oy mariage day.
A man ſhall ſee the dames abyode
that are of beſt aray.
The Ruſſie meanes to reape
the profit of hir pryde:
And ſo he mewes hir, to be ſure
ſhe lie by no mans ſide.
Thus much (friend *Dancie*)
I did meane to write to thee:
To let thee wite, in Ruſſia land,
what men and women bee.

Here-

Hereafter I perhaps
of other things will write:
To thée and other of my friends,
which I shall sée with sight.
And other stuffe besides,
which true report shall tell:
Meane while I end my louing lines,
and bid thée now farewell.

To Spencer.

IF I should now forget
or not remember thée:
Thou (*Spencer*) might'st a foule rebuke
and shame impute to mée.
For I to open shew
did loue thée passing well:
And thou were he, at parture whom
I loathd to bid farewell.
And as I went thy friend,
so I continue still:
No better proofe thou canst desire
than this, of true good will.
I do remember well
when needs I should away:
And that the post would licence vs,
no longer time to stay.
Thou wrongst me by the fill,
and holding fast my hand:

Didst craue of me to send thée newes,
and how I lykte the land.
It is a sandie soyle,
no very fruitfull vaine:
Yoze wast and wooddie grounds there are
than closes fit foz graine.
Yet graine there growing is,
which they vntimely take:
And cut oz ere the cozne be ripe,
they mowe it on a stake.
And laying sheafe by sheafe,
their harueſt so they dzie:
They make the greater hast.
foz feare the frost the cozne destrie.
Foz in the winter time,
so glarie is the ground:
As neither grasse noz other graine
in pastures may be found.
In comes the cattell then,
the shæpe, the colt, the cowe:
Fast by his bed the Yowsicke
then a lodging doth alowe.
Whom he with fodder fæds,
and holds as deare as life:
And thus they weare the Winter with
the Yowsicke and his wife.
Eight monthes the Winter dures,
the glare it is so great:

As

As it is May before he turne
his ground to sowe his wheate.
The bodies eke that die,
vnburied lie till then:
Laid vp in coffins made of firre,
as well the poore men.
As those of greater state,
the cause is lightly found:
For that in winter time
they cannot come to breake the ground.
And wood so plenteous is
quite throughout all the land:
As rich and poore at time of death,
assured of coffins stand.
Perhaps thou musest much,
how this may stand with reason:
That bodies dead, can vncorrupt,
abide so long a season.
Take this for certaine troth,
as soone as heate is gone:
The force of cold the body bindes
as hard as any stone.
Without offence at all,
to any liuing thing:
And so they lie in perfit state,
till next returne of spring.
Their beasts be like to ours,
as far as I can sée:

For shape and show, but somwhat lesse
of bulke and bone they bee.
Of watrish taste, the flesh not firme,
like English biefe:
And yet it serues them very well,
and is a good relefe.
Their shæp are very small,
sharpe singled, handfull long:
Great store of fowle on sea and land,
the moorish reeds among.
The greatnes of the store
doth make the prices lesse:
Besides, in all the land they know
not how good meat to dresse.
They vse neither broach nor spit,
but when the stoue they heat,
They put their vitails in a pan,
and so they bake their meat.
No pewter to be had,
no dishes but of wood:
No vse of trenchers, cups
cut out of birch are very good.
They vse but wodden spoones,
which hanging in a case:
Each Mowsike at his girdle ties,
and thinks it no disgrace.
With whittles two or three,
the better man the he.

The

The chiefest Rullies in the land,
with spone and knives do go.
Their houses are not huge
of building, but they say
They plant them in the loftiest ground
to shift the snow away.
Which in the Winter time
eche where full thicke doth lie:
Which makes them haue the more desire
to set their houses hie.
No stone worke is in vse,
their rowfes of rafters bée:
One linked in another fast,
their wals are all of trée.
Of mastes both long and large,
with mosse put in betwéene,
To kéep the force of weather out,
I neuer earst haue séene.
A grosse deuise so good,
and on the rowfe they lay:
The burthen barke, to rid the raine
and sudden showres away.
In euery rowme a (stoue)
to serue the winter turne:
Of wood they haue suffising store,
as much as they can burne.
They haue no English glasse,
of slices of a rocke:

Hight Sluda, they their windowes make,
that English glasse doth mocke.
They cut it very thin,
and sowe it with a thræd,
In prætie order like to panes,
to serue their præsent nœd.
No other glasse good faith
doth giue a better light:
And sure the rocke is nothing rich,
the cost is very slight.
The chiefest place is that
where hangs the God by it:
The owner of the house himselfe,
doth neuer vse to sit.
Unlesse his better come,
to whom he yælds the seat:
The stranger bending to the god,
the ground with browe must beat.
And in that very place,
which they most sacred dœme:
The stranger lies a token that
his guest he doth estœme.
Where he is wont to haue
a Beares skin for his bed:
And must in stead of pillow
clap his saddle to his hed.
In Russia other shift
there is not to be had:

For

For where the bedding is not good,
the bolsters are but bad.
I mused very much
what made them so to lie
Sith in their countrey downe is rife,
and feathers out of cry.
Unlesse it be because
the countrey is so hard:
They feare by nicenes of a bed,
their bodies would be marde.
I wisht thée oft with vs,
saue that I stoode in feare
Thou wouldst haue loathed to haue layd,
thy limmes vpon a beare
As I and Stafford did,
that was my make in bed:
And yet we thanke the God of heauen,
we both right wel haue sped.
Loe thus I make an end,
none other newes to thée:
But that the countrey is too colde
the people beastly be.
I write not all I know,
I touch but here and there
For if I should, my pen would pineh,
and eke offend I feare.
Who so shal reade this verse,
coniecture of the rest:

And

For shape and show, but somwhat lesse
of bulke and bone they bée.
Of watrish taste, the flesh not firme,
like English biefe:
And yet it serues them very well,
and is a good reliefe.
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to ſet their houſes hie.
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One linked in another faſt,
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Of maſtes both long and large,
with moſſe put in betwéene,
To kéep the force of weather out,
I neuer earſt haue ſéene.
A groſſe deuiſe so good,
and on the roofe they lay:
The burthen barke, to rid the raine
and ſudden ſhowres away.
In euery roome a (ſtoue)
to ſerue the winter turne:
Of wood they haue ſuffiſing ſtore,
as much as they can burne.
They haue no Engliſh glaſſe,
of ſlices of a rocke:

Hight Sluda, they their windowes make,
that English glasse doth mocke.
They cut it very thin,
and sowe it with a thræd,
In prætie order like to panes,
to serue their præsent næd.
No other glasse good faith
doth giue a better light:
And sure the rocke is nothing rich,
the cost is very slight.
The chiefest place is that
where hangs the God by it:
The owner of the house himselfe,
doth neuer vse to sit.
Unlesse his better come,
to whom he yælds the seat:
The stranger bending to the god,
the ground with browe must beat.
And in that very place,
which they most sacred dæme:
The stranger lies a token that
his guest he doth estæme.
Where he is wont to haue
a Beares skin for his bed:
And must in stead of pillow
clap his saddle to his hed.
In Russia other shift
there is not to be had:

For

For where the bedding is not good,
the bolsters are but bad.
I mused very much
what made them so to lie
Sith in their countrey downe is rife,
and feathers out of cry.
Unlesse it be because
the countrey is so hard:
They feare by niceues of a bed,
their bodies would be marde.
I wisht thee oft with vs,
saue that I stoode in feare
Thou wouldst haue loathed to haue layd,
thy limmes vpon a beare
As I and Stafford did,
that was my make in bed:
And yet we thanke the God of heauen,
we both right wel haue sped.
Loe thus I make an end,
none other newes to thee:
But that the countrey is too colde
the people beastly be.
I write not all I know,
I touch but here and there
For if I should, my pen would pineh,
and eke offend I feare.
Who so shal reade this verse,
coniecture of the rest:

And

And thinke by reason of our trade
that I doe thinke the best.
But if no traffick were,
then could I boldly pen
The hardnes of the soyle,
and eke the manners of the men.
They say the Lyons pawe
geues iudgement of the beast:
And so may you deeme of the great
by reading of the least.

To Parker.

My Parker, paper, pen
and inke were made to write,
And idle heads that litle doe,
haue leysure to endite
Wherfore respecting these,
and thine assured loue,
If I would write no newes to thee
thou mightst my pen reprooue.
And sithens fortune thus,
hath shoued my ship from shore:
And made me seeke another Realme
vnseene of me before.
The manners of the men,
I purpose to declare
And other priuate points beside,
which strange and geason are.

The

The Ruſſie men are round
of bodies, fully faſt
The greateſt part with bellies big,
that ouerhang the waſt.
Flat headed for the moſt,
with faces nothing faire.
But browne by reaſon of the ſtoue,
and cloſenes of the ayre.
It is their common vſe,
to ſhaue or els to ſheare,
Their heads: for none in all the land,
long lolling lockes doe weare.
Vnles perhaps he haue
his ſoueraigne Prince diſpleaſde
For then he neuer cuts his heare,
vntil he be appeaſde.
A certaine ſigne to know
who in diſpleaſure be:
For euery man that vewes his head
wil ſay, loe this is he.
And during all the time,
he lets his locks to grow:
Dares no man for his life,
to him a face of frendſhip ſhow.
Their garments be not gay,
nor handſome to the eye:
A cap aloft their heads they haue
that ſtandeth very hie.

Which

Which (Colpack) they doe tearme
they weare no ruffes at al
The best haue collars set with pearle
Rubasca they doe call.
Their shirts in Russie long
they worke them downe before
And on the slæues with coloured silkes,
two ynches good or more.
Aloft their shirts they weare
a garment iacket wise
Hight Onoriadka, and about
his bourly waist he ties
His Portkies, which in stead,
of better bræches be.
Of linnen cloth that garment is
no codpæce is to sée
A paire of yoznen stockes
to kæpe the cold away:
Within his bootes the Russie weares,
the hæles they vnderlay.
With clouting clamps of stæle,
sharpe pointed at the toes:
And ouer all a Suba furde,
and thus the Russie goes.
Wel butned is the Sube
according to his state
Some silke, of siluer other some
but those of poze strate

Doe

Doe weare no Subes at all
but groſſer gownes to ſight:
That reacheth downe beneath the calfe,
and that Armacha hight.
Theſe are the Ruſſies robes,
the richeſt vſe to ride
From place to place, his ſeruant runnes
and followes by his ſide.
The Caſſocke beares his ſcalt,
to force away the raine:
Their bridles are not very braue,
their ſaddles are but plaine.
No bittes, but ſnaffels all,
of byrche their ſaddles be:
Much faſhioned like the Scottiſh ſeates,
broad flaps to keepe the knée.
From ſweating of the horſe,
the pannels larger farre
And broader be thauours
they vſe ſhort ſtirrops for the warre,
For when the Ruſſie is
purſude by cruel foe
He rides away, and ſodenly,
betakes him to his bowe.
And bendes me but about
in ſaddle as he ſits
And therewithall amid his race,
his following foe he hittes.

Their

Their bowes are very short,
like Turky bowes outright:
Of sinewes made with byrchen barke,
in cunning maner dight.
Small arrowes, cruel heads,
that fel and forked be:
Which being shot from out those bowes
a cruel wayes wil flee.
They seldome shoe their horse,
vnlesse they vse to rioe
In poast vpon the frozen flouds,
then cause they shal not slide
He sets a slender calke,
and so he rides his way:
The horses of the countrey goe,
good fourescore yeeres a day
And all without the spurre
once prick them and they skip,
But goe not forward on their way.
the Russie hath his whip
To rap him on the ribs
for though all booted be
Yet shal you not a paire of spurs
in all the countrey see.
The common game is chesse
almost the simplest wil
Both geue a checke and eke a mate,
by practise comes their skil.

Againe

Againe the dice as fast,
the poorest roges of all
Wil sit them downe in open field
and there to gaming fall.
Their dice are very small,
in fashion like to those
Which we doe vse, he takes them vp,
and ouer thumbe he throwes,
Not shaking them iawhit,
they cast suspiciously:
And yet I déeme them voyd of arte,
that dicing most apply.
At plaxe when siluer lackes,
goes saddle, horse and all:
And each thing els worth siluer walkes,
although the price be small.
Because thou louest to play,
frend Parker, otherwhile
I wish théé there, the weary day,
with dicing to beguile.
But thou were better farre
at home, I wist it wel
And wouldst béen loath among such loutes
so long a time to dwel.
Then iudge of vs thy frends,
what kind of life we had.
That néere the frozen pole to wast
our weary dayes were glad.

In

In such a sauage soyle,
where lawes doe beare no sway
But all is at the King his wil,
to saue or els to slay.
And that saunce cause God wot,
if so his minde be such
But what meane I with kings to deale
we ought no Saints to touch.
Conceaue the rest your selfe,
and deeme what liues they leade:
Where lust is law, and subiectes line
continually in dread.
And where the best estates,
haue none assurance good
Of lands, of liues, nor nothing falles
vnto the next of blond.
But all of custome doeth
vnto the Prince redowne:
And all the whole reuenue comes
vnto the king his crowne.
Good faith I see thee muse,
at what I tel thee now
But true it is, no choyce
but all at Princes pleasure bowe.
So Tarquine ruled Rome,
as thou remembrest well:
And what his fortune was at last,
I know thy selfe canst tell.

Where

Where will in common weale,
doth beare the onely sway:
And lust is law, the prince and realme
must needs in time decay.
The strangenesse of the place is such
for sundry things I see:
As if I would, I cannot write
each priuate point to thee.
The cold is rare, the people rude,
the prince so full of pride:
The realm so stord with monks & nunnes,
and priests on euery side.
The maners are so Turkylike,
the men so full of guile:
The women wanton, temples stuft
with idols that defile.
The seats that sacred ought to be,
the customs are so quaint:
As if I would describe the whole,
I feare my pen would faint.
In summe I say, I neuer saw
a prince that so did raigne:
Nor people so beset with Saints,
yet all but vile and vaine.
Wild Irish are as ciuil as
the Russies in their kind:
Hard choice which is the best of both,
each bloodie rude, and blind.

If thou be wise, as wise thou art,
and wilt be rulde by mé:
Liue still at home, and couet not,
those barbarous coasts to sée.
No good befals a man that sékes,
and finds no better place:
No ciuil customs to be learnd,
where God bestowes no grace.
And truly ill they do deserue,
to be beloued of God:
That neither loue, nor stand in awe
of his assured rod.
Which (thogh be long) yet plagues at last
the vile and beastly sort
Of sinfull wights, that all in vice
do place their chiefest sport.
Adieu friend *Parker*, if thou list,
to know the Russies well:
To *Sigismundus* booke repaire,
who all the truth can tell.
For he long earst in message went,
vnto that sauage king:
Sent by the *Pole*, and true report
in each respect did bring.
To him I recommend my selfe,
to ease my pen of paine:
And now at last do wish thée well,
and bid farewell againe.

To

To his friend Nicholas Roſcarock, to induce him to take a wife.

ROſcarocke, ſith my raging prime is paſt,
And riper age with reaſons learned loze,
Well ſtaied hath my wits that went ſo faſt,
And cold the heat that hent my breſt of yore:
I cannot chooſe but write ſome ſolemne ſtuffe,
Foz thee to read, when thou art in thy ruffe.

I ſee thee muſe what ſhould the matter be,
Whereof I meane to treate, thou biteſt thy lip,
And bendſt thy browe as though I were not he
That had a tricke my Cozniſh friend to trip:
Well, to be ſhoꝛt, it toucheth mariage vow,
An oꝛder which my ſelfe haue entred now.

A ſacred yoke, a ſtate of mickle praiſe,
A bleſſed band, belikt of God and man,
And ſuch a life, as if in foꝛmer daies
I had but knowen, as now commend I can,
God faith I would not waſted ſo my prime,
In wanton wiſe, and ſpent an idle time.

An idle time, as ſundry gallants uſe,
I meane my London mates, that tread the ſtreete,
And golden wits with fond conceits abuſe,
And baſe deuiſes farre foꝛ ſuch vnmeet.

Leauing the law, and casting bookes aside,
Wherby in time you mought your countries guide.

Your daily practise is to beat the bush,
Where beauties birds do lodge themselues to lie:
You shoote at shapes and faces deare a rush,
And bend your bowes, your feeble strengths to trie.
Of closure you somtimes do common make,
And where you list, abroad your pleasures take.

You count it but a game to graffe the horne
That inward growes, and seldom shewes without:
The silly man you skoffe and laugh to skorne,
And for his patience deeme him but a lout.
By day you gaze vpon your Ladies lookes,
By night you gad to hang your baited hookes.

Thus do you lauish frolike youth away,
With idle words not worth a parched pease,
And like to wanton colts that run astray,
You leape the pale, and into euery lease.
Where fitter far it were to marry wiues,
And well disposd to lead more sober liues.

Reuolt in tyme, least time repentance bring,
Let each enioy his lawfull wedded mate,
Or else be sure, your selues in time shall sing
The selfesame note, and rue your harmes too late.

For

For commonly the wrong that we entend,
Lights on our heads and shoulders in the end.

Perhaps thou wouldst as willing wedded be,
As I my selfe and many other moe:
But that thou canst no perfit beautie sée,
For which thou wilt thy single life forgoe.
Both yoong & faire, with wealth & goods thou séekst,
Such one she is, whom thou *Roscarocke* léekst.

Be rulde by me, let giddy fansie go,
Imbrace a wife, with wealth and coyne enough:
Force not the face, regard not feature so,
An aged grandame that maintains the plough.
And brings thée bags, is worth a thousand peates,
That pranck their pates & liue by Spanish meates.

That one contents hir self with now and than,
Right glad if she might sit at Venus messe
Once in the moneth, the youthfull Damsell can
Not so be pleasd, hir rage must haue redresse,
As oft as pleasure pricks hir limbs to lust,
Els all the matter lies amid the dust.

Wherfore I iudge the best and wisest way
Were wife to wed, and leaue to range at will,
In maried life there is assured stay,
Where otherwise to follow euery Gill,

Wræds wracke of wealth, of credit, ease, and blisse,
And makes men run their races quite amisse.

Experto credere tutum est.

A gentlewomans excuse for executing vnlawfull partes of loue.

EArst *Sylla* tooke no shame, for *Minos* sake
Hir father *Nysius* purple pate to sheare,
Medea for the loue of *Iason* brake
The bands of kind, and slew hir brother deare,
Forwent hir worthy Sire, and kingly crowne,
And followed him the rouer vp and downe.

For *Theseus* when in Labirinth he lay
In dread of death, the monster was so nie,
Faire *Ariadna* did deuise a way
To saue his life, vnlesse that *Ouid* lie,
And yet the beast, hir brother was in deed,
(Whom *Theseus* slue) and sprang of *Minos* seed.

At siege of *Troy* whilest *Agamemnon* fought,
Aegisthens wan Quæne *Clitemnestras* hart,
So as when he returnd and little thought
Of death, this dame began to play hir part,
She slew the prince to folow former lust,
And thought the fact to be exceeding iust.

Faire

Faire *Phyllis* slew hir selfe, vnhappy dame
Through loue: and did not *Dydo* do the like
For Prince *Aeneas* who to *Carthage* came,
When he was forst, by showes the shore to seeke:
What more vnkindly parts can man deuise,
Than Queens for loue their honors to despise?

Now iudge my case, my fault vprightly scan,
Deeme my desart, by this it may be gest,
I am by nature made to loue a man,
As *Sylla*, *Phyllis*, *Dido*, and the rest,
If they and I haue done amisse for loue,
Let kind be blamd, that thereunto did moue.
The wisest men as farre as I can see,
Haue been enthrald through loue as well as we.
Amor vince ogni cosa.

Of his Constancie.

WE way not waxe, for all his gallant hew,
Bicause it vades and melts against the fire,
We more regard a rocke of marble blew,
For that no force doth cause it to retire,
The builder makes his full account, that it
Will firmly stand at a stay, and neuer flit.

So may you (sweete) be sure, that my good will
Is no good will of waxe, to waste away,

When

When fond desire of fansie hath his fill,
My loue is like the marble for his stay,
Build thereupon, and you shall surely find,
No blast of chance to change my stedfast mind.

Blacke shall you sée the snow on mountains hie,
The fish shall féed vpon the barren sand.
The sea shal shrinke, and leaue the Dolphins dry,
No plant shall proue vpon the senceless land,
The Tems shal turne, the Sunne shal lose his light
Ere I to thée become a faithlesse wight.
I neither am nor meane to bee,
None other than I seeme to thee.

The Authors Epilogue.

LO here the end of all my worke,
behold the thréd I drew
Is wrought to cloth, accomplisht now,
you sée this slender clew.
A peece (God wot) of little price,
scarce worth the Readers paine:
And in mine owne conceit
a booke of barren verse and vaine.
I blush to let it out at large
for Sages to peruse:
For that the common custome is,
in bookes to gape for newes.

And

And matter of importance great
which either may delite
By pleasure, or with sad aduise
the readers paynes requite.
But this of mine so maymed is,
for lacke of learned stile
And stately stuffe, as sure I shall
the readers hope beguile.
Who doth expect some rare report,
of former ancient dædes:
Or new deuice but lately wrought,
that breatheth yet and bleedes.
But truely none of both in these,
my verses is to finde:
My slender ship hath kept the shore,
for feare of boystrous winde.
I bore my simple sayles but lowe
I dreaded sodaine showers:
Which sundry times from hauty skies,
the puisant ruler powers.
I durst not stir amid the streame,
the chanel was too dæpe:
Which made me haue the more regard
about the bankes to kæpe.
It is for mighty hulkes to dare,
aduenture out so farre:
And barkes of biggest sise,
and such as builded be for warre.

I write but of familiar stuffe,
because my stile is lowe:
I feare to wade in weighty works,
or past my reach to rowe.
Which if I should, the Reader might
as boldly blame my quil:
As now I trust he shal accept,
my shew of great good wil.
Though diuers write with fuller phrase,
and farre more hawty stile:
And burnish out their golden bookes
with fine and learned file.
Yet meaner Muses must not lurke
but each in his degree
That meaneth wel, and doth his best
must wel regarded be.
Though Nilus for his bignes beare
away the greatest name:
Whose seuēfold stream hath gaind ỹ gulfe
of such a lasting fame.
Yet must not lesser lakes be lost,
nor had in vile account
That serue for vse and ease of man
though Nilus doe surmount.
Great Alexander mighty was
and dreadful in the warre:
Yet thats no cause why Rome should not
of Cæsar boast as farre.

The

The Planets are the pryde of heauen,
and chæfest lampes of light:
Yet other starres doe yelde a shew
and helpe to clære the night.
Likewise though diuers wryte in verse
and doe excæding wel:
The remnant must not be refusde,
because they doe excell.
Ill may we misse the slender shrubs
for all the pryncely Pine:
No more we scorne the baser drinkes
though most we way the wine.
Which makes me hope that though
my Muse doth yelde but slender sound:
And though my Culter scarcely cuts,
or breakes the marble ground.
Yet sithens that I meant with verse,
to fæde the Readers eyes:
And to that purpose bent my braines
these fancies to deuise.
I trust he takes it wel in worth
and beares with what he findes.
And thereunto the Reader aye
the writers trauaile bindes.
Which if he doe I haue my hire,
who happy then but I:
That wrote this worke for grateful men,
to bewe with thankfull eye.

And

And so I giue the congée now,
with wish that this my booke
Be such as may thy spirites delight,
that hapnest here to looke.
Ill were my fortune if in all
this treatise as it standes:
There should be nothing worth the view
when so it comes to hand.
Roscarockes warrant shal suffise
who likte the writing so
As did embolden me to let
the leaues at large to goe.
If it succæde, the blame was his
who might haue kept it backe:
And frendly tolde me that my booke
his due deuise did lacke.
But as it is, loe there it goes,
for euery one to view:
The man that each ones humor pleasde,
as yet I neuer knew.
Sufficeth if the courtly sort
whose doome is deepe in deede:
Accompt it ought, with baser wits
I care not how it speede.
The courtier knowes what best becomes,
in euery kind of case:
His nature is, what so he doth
to decke with gallant grace.

The greatest clarkes in other artes,
can hardly doe the lèke:
For learning sundry times is there
where iudgement is to sèke.

The Authors excuse for writing these and other fancies, with promise of grauer matter hereafter.

LOrdings allow my light and lewde deuise
And Ladies ye that are of greatest state
Beare with my bookes, imputing nought to vice
That I haue pende in youth, nor now of late,
My prime prouokt my hasty idle quil:
To write of loue, when I did meane no ill.
Two things in chéefe did moue me thus to write
And made me dème it none offence at all,
First *Ouids* works bedeckt with dèepe delight,
Whom we of Poets second best doe call,
I found him full of amours euery where:
Each leafe of loue the title eke did beare.
Then next I liued in place among the moe,
Where fond affection boze the chéefest sway,
And where the blinded archer with his bow
Did glaunce at sundry gallants euery day
And being there although my minde were frée:
Yet must I sèeme loue wounded eke to be.

I ſawe how ſome did ſéke their owne miſhap,
And hunted dayly to deuoure the hookes,
That beuty bayted, and were caught in trap,
Like wilfull wights that fed on womens lookes,
Who being once entangled in the line,
Did yelde themſelues and were content to pine.
Some other minding leaſt to follow loue,
By haunting where daine Venus darlings dwelt,
By force were forſt Cupidos coales to proue.
Whoſe burning brãds did make their minds to melt
So as they were compeld by mére miſchaunce,
As others did, to follow on the daunce.
Some eke there were that groapt but after gaine
That fayned to frie and burne with blooming heate
Of raging loue and counterfetted paine,
When they (God wot) had ſlender cauſe to treate,
But all was done to make their Ladies déeme
How greatly they their beuties did eſtéeme.
And then (O gods) to bew their gréeful chéeres,
And liſten to their fonde lamenting cries,
To ſée their chéekes déepe dented in with teares
That day and night powred out from painful eyes,
Would make a heart of marble melt for woe,
That ſawe their plights, & did their ſorowes know
And all for lacke of ruthe and due remorſe
Their cruel Ladies bore ſo hard a hand,
And they (poore men) conſtraynd to loue perforce,
And fruitleſſe cleane to ſowe the barrain land.

That

That vnto me who prime was of all,
It was a death and grieued me to the gall.
Then for my friends (as diuers loued me well)
Endite I must some light deuise of loue,
And in the same my friends affection tell,
Whom nothing mought from beauties bar remoue
My pen must plead the sillie Suters case,
I had my hire, so he mought purchase grace.
Some otherwhile when beautie bred disdaine,
And feature forst a pride in hawtie brest,
So as my friend whs causelesse put to paine
And for good will might purchace slender rest:
Then must my quill to quarels flatly fall,
Yet kéep the meane twixt swéete and sower brall.
Somtimes I must commẽd their beauties much
That neuer came where any beautie lay,
Againe somwhiles my mates would haue me tutch
The quicke, bicause they had receiued the nay:
And thus my pen, as change of matter grew,
Was forst to grief, or els for grace to sue.
Thus did I deale for others pleasure long
(As who could well refuse to do the like)
And for my self somtimes would write among
As he that liues with men of war must strike.
I would deuise a Sonet to a dame,
And all to make my sullen humor game.
So long I wrote, so oft my friends did sue
So many were the matters, as at last,

The

H 122
9

The whole [illegible] a handsome volume grewe;
Then to the presse they must in all the hast,
Mauger my beard, my mates would haue it so
Whom to resist it was in vaine you know.
These causes forst my harmeles hand to write,
And no desire I had to treate of ill
Who doth not know that youthfull heads delight
Sometimes to shewe the queintnes of their quil,
But pardon (Lordings) what is past and done
I purpose now a better race to runne.
I meane no more with loues denise to deale,
I neuer wil to wanton Venus bowe,
From Cupids court to Pallas I appeale,
Juno be iudge whom I doe honor now
Hie time it is for him to blow retreate:
And leaue to loue whom selfe rod now doth beate.
Wherfore, goe (wanton) trusse vp all your trash
Fancy farewel, to grauer gods I goe,
Then loue and Venus, cleane my hands I wash,
Of vayne desires that youth enrageth so
Vertue doth farre surmount such filthy vice
Amend my mates, or els you know the price.

Vtile consilium est sæuas extinguere flammas,
Qui non est hodie, cras minus aptus erit.

FINIS.

Collated + OK
3/12/35 RA